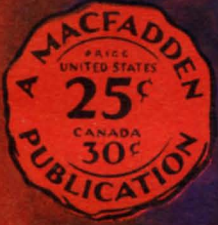


AUGUST

TRUE ★ DETECTIVE

Mysteries



TONG WAR!

*The
Shocking Fate
of
Jazz-Mad*
Julia McDonald

Stevens

LOW PAY.. LONG HOURS.. ROUTINE.. NO FUTURE



Always worrying over money. Always skimping and economizing—going without the comforts and luxuries that every man **DESERVES** for his family and himself.



The Time Clock—a badge of hawk-like supervision and The Rut. A constant reminder that one is "just another name on the pay-roll."



Human cogs in a great machine. No chance to meet people, travel or have interesting experiences. A long, slow, tiresome road that leads nowhere.



Always wondering what would happen in case of a "lay-off" or loss of job. No chance to express ideas and ability—no chance to get ahead. **COULD** there be a way out?

I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Pay 700%!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy—**FREE**?



WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—\$5,000, \$7,500 or \$10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but **HUNDREDS** have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of \$160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "The Key To Master Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to

low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding \$10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Lake Hughes, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "The Key To Master Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as \$525 in a single week. L. H. Lundstedt of Chicago, read it, and increased his earnings 600%! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over \$10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that **SALESMANSHIP** offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "The Key To Master Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members and thousands have secured positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself **WHY** "The Key To Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the **REAL TRUTH** about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. K-743, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. K-743, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.	
Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key To Master Salesmanship," and tell me about your Free Employment Service and other features of the N. S. T. A.	
Name.....
Address.....
City.....	State.....
Age.....	Occupation.....

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson From a Teacher!

WE ALWAYS thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed... She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I *can* play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."



"She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp-fire."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playnig a game. 'You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?'"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book.

You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper, for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation

Choose Your Instrument

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the cello—and owe it all to your easy lessons."
George C. Lauer,
Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started."
Ethel Harnishfeger,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School."
Turner B. Blake,
Harrisburg, Ill.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson Sent FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. This wonderful method has already shown half a million people how to play their favorite instrument by *note*. To prove that you can do the same, let us send you our booklet and valuable Demonstration lesson—both FREE. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the average cost of only a few pennies a day to you!

Mail the coupon today, before you forget. Instrument supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3068 Brunswick Building, New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3068 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following courses:

Have you the above instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XIII

August, 1930

No. 5

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Cover painted by Dalton Stevens

NEXT
MONTH:

I Know Who Killed Him!

BLACK HAND EXPOSED AT LAST!

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES is going to reveal the entire inner workings of this dreaded secret society. There has come into our hands by mere chance the *Code and Ritual of the Camorra*—so far as we know, the only time a copy of this little black book has ever fallen into the hands of the authorities. We are endeavoring to secure the endorsements of Premier Mussolini to this expose—but in any case *we are going to publish it!*

MY ESCAPE from the "GHOST GROVE" TERROR

Myrtle Maddox, featured in the press as the "Mystery Woman of Memphis," tells the inside story exclusively for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, of her nerve-racking experience in sinister "Ghost Grove," secluded lovers' retreat—where murder lurked . . . where not one but several murders were committed! Who was the "black terror?" Who killed Mrs. Maddox's companion? Why were detectives seeking her?

THE MURDER at the RACE TRACK

A pretty girl slain . . . trainer of the race horse, Helen S., involved . . . baffling secrecy . . . no clues . . .

I KNOW WHO KILLED DESMOND TAYLOR

"Who killed William Desmond Taylor?"—a question that has puzzled millions ever since the well-known moving picture director of Hollywood was found mysteriously slain in his home on the morning of Feb. 2nd, 1922. The famous moving picture stars, Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were both questioned. Rumors were rife in the inner circles of Hollywood. Here is the real story by a man who knows the inside facts. This man's name will be given. *Don't miss his amazing story.*

"TIGER GIRL"—the Blonde Whose Gun Spat Death!

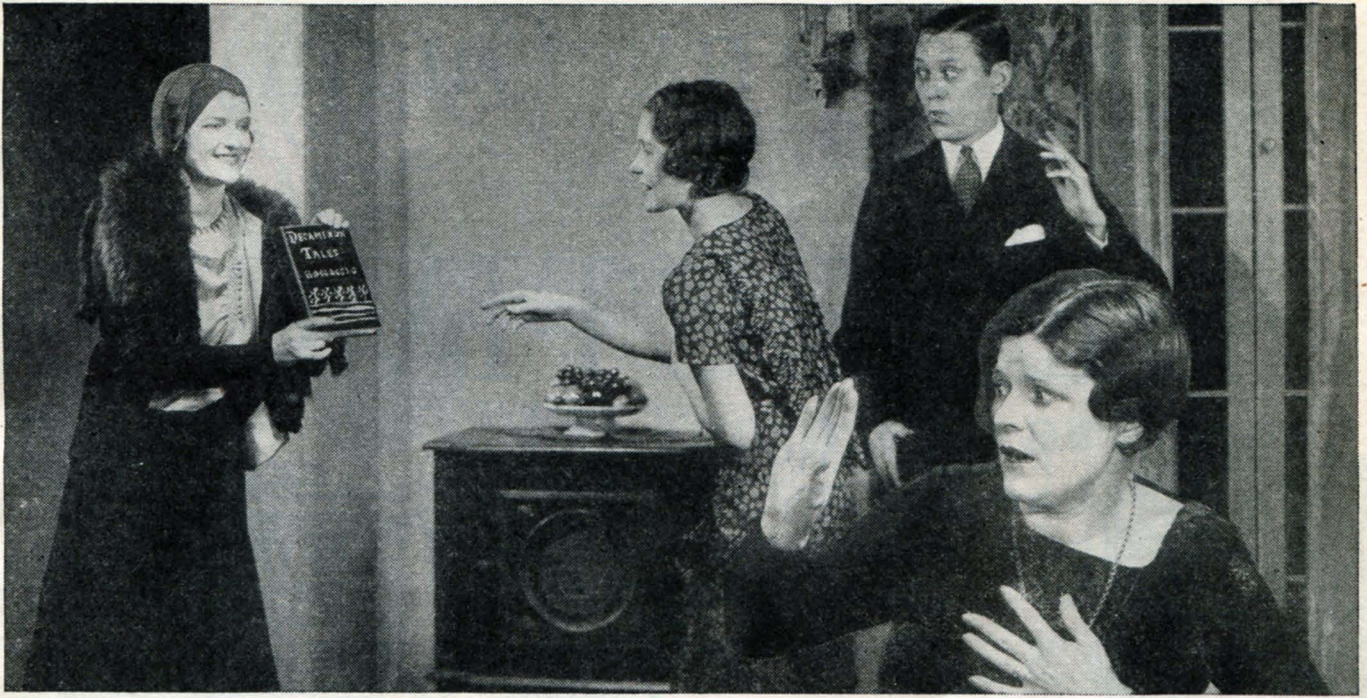
The whole country was aroused recently over the cold-blooded exploits of Irene Schroeder, Pennsylvania's 22-year-old "trigger woman," who shot to kill—and defied detectives to catch her! This story is a thriller!

The CRIME in ROOM 406

A sensational mystery! The slaying of Mae Price, wardrobe mistress of the "Brown Derby" at the Hotel Hollis, Boston. *Who killed her?—and WHY?*

Also, in this issue, a detective sizzler, HOT DIAMONDS! the GREAT SAN FRANCISCO STICK-UP! in which two smooth crooks trailed a man half way across the continent—and robbed him of nearly half a million!; STALKING IRVINGTON'S MAD POLICE KILLER! and others. This outstanding issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will be on sale at news stands everywhere, August 15th.

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...“But I Thought That Book Was Suppressed!” Gasped Bess!

“How On Earth Did You Ever Get It?”

IF Gloria Swanson, Gene Tunney and the Prince of Wales had suddenly walked into the room, arm in arm, it couldn't have created any more of a sensation! Tom sat up with a whistle of astonishment—while Bess and Jane looked as though they could hardly believe their eyes!

“Decameron Tales!” cried Bess with a gasp as she read the title. “Why that's the book that has been tabooed so long, isn't it? Where in the world did you get it?”

“Let me see it,” begged Tom as he laughingly tried to take the book out of my hands. “I've heard that it was so hot they had to put asbestos covers on it to keep people from getting their fingers burned!”

Jane pretended to look prudish but I knew she was dying to get a peek at the book just as all the others were. Suddenly an idea struck her.

“Nonsense,” she said, “Helen's only fooling us. That couldn't be ‘Decameron Tales.’ She's only found a paper jacket from a real copy somewhere and put it on another book to get our curiosity aroused. I've heard of it for years—but it's practically impossible to get hold of a copy!”

“That's where you're all wrong,” I cried triumphantly. “This is really Decameron Tales and it *isn't* suppressed, although I had never been able to get it in stores. Listen to this announcement I clipped out of a magazine the other day and you'll see how I got this copy. It says:

“Perhaps no other book has ever had a more amazing background than the Tales from the Decameron by Boccaccio! Written with such

utter frankness as to be absolutely *startling*, these tales have long been a storm center of controversy and persecution. Critics have acclaimed them with unstinted praise for their sparkling vividness—while puritanical reformers, aghast at the way Boccaccio has exposed human life and love in the raw, have resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation.

“But all that was yesterday! Today the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. The world is becoming more and more broad minded—so now the peerless masterpiece of genial old Boccaccio is coming into its own at last! Read it if you wish—and *decide for yourself*, whether or not it should be banned or censored!”

A Mystery No Longer!

You'll never know life until you've read this greatest of all once-tabooed books!

You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on these fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books—the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his ever watchful eye—and what he

saw, he wrote, without hesitation or fear!

Rich in fascinating plot, tense with action, and vibrant with human passion—the Decameron has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature. Longfellow, Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, and even the great Shakespeare himself sought these immortal pages for inspiration. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, but constitute a landmark of literature which must not be passed over if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

Send No Money—5 Days' Trial

And now we are enabled to offer you this remarkable book—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of \$1.98! Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman \$1.98, plus few cents postage. Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant before this low price offer is withdrawn.

Franklin Publishing Co.

DEPT. K-700

800 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO.,

800 N. Clark St., Dept. K-700, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of The Tales from the Immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives, I will pay postman only \$1.98, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you may be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2 with coupon and we will pay all delivery charges. Customers outside U. S. must send cash with order.

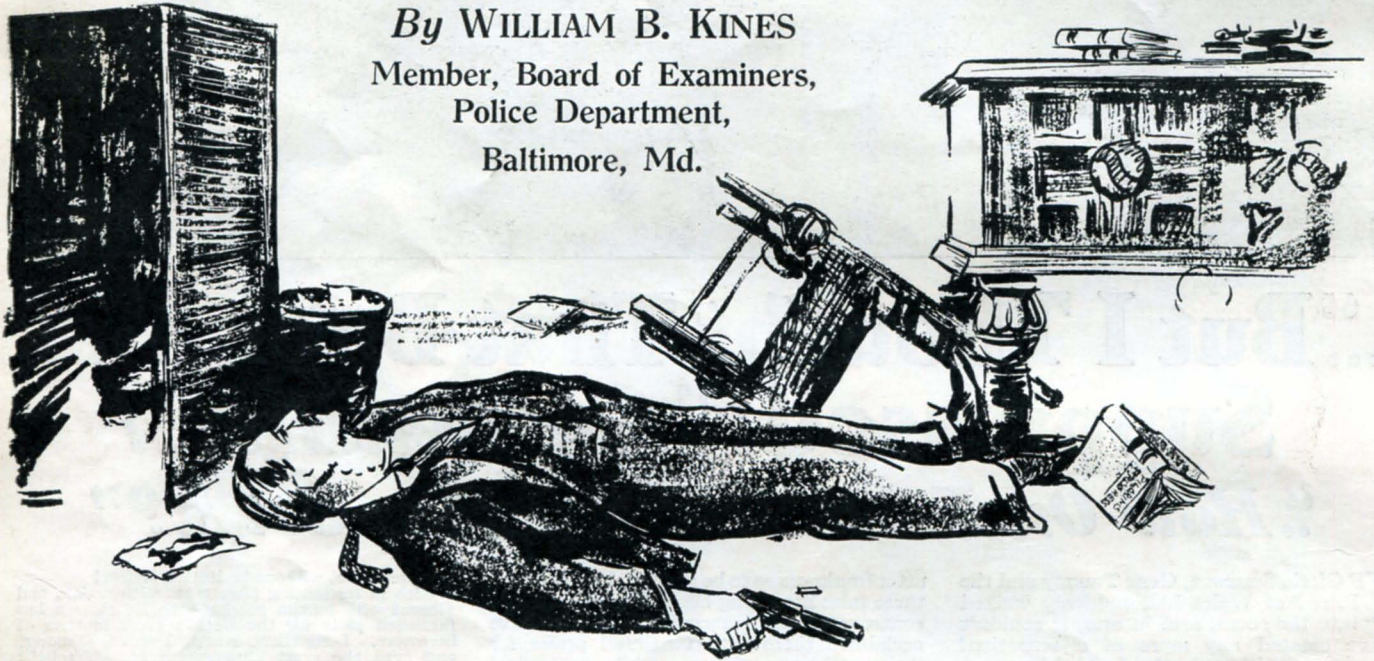


READ!

—how a certain noble lady slipped into her husband's chamber by stealth and changed places with his mistress in order to win back his love!
—how a tiny mole on a woman's breast condemned her to death and wrecked three lives!
—how clandestine love in the kitchen turned the baron's dinner into a farce and the near-tragedy which followed!
—how the Duke of Crete paid for a night's pleasure in human coin!

Could You Qualify as a DETECTIVE?

By WILLIAM B. KINES
Member, Board of Examiners,
Police Department,
Baltimore, Md.



NOTE: Mr. Kines, Member of the Board of Examiners, Baltimore Police Department, here presents to readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES a hypothetical detective problem used in the official examinations.

Can you solve it?

We anticipate presenting one of these problems each month, and in the following month the official solution will appear in this department.

Comments we receive from our readers, on the fact detective stories which we publish, indicate that thousands of persons are apparently interested in testing their own detective ability, although these same persons never expect to become detectives.

Here then is a test:

Solve, to the best of your ability, the detective problem presented on this page. Then, next month compare your solution with the official solution.

You may be surprised at your ability along this line.

IT is assumed that a prosperous merchant is found dead on the floor of his office. He bears a scalp wound, from a pistol shot, which could not have caused death, and in his right hand is a revolver from which one cartridge has been discharged. The revolver is identified as the dead man's property by his wife. On the weapon are finger-prints of the dead man, those of another man and those of a woman, but not the dead man's wife.

On the dead man's neck are deep finger indentations and on his right wrist are marks of a similar nature. An autopsy reveals that the man died of strangulation. The dead man had been estranged from his wife, and, in a waste-paper basket near his desk, was found a torn letter, which, when pieced together, revealed that it had been written by the merchant's wife, who stated that she was coming to visit him to get some money and discuss a possible reconciliation. It was known likewise that the dead man had had affairs with several women, that his wife was cognizant of his infidelity and this had caused the estrangement between man and wife.

It was also known that the merchant had recently discharged a woman stenographer, for no apparent reason, and that she had been heard to make threats against the merchant and proposed to have one of her male friends chastise him.

The room in which the dead man was found was in a state of disorder. Chairs were overturned and the dead man's clothing was torn in several places. On the floor near the body was found a blood-stained handkerchief that was proven to belong to the dead man's wife, who was a brunette, while on one of the sleeves of the dead man's coat was a strand of blonde hair. Also found on the floor was a button from a man's clothing that did not correspond with any buttons on the victim's attire.

WHAT, in your opinion, occurred in the merchant's office from the time of his arrival there until he was found dead, not neglecting to explain the presence of the finger-prints on the revolver and how the wife's handkerchief became blood-stained?

Then state how you would attempt to fasten guilt on the proper person, or persons, and how you would proceed to bring about their conviction.



Are You Out of a Job?

THEN SEND ME YOUR NAME AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN AMAZING OPPORTUNITY TO

Make \$15 a Day!

ARE you out of work or afraid of losing your job? Are you wondering where the money is coming from to pay your bills? Are you dissatisfied with being hard pressed for money every time there's a slack season? Are you tired of getting along without the things you need while somebody else has the luxuries?

Then you're the man or woman I'm looking for. I've got a good opening for you *right now*—a wonderful proposition that offers a chance to start right in making up to \$15 a day—full time or spare time—in pleasant, dignified work that will be a revelation to you. And remember this. There are no slack seasons in my business. I'll never lay you off or fire you. With my proposition I'll guarantee you steady work as long as you want it!

\$110 in a Week

This sounds too good to be true, I know. So I want you to send me your name so I can lay bona fide PROOF before you. That's all I ask. I'll show you how Sol Korenblit, of New York, took hold of my proposition and made \$110 in a *single week*. H. L. Lennon writes, "After leaving my old job last Thursday, I went out Friday morning and made \$39.63 in 7½ hours."

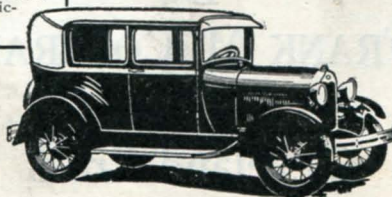
Mrs. Eva McCutchen, of Oklahoma, quit a \$10-a-week office job and made \$26.55 profit the very first day with my proposition. Mrs. Jewell Hackett, of Ohio, cleared \$33 in 7 hours—more than she formerly made in two whole weeks in a factory. I have *hundreds* of letters like this in my office. Of course some people make more than others. But these big earnings of a few of my Representatives show the wonderful possibilities. And right now, I am in a position to offer you a proposition *even better* than the one I gave these people!

FREE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

NOT a contest. I offer a brand new car free to producers as an extra reward or bonus—in addition to their large cash profits. If you already have a car, I will give you cash instead. Mail coupon for particulars.

No Capital or Experience Needed

My offer is simply this. You act as my Authorized Representative in your locality—



calling on your friends and my established customers—and taking care of their orders for my line of fast-selling Groceries, Toilet Preparations, Soaps and other Household Necessities. My plan is so easy and my instructions so simple that *anyone* can follow them. All my customers in your locality *must* order from you because I *never* sell through stores. So you alone get the profits. I give you all the liberty and lee-way anyone could ask for. You set your own hours and work as you please—full time or spare time. No one will be bossing you around. There will be no time-clock to punch four times a day. There will be no slack seasons or layoffs. You can say goodbye to the constant fear of losing your job when you need money most.

SEND NO MONEY

I don't want your money. All I want is a chance to lay the facts before you so you can see for yourself and decide for yourself. If you want sure, steady chance to make \$15 a day—with an old, reliable, million-dollar manufacturing company—in business nearly a quarter of a century and noted for its fair, square dealings—then mail the coupon and see how easy it is to get started. There's no red tape or delay. You invest no money. Earnings start at once.

Don't miss this chance. It doesn't cost a penny to investigate. You can't lose by mailing the coupon so do it today—RIGHT NOW!

MAIL THIS

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.,
5929 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I'm sick of short pay and long layoffs. Tell me about your plan that offers a sure, steady chance to make \$15 a day—starting at once. Also explain your FREE Ford Offer.

Name.....
Address.....

(c) A. P. Co.

(Print or Write Plainly)

A "RAT'S" REVENGE

Some underworld gunmen would never kill a woman—not even a gunman's moll—not even should she be proved a "squealer." Some would. But—how many would kill in cold blood in a case such as is here described—where there was no "squeal," and the victim was a beautiful woman in respectable life, the mother of two children?

MOVING in and out of the colorless police records on minor stick-ups in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, for September and October, 1929, is the story of a brief and dramatic adventure in crime, in which the lone actor was the now famous "Overall Bandit."

The first report was no more unusual than scores of similar ones that go into the files of the Cleveland police every day. It simply stated that on September 12th, a lone bandit entered a gasoline station on fashionable Lake Avenue, on the West side of the city, and robbed the attendant of forty dollars. He was wearing a light cap and dark raincoat.

Surely nothing in this incident presaged the events that were to follow so closely during the ensuing weeks.

Then on September 17th, a man answering the same physical description, but wearing a dark blue suit with white pin stripe, and gray fedora hat, stuck up and robbed the manager and waiter of a barbecue stand twelve blocks from the scene of the robbery five days before. Again the robber obtained just forty dollars for his efforts. A taxi driver who was a customer in the place was lined up with the other two, but not robbed.

In this, and the first robbery, victims reported the robber was perfectly calm and seemingly confident. In both cases he wore a white handkerchief and colored glasses masked his eyes.

In spite of the fact that police of Cleveland and Lakewood—its adjoining suburb on the west—had full descriptions of the man, not the slightest trace of his movements could be found. He appeared, thrust his cold blue steel revolver into the faces of his victims, took all they had and vanished—easily, and completely.

Seemingly this fact gave him courage.



The beautiful Mrs. Steinbrunner, victim of the "rat."

By
FRANK M. COCHRAN
of the
Cleveland Press

He became confident—the ego of the criminal asserted itself.

His next appearance was at a Standard Oil filling station not more than a mile from the scenes of his first two robberies, also in the fashionable residential district. This time the cash register yielded thirty-five dollars after the single attendant was locked in the tool room. The robber on this occasion wore the same blue suit with pin stripe, and gray fedora hat, although he had discarded the handkerchief and glasses entirely.

NOW the papers were carrying notices of the bandit in the dark blue suit. Cruising automobiles, radio-equipped and manned by the crack detectives and patrolmen of Cleveland's police force were on the lookout for him, and he became cautious—he became the "Overall Bandit."

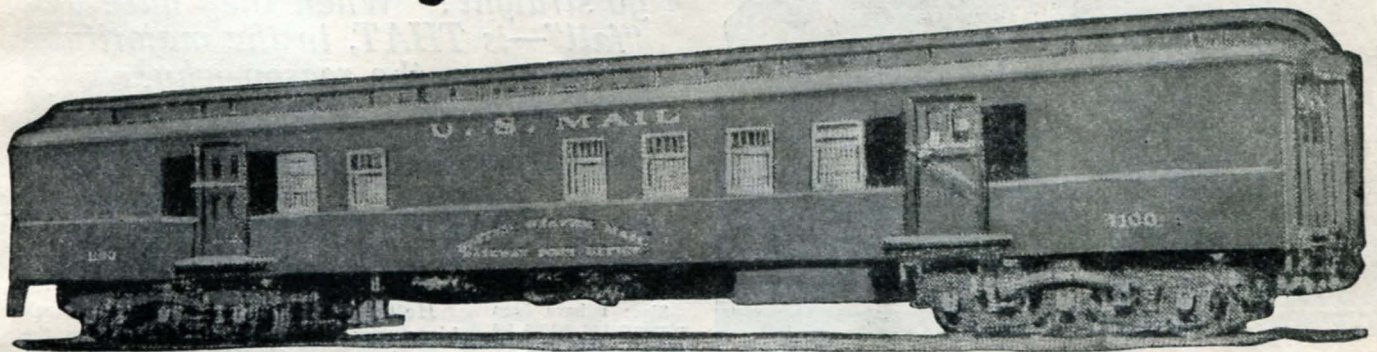
Dressed in blue overalls and jacket such as the average laborer wears, and with a new gray cap, and the smoked glasses and handkerchief of his former appearances, he returned to the scene of his second crime—the Clifton Avenue barbecue stand. This time he was more satisfyingly rewarded. Six persons were in the place when he entered, and one by one all were ordered to place their money on the counter, as he stood at a distance and kept them covered. His haul this time was encouraging—\$180.

The police were now satisfied that the man in the blue suit and the "Overall Bandit" were the same. But for seven days, while they scoured the city for him, nothing was heard of his activities.

Then, at seven o'clock on the evening of September 29th, while eighty guests of the Bowen Tea Shop, in Detroit Avenue, were dining, Anna Conway, night manager of the restaurant looked up from the cash-

(Continued on page 14)

WANT A GOVERNMENT JOB?



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK \$1900 to \$2700 A YEAR WANT THESE JOBS?

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CITY MAIL CARRIERS

INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS

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These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

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Railway Postal Clerks get \$1900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.16 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day. They also get additional traveling expenses when away from home.

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Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs they usually work 3 days and have three days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. As Railway Postal Clerks are continually traveling they have an excellent chance to see the country. They are furnished with a railroad pass.

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Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, kicking around from post to pillar, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment: frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU EARN \$1900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2700 A YEAR, EVERY YEAR?



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Fill out the coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in you getting a U. S. Government job.

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Name

Address

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"HOUNDING" in the UNDERWORLD

Have YOU believed that ex-convicts are hounded and driven to desperation by the police to such extent that they give up trying to go straight? When they have a "fall"—is THAT, in the majority of cases, the reason why?

By
ISABEL STEPHEN

"Lifetime Jake" Pesendorfer, the man who re-makes ex-convicts is here shown with his mother. An ex-convict himself, who respects and has faith in himself, he believes that other ex-convicts are capable of the same. Just what does "ex-convict" really mean? May not an ex-convict be a man of fine character? —

WHO hounds the crooks? The crooks who are trying to go straight? The police, or the squealers and stool-pigeons who make a living by turning them in? Or does nobody hound the ex-convict who is attempting to go straight? And is he lured back either by the love of the game or by a cold calculation on its profitability?

Sociologists amiably debate these theories, but they are hotly debated in the underworld itself. There is a controversy in crookdom, and the heat of controversy is intensified by the fact that with each controversialist it is a matter of personal experience, often bitter personal experience.

You will never learn the truth from the sociologist about this burning question of the underworld. All he knows is what the crooks or ex-crooks tell him, and they will tell him only what they think will sound good. But I am no sociologist. I have known well crooks who have reformed and made good, and I know their stories.

Some idea of the intensity of feeling on different sides of the fence in the underworld may be gathered from two letters which originally appeared in a New York morning newspaper recently. They are as follows:

ABOUT HOUNDING

Manhattan: The "hounding" of ex-convicts who are "trying to go straight" just doesn't happen. I speak from an experience of ten years as a crook and eight years in some of the toughest jails and prisons in this country.

The wail about "hounding" is just a bid for sympathy when a crook gets grabbed on another job or sports around without any means of support. I used to make the same cry, so I know what I'm talking about.

tives who arrested me; this on my promise to get a job and stay on the level.

On another occasion a sergeant of detectives saved me from being railroaded out of a good job when a shyster lawyer and his client, whom I had "gypped" some years before, tried to blackmail me.

My present employer—one of the whitest and squarest men that God ever made—has given me every opportunity and encouragement to come back, and I'm coming back strong. I enter deadlines, restricted and financial districts, banks and buildings with millions of dollars floating around. Yet I am never molested, picked up or told to move out. The simple reason is that I am on the level and the police know it.

A man's greatest enemies after he leaves prison are his former free and prison associates. If he is out to do the right thing, and to play a square game, he can count on the support and backing of the police. The best breaks I ever got were from those who know my record and know that I'm keeping a clean slate.

"Police persecution" is a fairy story, but it makes a great bid for morbid public sympathy.

Ex-73902 (Sing Sing)
Ex-21202 (Atlanta)

"RAT"

Manhattan: I would like to let your readers know what kind of a bird this Ex-73902 (Sing Sing) is, who tells how he has become honest and is never hounded by the police. I and hundreds more know that he was a rat, not only in Sing Sing and Atlanta but on the outside. "Rat" means squealer in our language. Why didn't he tell about all the tips he gave the police and how many of his friends he sent up the river? About P. K.'s secret service staff that ratted not only on the "cons" but on the keepers too? He says the police don't hound men with records. In the past two weeks they have picked up over 400 men with records and run them through the lineup. Why didn't they send them away if they had something on them?

Ex-75478.

"**N**OW which of those two do you consider the more sincere?" I asked Deputy Chief Inspector Mulrooney, who was then Head of the Detective Bureau of the New York Police Department and who has since been appointed Police Commissioner of New York City.

He did not hesitate a moment; he stuck his stubby forefinger emphatically on the second one. And this despite the fact that it was the first one which eulogized the police and might have been expected to coddle a cop's vanity.

The signatures meant as much to him as they did to me—nothing. In order to identify the writers it would have been necessary to call up the Identification Bureau in Albany. But I didn't want to know who they were, what I wanted to know was which was right. Who hounds the ex-cons? The cops or the crooks?

"Why," I asked him, "do you consider the second letter the more sincere?"

"**W**ELL," he drawled, and a twinkle sparkled in his Irish gray eyes, "what he says *might* be so; all of it. But there's no millions of dollars floating around anywhere in this town, nor in any other city as the first chap says. The banks keep their millions mighty carefully nailed down and dole money out only to paying tellers in the comparatively small sums called for—nothing near millions. Gold bullion worth millions is transported through the streets occasionally, but no matter how much reformed an ex-convict might be, he would be picked up if he were seen acting suspiciously in the vicinity of the trucks carrying it—just as would happen to any man, record or no record. Also there's no longer any 'restricted financial district' and the 'dead line' embraces the whole city," he said shortly, scouting the boastfulness of the first letter writer.

I went to an old building on West 14th Street and showed the two letters to the ace of crime doctors, Captain Sheppard of the Salvation Army. He is head of the Army's parole bureau—a very magnetic young man with sandy-colored hair and a humorous pair of hazel eyes. I did not tell him which one of the letters Inspector Mulrooney had picked out as likely to be sincere; I just asked (Continued on page 10)



They "Framed" Me Into Making a Speech

...but the Laugh Was on Them When I Held Them Spellbound!

SO I was scheduled to play the clown, eh? It was with mixed feelings of anger and amusement that I listened to Hanley's gleeful explanation of his scheme through the half-open door of the private office.

"It's a cinch," he explained to his listeners. "I'll tell the Chief that Burton has some ideas about the new advertising campaign. He doesn't know about this conference. And when the boss calls him in, watch him stutter and swallow his tongue. He's afraid of his own voice."

If this had happened three months ago, I would have stayed away from the office that day. Three months previously, I had been just the type that Hanley had me labeled. A good old faithful work horse—but constantly handicapped by an inferiority complex whenever a business superior spoke to me. I was bashful, nervous and timid when called on to speak at length to a group of men. And I soon realized that my inability to speak effectively and persuasively was limiting my future and causing people to rate me as an incompetent.

And then something happened. Reading through my favorite magazine, I read about and sent for a wonderful little free booklet entitled *How To Work Wonders With Words*. It explained an amazingly simple home study training method by which any man could banish nervousness and self-consciousness. It revealed the simple Laws of Conversation—the knowledge and practice of which would make the most shy and retiring man a dominating and aggressive speaker—able to convince one man or an audience of thousands.

Within a few days I had begun this

secret practice. So fascinating was it that weeks flew by like hours. I began to feel more confidence in myself. And finally came the day when I realized that my shy, retiring nature had vanished and that I was ready to speak in public any time. Now for the opportunity! And here it was—I'd show Mr. Hanley something!

To say they were dumfounded is putting it mildly. When I was called in to address that conference, I just bowled them over. I did have some ideas on that new campaign—and succeeded in upsetting the whole years'

program. And my case proves that it pays to be ready for Opportunity. Shortly afterward the company created a new job for me—Director of Sales Promotion, at double my old salary. And my reputation as a convincing speaker and interesting conversationalist has spread to the extent that I am often the principal speaker at civic banquets—and a much invited guest at dinner and theater parties... Yes, sir—the best investment I ever made was when I sent for that wonderful free booklet *How To Work Wonders With Words*—and the investment was only a 2c stamp.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small unimportant territory

to a sales manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send For This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This booklet is called, *How To Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this booklet—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—and the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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- How to talk before your club or lodge
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Sells Stores 5c Carded Breathlets, Etc., Lorrac Products, Albany, N. Y.

Are You Old At Forty? See Our Advertisement on page 11 of this issue. The Electro Thermal Co., 4732 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

Agents—1000 Car Washings For \$3.75. Remarkable invention washes cars faster, cleaner, cheaper, 100% profit for agents. Write today for Special Sales Proposition. Gyro Brush, Dept. HC-35, Ampere, New Jersey.

Be Your Own Boss! I'll Show You How To make \$15 profit a day. Plan successfully operated by hundreds. No capital required. I furnish everything. Write for free particulars. Albert Mills, 5264 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Big Money And Fast Sales. Every Owner Buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.45. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free sample. American Monogram Co., Dept. 10, East Orange, N. J.

Instruction

40 ASSORTED WIRE PUZZLES, postpaid. **\$2.00** WESTERN PUZZLE WORKS, St. Paul, Minn.

Men—Women, 18 Up. Government Jobs. \$105.00-\$280.00 month. Steady work. Common education usually sufficient. Valuable book with list positions—sample coaching—FREE. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-27, Rochester, N. Y.

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Send no money—Simply send name and address—Simply give away FREE 12 BEAUTIFUL COLORED ART PICTURES with 12 boxes of our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** which you sell at 25c each. Remit and we will send you this beautiful **FULL SIZE 42-Piece Dinner Set** according to offer in our premium catalog. New antique golden ivory and orange lustre finish floral decoration. 42 pieces in all. **CLOVERINE** used for cuts, burns, sores, chaps, etc. Our 35th year—We are reliable—Be first—Write quick for name and picture.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. DH-65, TYRONE, PA.

(Continued from page 8)

him what he thought about the letters. "I would say the second one," he said. "He explicitly aligns himself with criminals and his letter is typical of an ex-convict who believes the people on the level are against him. The first man may be reformed but he retains an underworld mental attitude towards the law-abiding public. His last sentence shows this. Sympathy towards the underdog is not morbid, but very wholesome."

"In the eleven years I have been working with ex-convicts I haven't encountered any hounding on the part of the police. Detectives frequently make inquiries about some man they suspect of being connected with a job, but they don't go near the man if he is working and going straight."

"An ex-convict who is trying to cover up his past is apt to be super-sensitive; reprimands are magnified into persecution sometimes. And I believe that ex-convicts are quite sincere when they say they are being hounded. They are not seeking sympathy; they are unconsciously putting up a defence."

"Well, then, if he isn't hounded," I asked, "how about that other legend—that the ex-con is driven back to crime by his inability to earn a living through the discovery of his previous record?"

"No ex-convict needs to steal because he can't earn an honest living," answered Sheppard. "It isn't alone from philanthropic motives that so much money is contributed by citizens to help an ex-convict to rehabilitate himself; it's a precautionary measure."

So, he isn't even hounded by the wolf at the door.

AND then, how about that other firm delusion—that crooks keep on the trail of the man who tries to go straight and force him back into crime? Or is that a delusion? It's the foundation of myriad detective stories and melodramas. Let Mulrooney answer.

He told me the story of a man who is now a highly respected and prosperous merchant in a big city. To disguise his name, which would be instantly recognized by any reader, the Inspector called him John Anderson.

Before he left college he had joined a band of thieves. When his mother died he inherited a considerable sum of money and one night he visited a dive where he fell in with a notorious character. John looked like easy money, but he turned the tables by becoming head of the gang and demoting the bunco-steerer to the rank of lieutenant.

For daring, brilliancy and elusiveness, John Anderson approached nearer to the fictitious Raffles than any man Inspector Mulrooney says he has ever met in his quarter-of-a-century's work as a detective; his burglaries were so skilfully planned and executed that the police believed they were finally up against one of the often glorified mythical masterminds.

John was finally caught and sent up for ten years. Just as the police watch convicts after their release from jail until they find out where they are heading, so do the convicts watch their fellow prisoners inside the pen.

Anderson had determined to go straight, but he dared not throw up the game immediately for fear of being framed either

by the watching crooks or the fences he had dealt with. So he turned to the police in secret and laid his cards on the table.

When he came out, his first visit was to the detective who arrested him. He said he was through with the racket and wanted an honest job. This detective found him a position with a mercantile house in a very minor capacity. One day an old confederate of his walked into the loft of this concern and came face to face with Anderson. By all the rules of melodrama he should have camped on John's trail and dragged him back into crime. But—did he? He raced out as if the devil were after him. What is more, from that time on that house was safe; the crooks gave it a wide berth.

For eight years Anderson remained there, advancing steadily. Only the head of the concern and his manager knew of his record. He made friends slowly but no one ever suspected that he had a past to cover up; instead he gained a reputation for conservatism. He met a young woman to whom he confided the story of his criminal career. They married and moved out of New York to the city where they now live.

"I don't call it hounding a man," Captain Sheppard said, "if the police find him associating with criminals and circumstances point to him as the most probable suspect. For example there was a man we'll call Dan Dannemora. He came out about two years ago after serving his ninth sentence. Almost immediately he was arrested on suspicion of pulling off a job in Buffalo."

"He was thirty-seven years old—a big husky fellow who had never been known to strike a man. In this particular instance the complainant said a man he identified as Dan had struck him with a blackjack. Under the Baumes Law another conviction meant life. I knew Dan; he was one of the most persistent backsliders I had ever handled, but I didn't believe he was guilty of that job; he wasn't the type of thief who uses a weapon. The complainant refused to withdraw the charge, so the judge could not dismiss it. Dan was so tied up with the criminal group that things looked pretty black against him."

"I visited Dannemora. He felt he was in a pretty hopeless hole. He had been on the eve of marrying when he was arrested. A friend had staked him with enough money to tide over the honeymoon period. Knowing Dan, I guessed the provider was a fence who gambled on the thief's reputation as an habitual criminal."

"The judge consented to parole him in my custody when I told him I had a job for Dan. This job was in an iron foundry. The notorious Dan worked there for eleven months and then asked me to get him a job where there was more chance for advancement, as he had married and settled down."

"I got him a job in the Ford plant in Detroit and he is doing splendidly."

BEFORE he broke away entirely from the underworld, there was a bit of hounding on the part of his old associates, for he was a good, all-around tough guy and a clever burglar.

"As he was walking up Seventh Avenue one evening, one of his former confederates met him and described a great racket

(Continued on page 12)

this gland

Can Often Be Re-stimulated

Say Physicians

Thousands of men—who have given up hope because of the decline of a certain gland—will now learn that science has at last developed an amazing corrective method. This gland—called the prostate—cause of so many of the distressing symptoms that scourge the lives of older men—sciatic and rheumatic pains, foot and leg pains, broken sleep, bladder distress, nervousness, ebbing strength, etc.—can now be reached by a method so simple that every man can have its benefits, right at home.



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Although comparatively new, this type of treatment has been quickly accepted by many hospitals, specialists and sanitariums. Doctors of a well-known Sanitarium have advised it for home use. Already 50,000 men have proved its amazing efficacy. And so quick and positive have been the results of this method that it will be sent to you with the understanding that if it does not produce results that will amaze you, within 7 days' time, its cost to you is absolutely nothing.

FREE Book Explains Method

If you are a victim of prostate gland disorder—if you have tried medicines or old, disappointing treatments without relief, this is the message you have long wanted to hear. Or if you are one of those men, who, though getting along in years, have not realized how the tiny prostate gland often brings about unpleasant changes and health faults, you likewise will want to hear of this vitally important discovery. Without cost, without obligation, either type of man may learn full details of this scientific achievement by simply mailing the coupon—printed herewith for the convenience of the readers of this publication. The book mentioned will come to you directly from the office of the President of the International Institution sponsoring the method—mailed in a plain wrapper, marked Personal. Address W. J. KIRK, President, 4732 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, address The Electro Thermal Co., 303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 47-J, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada, address The Electro Thermal Co., Desk 47-J, 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

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\$1,000 IN PRIZES

FOR BRILLIANT CRIME DETECTION

First Prize \$500.00

Second Prize . . . \$300.00

Third Prize . . . \$200.00

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will pay the above cash prizes for the best instances of individual detective work on criminal cases during the calendar year of 1930. It is the brilliant work of the individual in which we are interested, and to individuals performing brilliant feats of criminal detection will go the prizes, even though dozens of other detectives and police officers may have worked upon the same cases. In order that there may be a common basis of judgment, we have created an official form, a copy or copies of which will be sent free on request and which is to be filled out as indicated, by the police officers or detectives concerned or by their properly accredited representatives, giving the details of the cases being entered in this contest. This form contains all information and instructions necessary to the proper entering of all cases in the contest, and once filled in and returned to us, will require no further correspondence.

SUBMIT AS MANY CASES AS YOU DESIRE

INDIVIDUAL work upon all cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 is eligible for entry in this contest without regard as to whether or not the cases concerned have been published in **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made providing for its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.

In order for you to enter a case it is not necessary that you personally worked upon it, but in each instance where a case is entered by a person other than the detective or police official who performed the feat of detection, the written consent of such detective or police official must be furnished. And it is further understood that the awards will be paid only to the individual detectives or police officials who actually performed the feats of detection entered for consideration.

You are not restricted to a single case but may submit as many cases as you desire. Already this year you have performed or know of the performance of one or more feats of detection worthy of being entered in the contest and during the remainder of the year you may perform or learn of the performance of several others. Therefore, do not delay but enter all available cases at once. As others become available from time to time, enter them also. Write for your entry forms today.

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest deals with detective work on criminal cases only.
2. Only cases submitted upon the regular printed form which we will furnish free upon request will be considered.
3. To be eligible for consideration, feats of detection submitted for consideration must have been accomplished in connection with cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 regardless of the dates of the commission of the crimes.
4. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made to insure its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.
5. All entries must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon January 31, 1931.
6. There will be three judges in this contest, all men of high standing in the fields of literature and criminology. Their names will be announced before the close of the contest.
7. The decision of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.
8. Following the close of the contest the winners' names will be published in the earliest possible issue of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** consistent with careful judging.
9. Any person professionally in the business of crime identification, investigation or detection is eligible to win a prize or prizes in this contest. Entries may be made directly by those who individually performed the feats of detection submitted, or by their properly accredited representatives.
10. Each entry will be judged entirely upon its merits as a brilliant piece of crime detection. To the detective or police officer performing the most brilliant feat of detection will be awarded the \$500 first prize, to the contestant performing the second most brilliant feat of crime detection, the second prize of \$300, etc.
11. In case of ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.
12. All contestants must agree to furnish upon request proper evidence of the truth of the statements made regarding the feats of detection entered for consideration in this contest.
13. Once an entry is submitted no further correspondence regarding it will be entered into.
14. Address all requests for contest forms, and all completed contest entries to Prize Award Editor, **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 10)

he had planned—one that would yield a lot of jack and which was perfectly safe. Dan told him he was through with rackets for good and all.

"Gosh, you're crazy as a loon, Dan," the racketeer said. "Why on earth do you want to work for measly dough when you can get a big bunch free." But Dan was adamant. His old pals didn't believe it at first and made one or two more approaches, but—and here is the point—as soon as they found he really meant to go straight they dropped him like a hot poker."

Which dovetails with Mulrooney's contention: "A man who gets out of jail," he explained, "has to go to work either on the level or in the underworld. If he is working honestly out in the open his former associates will leave him severely alone; if he returns to his former haunts and doesn't start 'working' there within a reasonable time, he is closely watched and they're apt to ride him on the suspicion that he's a 'stool.'"

"The police go only into places where criminals are known to congregate, and no ex-convict who is genuine in his resolution to reform would expect to get a job lounging around underworld cabarets and poolrooms with his former criminal associates."

MEN in charge of the largest organizations which take care of men on parole and released prisoners were unanimous in their statement that hounding is so rare that it might be said not to exist at all. These agencies are the Prison Association, the Catholic Charities and the Jewish Guardians, from any one of which ex-convicts may obtain assistance in finding work and financial aid whenever necessary.

The latest movement for the benefit of the ex-convicts who are sincere in their desire to go straight has been inaugurated by the M. S. M. Industries, Inc., who have taken over a leather goods factory which is to be run by sixty former convicts. Not only will these men have a good salary and share in the profits, but they will have the opportunity of helping other lame ducks who limp out of the pen facing the comeback struggle.

Joseph E. Dayton, the genial manager of the Employment Bureau of the Prison Association of New York, told me: "Criminals are the most expensive inhabitants we have. They cost the country over two billion dollars a year. So it isn't likely that the police are going to do anything to keep them out of lawful employment. In my experience of many years, I haven't come across any real cases of hounding on the part of the police."

"It is true that many convicts think that everybody is 'picking' on them as they put it. For many years high powered 'mouthpieces' (criminal's lawyers) have found that this blatant sophism is an effective instrument in swaying the sympathies of juries. Crooks have listened to this phoney defense so much that the idea that the police and public hound them has taken a real hold on their imaginations as would be expected."

"If an ex-convict manages to obtain a position by hiding his past record, he has a sword of Damocles hanging over him—but the suspender is not the public nor the

(Continued on page 14)

Major Rockwell's Graduates Make Good



"Few Instructors Take the Interest You Have Shown"

Dear Major:
Few instructors take the interest in their students you have shown in me. I will be glad to recommend your method of training to anyone who intends to take up aviation and know that if they follow your instructions as laid out they will be successful. Assuring you of my sincere appreciation for all the things you have done for me, I am

Thos. H. Hatton,
Scranton, Pa.



"Your Instructions and Service Best Obtainable"

Dear Major:
I deem it an honor to be one of your students and have always found your instructions and service the best obtainable, because you give your students the knowledge needed by them in the simplest, shortest method possible. I will boost you and your individual method of training to all who are interested in the study of aviation.

Edward Rutledge,
Louisville, Ky.



Proud to be a "Rockwell" Man

Dear Major:
I want, at this time, to express my appreciation for the courteous attention I have always received from you.

I feel sure there are very few instructors who work so closely with their students, and I am sure that your individual method of training will continue to grow and prosper for many years to come. I am always proud that I am a Rockwell trained man and consider you to be one of the most competent instructors today.

Douglas W. Shafer,
Hamilton, O.



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Major Rockwell is a famous world war flyer, decorated with the Legion of Honor and the War Cross. He is now devoting himself to teaching Aviation, and he will train you for a position in this great new industry as only a Veteran World War Flyer can train you. Under Major Rockwell's guidance your future in Aviation is assured.



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Only Trained Men Can Qualify in Aviation

The big money in Aviation does not go to the novice or apprentice. Only **TRAINED** men can command the high salaries. Employers are glad to pay big money for men who know Aviation—builders, mechanics, service and maintenance men, and flyers. Let me prepare you for one of the many high salaried Aviation jobs open to the trained man. I will prepare you to take your place in the most fascinating, fastest growing industry in the world. Act now while my special offer lasts. Rush this coupon to me for a copy of my famous free book.

Money Back Agreement

I am so sure that you can learn Aviation with my help and step into a big aviation job that if you are not satisfied when you have finished my course, I agree to return every penny of your tuition.



Soloed in 7 Hours

Dear Major:

Your excellent advice prevented me from taking up Aviation the wrong way when I wanted to learn flying first. After I had completed your ground course, which thoroughly prepared me in the principle of flight, I was able to solo in 7 hours. I always will be glad to tell anyone that I am a Rockwell trained man.

Wm. C. Rickels.

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I'll send it FREE



Major Rob't L. Rockwell
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Desk T-5, Dayton Ohio.

Dear Major:—Please send me FREE and without obligation a copy of your famous book on Aviation; also your special tuition and position offer.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____ Age _____

(Continued from page 12)

police but the misrepresentation he himself made to the man who employed him.

"It isn't easy sailing for an ex-convict who, through a term in prison, has paid off his debt to society. But he has no excuse for returning to a life of crime so far as absolute lack of money to support himself or his family is concerned. He can obtain aid from many sources, but these organizations were not formed to pamper the ex-convict; he has to *work* out his own salvation and take what he can get.

"For example many employers require that their employees be bonded. Surety companies refuse bonds to men who have been in prison; automobile license bureaus in New York City refuse licenses to ex-prisoners without regard to the nature of their former offenses. This renders it impossible for ex-convicts who are automobile mechanics, truckmen, chauffeurs, and taxi drivers to pursue their trades or business."

Inspector Mulrooney in commenting on the complaint that the police hound ex-convicts who attempt to get licenses to drive taxicabs and trucks told me:

"The police have nothing to do with the issuing of licenses. That is up to the State License Department. As a matter of fact there are many reformed convicts who have licenses. But an automobile license in the hands of a crook is a very dangerous thing. Women wearing fortunes in jewelry are driven about in taxicabs. Automobiles, as everybody knows, play a tremendously important part in hold-ups; trucks are used by bootleggers and hi-jackers. If automobile licenses were handed out indiscriminately there would be a far louder howl from the law-abiding public than there now is from the ex-convicts—and after all, it is our job to protect that public. For every 'con' there is an organization, and there are far more people willing to spend money on him and help him get a job than there are people who make it their business to help the honest down-and-outer."

MR. DAYTON of the Prison Association recalled a recent case of a man whom he fictitiously referred to as Paul Brett. Paul's wife was private secretary to a big business man and had forged her employer's name to a number of checks. The court held that since the couple were living at a rate far beyond their means when Mrs. Brett was arrested the husband must have been aware of her crime. He was sent up, but was paroled at the end of a year.

A friend offered him a job as a sales-

man in his automobile agency, but because of his record he was unable to obtain a license. After he had proved to the authorities that he was sincere in his desire to reform he got the license through the influence of his friend and is doing very well.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Drayton, "it looks as if a man simply cannot get the crookedness out of his system until it has run its course. Then, there comes a day when no one could get him to commit an unlawful act.

"I came across an interesting instance of this a couple of months ago. An old ex-convict, who had been very prominent in the underworld, came out of prison bringing with him twelve dollars and fifty cents



Captain Stanley Sheppard (on the right), of the Salvation Army, called by the writer of this article, the "ace of crime doctors," finds his happiness in life in helping others. No man in need was ever turned from his door

and a Pomeranian dog, which he named King Edward. This man had done time in five states.

"As he was walking through Grand Central Station some 'dip' picked his pocket and got away with all his cash. That man came to my office and was as indignant as if he had been robbed of a hundred thousand dollars. His language sizzled. He hadn't been taught a lesson about how the other fellow feels when some 'dip' gets his 'poke,' but he told me that he would rather die than return to the 'big house' again. He had mighty hard sledding for a while, and once or twice he called me up to say he was through—that he was going to commit suicide; but I knew he didn't mean that. In spite of the fact that he is a physical and mental misfit for most jobs, he has landed, finally, a position that looks as if it was going to be permanent.

"Professional men who have been in

prison, such as doctors, lawyers and bond salesmen, are refused the right to practice their profession, and they, particularly, are very sensitive to the attitude of society towards the ex-convict. They are hounded—by their own crooked record—and they cannot snap out of the lawless route they deliberately took; they have to grow out of it gradually.

"It isn't easy for the man with a criminal record to make a come-back, no matter how much aid may be given him. But he shouldn't expect it. The term he spent in prison is only part of the payment the public demands. Of course a great many employers refuse to employ ex-convicts; that is natural, though it makes the work of reforming them very difficult. And there are some employers willing to employ men with 'records' but expect to pay them less than they would be obliged to pay other men.

"If an ex-convict gets a position without reporting his record to his prospective employer he may get by famously. But, if there is any sort of a crime committed in that place of business and the police are called in, suspicion will be pointed at him. If you could call that hounding, it does happen occasionally."

That, however, would hardly come under the general meaning of the word in my opinion.

So it would seem that all this hounding is only a figment of the imagination of ex-convicts.

If it isn't, where are the actual cases?

I certainly believe the men I spoke to are perfectly sincere. If any ex-convicts want to challenge their statements, they are invited to write in to the editor. Anonymous contributions will not be read. Promiscuous mud-slinging is only an assinine gesture.

Inspector Mulrooney admits the police department hounds ex-convicts who are consorting with crooks and brings them in on general principles whether or not it has anything on them right at the moment.

The organizations which specialize in helping ex-convicts keep a record of all appeals for assistance.

This question of hounding could be definitely settled by comparing what the ex-convicts who believe they are being hounded have to say and checking up their complaints with the police and philanthropic organizations.

Unless such definite evidence came from the ex-convicts, it is logical to assume that the ex-convicts who are honestly trying to go straight are *not* hounded by anybody!

A "Rat's" Revenge

(Continued from page 6)

ier's desk and into the handkerchief masked face of a man dressed in blue denim. Before she could speak he had drawn a revolver, thrust it into her face and ordered her to keep silent, while he reached over the counter, pulled the cash drawer from its place, and ransacked it of

all it contained—\$298—all in cash!

Several guests sitting nearby, realized what had happened and as the robber fled, took up the pursuit, but in a flash he had disappeared across the busy street and escaped into the crowds.

Still operating alone and in the fashion-

able west-end residential section, the "Overall Bandit" next appeared in the City Service Company's gasoline station in Franklin Boulevard at two o'clock in the afternoon—his first appearance in daylight. Here the robber forced the attendant into

(Continued on page 16)



there clawing frantically/
was ... "the THING!"

ONLY a moment before, in the dead of night, she had been awakened by a strange scraping noise. Her heart thumping wildly she looked fearfully around the room, but at first could see nothing. Suddenly her heart stopped beating—for there at the window was the THING—awful, inhuman, its two hands clawing frantically at the glass!

She shook in terror—for she knew only too well what had happened to others! Now *she* was at its mercy!

What, indeed, was this weird thing of evil? What was its uncanny power? What awful fate lay ahead of this beautiful girl, alone and unprotected?

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Name

Street

City

State

Occupation

(5% off for cash) Age: Over 21? Under 21?

(Continued from page 14)

the wash room, robbed him of all the cash register would yield—ten dollars, and left when he was convinced that there was no more to be had.

Perhaps he now felt, with the glory of his recent sally in the Bowen restaurant still warming his ego, that he had graduated from the ranks of the petty gunman; that he was now a full-fledged "stick-up" artist and deserving of better fare. For now he planned his first "big" job.

At two o'clock in the morning of October 6th, he entered the lobby of the smart new Lake Shore Hotel on Edgewater Drive and Cove Avenue, overlooking Lake Erie. As one of the newest and most expensive residential hotels in the city it promised good yield to the successful bandit. At that late hour, only two persons were in the lobby—the night manager and the girl cashier—Miss Mary Reed. The figure in overalls might have been a truck driver seeking information about a delivery—certainly neither suspected his mission until he walked straight to the cashier's desk, where both were standing, swiftly pulled his oft-used revolver from his pocket, leveled it at pretty Miss Reed, and demanded all of her cash.

For a moment she hesitated, then pulled her arm which had been lying extended across the desk, toward her body, thus sliding an envelope, which it had covered to the floor.

Quickly she took from the money drawer all the cash it contained—thirty-two dollars, and handed it over. The "Overall Bandit" snatched the bills, and pausing only to order two porters who entered at that moment, to join the two behind the desk, ran from the lobby. His first "big" job had been a failure, for the envelope Miss Reed had so innocently pulled from the top of the desk had contained almost seven hundred dollars which she had just counted and prepared for the manager's safe.

NOW the scene changes. Ten days later in a quiet West Side apartment, eight women were grouped about bridge tables, among them a beautiful young matron, Mrs. Harriet Steinbrunner, mother of two children.

A rap on the door was answered by Mrs. Irene Mount, the hostess. She turned at the caller's request, and called Mrs. Steinbrunner, who went into the hall, closing the door behind her. Mrs. Mount, solicitous for her guest and friend, stood close by the door. Suddenly loud voices were heard—a woman's voice pleading "Don't shoot, Walter, don't shoot!" and almost simultaneously the sound of a shot rang out in the hallway.

Mrs. Mount, followed by the six terrified women, reached the hall as Mrs. Steinbrunner sank to the floor. Over her prostrate form stood the murderous fiend shouting that she would "never turn him up." Mrs. Mount, grappling with him, deflected the two shots he would have fired into the body of the already dying woman, and breaking from her grasp, he leaped down the stairway.

Rapidly losing consciousness, Mrs. Steinbrunner moaned only a few incoherent words about the "Overall Bandit" before she died.

Lakewood police and detectives were

quick to arrive on the scene of the slaying, but the hysterical members of the bridge party, so tragically interrupted, were unable to give the officers a coherent story of the crime and its perpetrator. Then Detective Lieutenant Delmar Potts of the Lakewood force took each woman aside in succession, and impressed her with the importance of telling all she knew of the affairs of the dead woman. The story the detectives obtained from the woman follows:

A YEAR before, Mrs. Steinbrunner had taken into her home, a roomer by the name of Walter Chaney, who lived quietly. He had gradually become at home in the little household of mother, father and two children, and often borrowed their automobile, always returning it in good condition.



The "Overall Bandit" as he looked when he was sullenly facing the police camera

In the spring of 1929, Mrs. Steinbrunner, wishing to augment the family income, had taken a place as night cashier in the Lake Shore Hotel. She talked of the ease and pleasantness of her work to her husband and the roomer, Chaney.

Early in October, Mrs. Steinbrunner resigned her position, and it was several days later that the stick-up by the "Overall Bandit" occurred there. The stick-up was much discussed by Mrs. Steinbrunner with her friends.

Then came the day when Mrs. Steinbrunner asked Chaney to drive her on an errand in the family car. As Mrs. Steinbrunner approached the auto, she noticed Chaney storing a pair of blue denim overalls and a gray cap beneath the seat. Instantly she was suspicious, and during their ride plied him with quiet questions as to his use for overalls.

Chaney, realizing that she must know why he was carrying the overalls threatened her.

Frightened, she telephoned the Lakewood Police Department later and asked protection from her roomer, but refused to tell why he threatened her. The police immediately started to investigate.

Mr. Steinbrunner, who had not been taken into his wife's confidence, was at home alone when Chaney entered on that

tragic night of October 11th and asked for Mrs. Steinbrunner. The husband answered that she was at a bridge party at the home of Mrs. Mount and then proceeded to tell Chaney that the police had been looking for him and seeking information about his occupation. Chaney, enraged and believing Mrs. Steinbrunner had confided in the police in spite of his attempt to silence her, stormed from the house.

Half an hour later Mrs. Steinbrunner was dead and her assassin at large!

Police, armed with this information, now threw a dragnet over the city, and all cruisers were put into immediate action. The hunt for the killer had begun, and there was little doubt in their minds as to his identity. Newsboys howled the shocking story of the killing by the "Overall Bandit," and the photograph of the dead woman, once a beauty contest winner, was flouted from every front page.

THE first news of the fleeing murderer came when a pedestrian saw a man answering his description, running along Clifton Boulevard. Then a tip was received that someone was prowling about in an empty residence not far from the scene of the shooting on Lorain Avenue.

The police rushed to the house. It was now three o'clock in the morning. For three hours Detective Otto Diskowski, who had received the tip, with his squad and Lieutenant Kurt Gloeckner commanding a force of officers which had silently surrounded the house, waited for dawn. Throughout the night they watched a shadow drift from window to window in the supposedly vacant house.

Then with the first light on the grim scene they sprang into action. The ambushed police and detectives approached the house, and Diskowski and Gloeckner knocked at the front door. Chaney, seeing that the front of his fort was being besieged, darted to the rear only to face Detective Gordon Shibley, guarding the door with a shotgun.

The trapped fugitive dashed back into the house, just at the moment the two police officers at the front door crashed through.

Up the stairs he raced, with his pursuers close behind. A door slammed—and as the police charged to break it down, a shot was fired.

The door yielded, and as the officers burst into the room, Chaney, fatally shot by his own hand, slumped to the floor. He died immediately.

No one came to claim the body, which lay in the county morgue for five days—although many were brought by the police to view it in the hope that the banditslayer might be identified in connection with other unsolved stick-ups. It was found that he had committed numerous other robberies, chief among them the Union Trust Bank branch at West 65th and Detroit Avenue on October 5th, which netted him \$400.

Police, further investigating him, discovered that Chaney was an ex-convict, and that along with the revenues from his career as a hold-up man, much of his income was derived from illicit trafficking in narcotics—supplying East Side dope rings with shipments from sources in Detroit and Chicago.

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R. W. C. Sarsena.

Why Close the *DOOR OF HOPE?*

By

HERBERT C. PARSONS

Commissioner of Probation
Commonwealth of Massachusetts

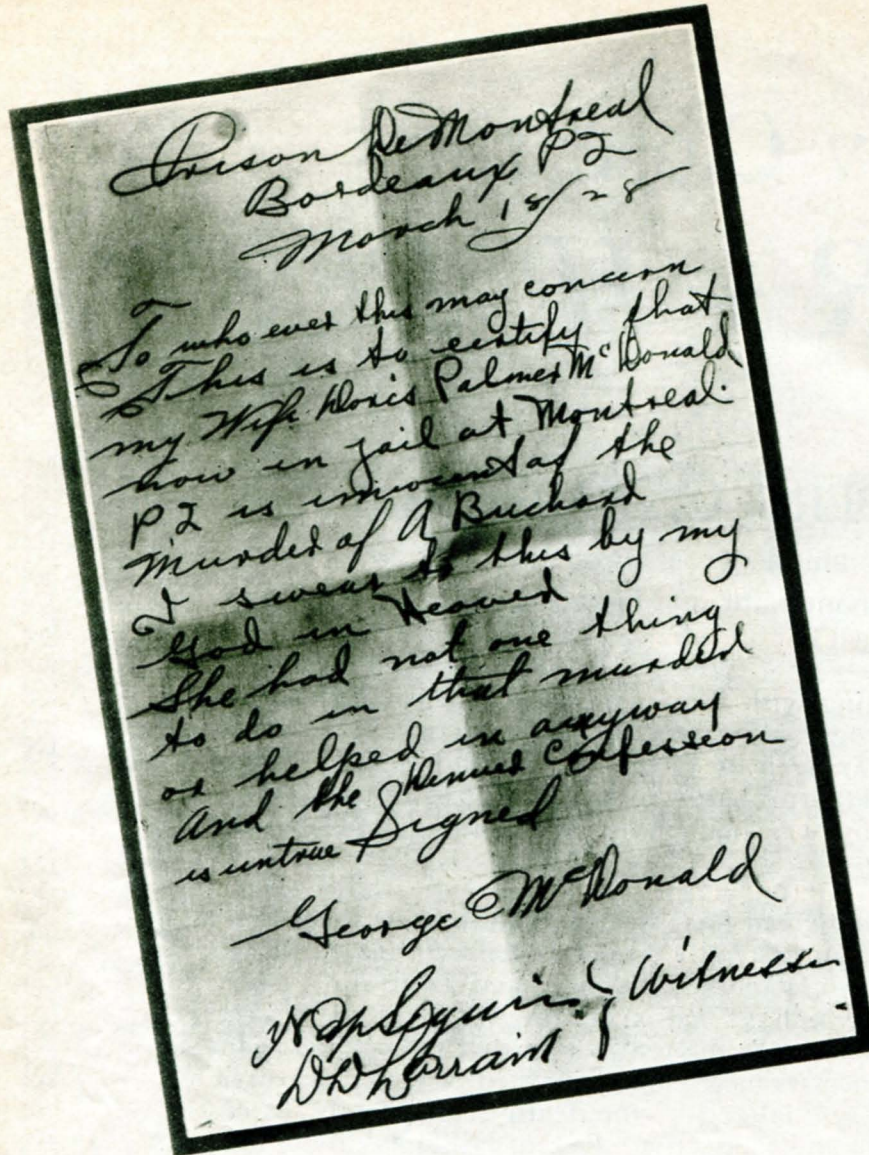
THE methods of dealing with those men and women the world brands "criminals" have progressed since the days when a man could be hanged for stealing a sheep or killing a rabbit, but few readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES probably realize that it is less than one hundred years ago that a boy was hanged in Massachusetts for burning a building.

For centuries, people who erred have been forced to barter freedom and their chances of justice from a strictly administered criminal code which demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life, subject to certain discounts which varied according to judicial discretion. To-day, the world is awakening to the realization that jailing miscreants is one of the correctional processes most clearly marked for the discard. This crude survival of the era symbolized by the death-dealing embrace of the Iron Maiden is both costly and ineffective. Recent jail riots, involving the needless loss of life, have tended to demonstrate that when the door of hope is closed against any chance for future regeneration, the hearts of men grow hard; their spirits desperate and careless of consequences.

Jails, to be sure, must still play a part in the community affairs of the present, but the arguments as to what sort of a part and what sort of a place these jails should be are challenging the keenest of minds and the solutions are not yet at hand. The world knows that the habitual criminal and the gangster must be forcibly restrained, but fortunately such criminals are in the minority and a very small minority.

Society is and should be more concerned in seeking protection against the law-breaking of individuals who have no fixed or deep criminal intent, yet form the majority of the long procession of offenders constantly filing through our courts. I feel the numbers of these unfortunate men and women can be materially reduced by a *more intelligent and a more constructive use of probation*, first advocated and accepted by Massachusetts in 1878 and now adopted by all sister states in the Union excepting Wyoming.

Probation is a humane effort to *deal with the individual instead of the offense*. It has found a place in the correc- (Continued on page 104)



Did beautiful Julia McDonald help to murder Adelard Bouchard? Just what happened on that dark night on the "Bootleg Trail" to the Canadian border? From her prison cell she cried her innocence: "I know I've been a bad girl," she sobbed, "—but I'M NOT A MURDERESS!"

Jazz-Mad Julia McDonald was sentenced by Justice Joseph Walsh of Montreal to hang at Valleyfield Prison, Quebec, on March 23rd, 1928. Then suddenly came a statement from George McDonald, the girl's husband and accomplice, a photographic copy of which is shown at the left—written five days before McDonald was hanged! Was this the truth at last? Or—?

By
**P. L.
TRUSSELL**

The Shocking Fate of

AS daylight broke through the mist of a foggy morning on July 19th, 1927, a Montreal policeman, weary from a night of patrolling an isolated, sparsely settled section of the city, stopped when he saw the dim outlines of a large automobile. Somehow, the automobile did not look in place there, for it was near no building and evidently had not been parked by a visitor or resident in one of the homes not so far away.

The car was long and rakish in design, but instead of standing parallel with the curbing of the seldom-used roadway, the left front wheel was atop the curbing and the body of the car tilted crazily, the rear wheels standing far out in the street. The lights on the car were not lit, and no one was near.

As the policeman approached the machine he saw that it was covered with mud, which had been splashed, evidently in fast driving over muddy roads, high enough to spatter the car windows. Here and there, between the mud splashes, were shining bits of metal, indicating that the car, until now, had been polished and well kept. It was a closed model, Packard car, of recent design.

Making a note of the license number, the policeman made a closer inspection of the mysterious car. The engine was cold, indicating that some time had elapsed since it had been driven. But the thing which struck the policeman's eye most forcibly was a chipped condition of one of the door

frames on the right side of the car, between the front and rear doors. Examination of the chipped places, which had bared the wood framework under the enamel, indicated that they had been made by bullets, which had passed partly through the wood and had been deflected! And there were stains, apparently bloodstains, on the floor of the tonneau.

With this discovery the policeman wasted no further time in inspection, but immediately went to a call box and notified Police Headquarters of the finding of the car. He was told to remain at the scene until the arrival of detectives.

A QUICK check-up of the license number by detectives indicated that the car was owned and operated by Adelard Bouchard, a resident of Lachine, Ontario, who made a good living for his wife and seven children by "hacking" his fine Packard car in Montreal. The car had been bought after rigid economy in the Bouchard family, from the savings Adelard had accumulated while driving for taxicab companies. He had finally bought the big, shiny car, and he was proud of his purchase and elated in the thought that now he could earn much money for the little brood in the Bouchard home in Lachine.

And Adelard had prospered with the advent of the new car. He had been busy continually, not only catching the ordinary taxi trade, but with such a fine, big car, he had been engaged many times by persons who wanted to see the night

Julia McDonald (in
circle) central figure in
this tragic story



JAZZ-MAD

JULIA McDONALD

life of Montreal and were willing to pay high rates for the privilege of riding in such a car as Adelard drove. As a result, he always carried a considerable sum of money and, in the eyes of other drivers, was well on the way to prosperity.

These facts were learned by detectives who went to the Bouchard home and to the haunts where Adelard and his shiny car were known best. But at the Bouchard home they learned, also, that Adelard was missing! He had left his home fairly early on July 17th, driving his cherished Packard into Montreal, foreseeing a good day's business because rain already had started falling and many good "fares" were in prospect. He had been seen in Lachine once since then, when he and a party of three, including a beautiful woman, had stopped at a little hotel there and eaten a hurried meal. Then they had driven away, in what direction no one knew.

The bloodstains and bullet marks on Adelard's car and the fact that the driver—cherishing the car as he did—surely never would have abandoned it, caused the Montreal police to foresee something more than the ordinary theft of an

automobile in the discovery of the car. Detectives combed the haunts of Bouchard thoroughly and finally found someone who could give them an inkling of Bouchard's last known movements.

THERE was a little cigar store in Montreal which Adelard frequented and he often received telephone calls there from "fares" whom he had driven and who required his services. Such a call had come for Bouchard on the night of July 17th. This was the story detectives heard from another driver who had talked with Adelard after the telephone conversation:

"Adelard was happy when he left," said the "buddy." "He got a call from some people he had driven often before and he said as he left, 'I'll make much money to-night. These people will travel far and they are, oh, so generous. They spend much money.'"

So, Adelard had driven off in his shiny Packard car to earn this "much money" for the little Bouchards in his home

in Lachine. It was probably nine o'clock or ten o'clock at night when Adelard went on his way.

Here the trail was lost, temporarily, but only a few hours passed before the Montreal detectives picked it up again—this time at the Mount Royal Hotel, a widely known hostelry in that city. Bouchard, or someone driving a Packard which answered the description of his automobile, had driven three persons, one a woman, from the hotel, at a late hour on the night of July 17th. This is the story the Montreal detectives learned from employees of the hotel:

The driver of a Packard car had called at the hotel for three guests of the hostelry, known there as George McDonald and his wife and Frank Palmer. The three had been staying at the Mount Royal for a week or more and had attracted some attention because of their appearance and habits. Apparently they had ample means, for they were accustomed to call for automobiles, make the rounds of Montreal night retreats and spend the nights in merrymaking.

MCDONALD, the hotel employee said, was a sheikish-looking, dark, slim young man of fashion, who always led the other two, Mrs. McDonald and Palmer, on their pleasure hunts. He had let it become known that he had served in the American Navy—"as an officer, of course"—and was a man of culture, with marked mannerisms. He had sleek, black hair and a distinguished carriage, but there was one defect in his appearance—there was a cast in his right eye.

Mrs. McDonald was of the slight flapper type, with vivacious manner, beautiful, classic features and an abundance of burnished titian hair, rather curly. She always was the life of the party, the hotel employee said, was always laughing and gay and apparently without a care in the world.

The third member of the group, Palmer, was of a nondescript type, rather dull in contrast to his two companions, and having no particularly distinguishing features. He had seemed to follow the footsteps of the McDonalds without protest, simply trailing along whenever they left the hotel on pleasure bent.

On the night the three had left the hotel in the car owned and driven by Bouchard, or a car of similar design, the pleasure hunters had shown another side of their natures to the hotel employees. The McDonalds and Palmer had run up a considerable bill at the Mount Royal and when they appeared in the lobby, preparatory to boarding the automobile they had called, they had virtually all of their luggage brought from their rooms by a porter.

"You're not checking out, are you, Mr. McDonald?" asked the night clerk.

"Oh, no," was the response of the debonair guest.

"But, you're taking your baggage," remonstrated the clerk.

"You don't think I'm trying to beat my hotel bill, do you?" asked McDonald belligerently. "Here—if you think

I'm not coming back I'll leave this bag of clothes——"

And McDonald pointed to a handsome pigskin bag among the other pieces of luggage in the lobby.

The porter put the bag to one side when the clerk nodded his satisfaction, and McDonald, his wife and Palmer, seeing their baggage stowed away in the tonneau of the waiting automobile, drove away from the hotel. They had left the hotel late on the night of July 17th, and they had not returned.

And when the detectives opened the bag left by McDonald as security for his return, they found that it contained nothing except a hotel Bible.

ADELARD BOUCHARD had disappeared and the three pleasure-loving Americans who were believed to have employed him also had faded from sight!

Detectives who had made inquiries in Lachine—Adelard's home town—connected these coincidences when they learned that Bouchard, late on the night of July 17th, had stopped at a small hotel in Lachine operated by Mrs. G. L. Poulin, who had served a meal to Bouchard and three persons, one a

woman, who had engaged Bouchard for a long trip. She described her guests to the detectives—and her descriptions tallied with those of the gay McDonalds and Palmer. The four had eaten hurriedly, Mrs. Poulin told the police, and had driven away from her hotel in a storm, a rainstorm which was increasing in intensity.

Mrs. Poulin had heard little of the conversation of her guests or if she had heard it she had paid little attention to what was being said. But she thought she had heard someone in the party, talking about their itinerary, say something about New York.

That part of Quebec lying south of Montreal is crossed by several main highways leading to the border between the Province

of Quebec and the State of New York, in the United States. One leads to Rouse's Point, at the head of Lake Champlain, another to Trout River and still another to Cornwall, all points on the border where customs guards inspect all travelers crossing the international line.

It was in these three directions that the eyes of the detectives now turned, and within a comparatively short space of time they learned two important developments. One was that a party of three persons—two men and a woman—in a Packard automobile, had been refused admittance to the United States by a customs inspector at Trout River when they failed to show proper credentials. The other was that a little girl, Mary Dunham, eight years old, looking at the rain from a window in her home on the road between Trout River and Montreal early in the morning of July 18th, had seen a big Packard car, mud-spattered and being driven at reckless speed, rushing toward Montreal, traveling so rapidly over the wet roads that Mary had commented on it to members of her family.

The story of the customs men at Trout River indicated that the big car (and the police believed it had been Bouchard's



A family group which well illustrates the good home influence with which Julia Palmer McDonald's foster mother, Doctor Frances Palmer, surrounded the girl who later was destined to wander into the shadow of the gallows. At the time this photo was taken, Julia (seated on the left) was sixteen. Mrs. Palmer is in the center and Elsie Palmer, Julia's younger sister, is seated on the right

Packard) had only three passengers instead of four, when the attempt was made to pass the border. The car, mud-begrimed in the rainstorm, had been stopped at the customs headquarters by Ernest Robie, a United States Inspector. In the driver's seat was a dark, handsome man, wearing a chauffeur's cap and in the tonneau were a woman, handsome and with red hair, who was bundled to the ears in a long, dark coat, and a man who took little part in the conversation.

The car had come rushing down the "Bootleg Trail"—the road known as the Huntington-Malone Highway—which was watched closely by the customs men in an effort to stop the flow of liquor from Canada into the United States. The girl bundled in the dark coat had told Robie that they were in a hurry to reach New York City and had asked him to forego some of the rigid requirements for entry into the United States, but Robie had refused to do this.

There was much discussion, the girl attempting to use all her wiles in persuading the official to allow the car to pass. But Robie was adamant, so, after nearly an hour of parley the big Packard had been turned around and headed back toward Montreal on the "Bootleg Trail."

THIS information from the border and the story of little Mary Dunham gave the police at least a tentative route followed by one mys-

water of the ditch protruded the head of a dead man, the head of a man who had been brutally murdered. The head had been battered with some heavy instrument, a .38 caliber bullet also had pierced the head, and two bullet holes, made with bullets of the same size, were found in the body which was clothed in a chauffeur's uniform. All signs of a struggle in the roadway, if there had been any, were obliterated by the heavy rain which had fallen.

But bent-down weeds on the far side of the ditch from the road indicated that someone had walked there. And a few



(Above) Showing workmen erecting, in the yard of the jail at Valleyfield, Quebec, the scaffold upon which George McDonald was hanged. The small barred window on the left, at about the height of the scaffold platform, marks the cell where he spent his last hours before his execution. Below the window is the door through which he passed on his way to the scaffold. (Left) Provincial police and detectives leaving Valleyfield Jail after the hanging of George McDonald

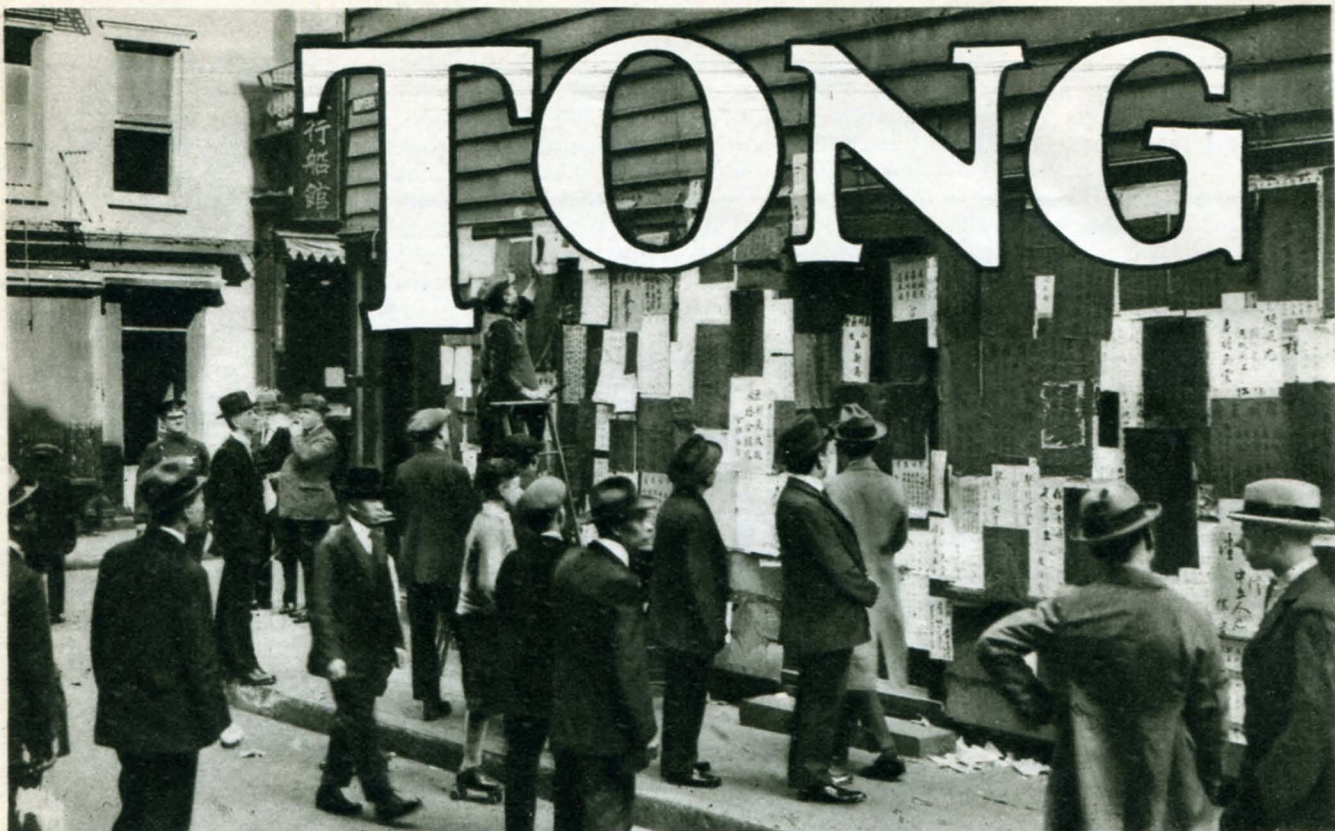


feet farther from the road, hidden under the growth of weeds, was a light blue skirt and the undergarments of a woman, all of them covered with blood. The blue skirt was identified as a part of the suit worn by the young woman in the party which had dined at the little Lachine hotel with Adelard Bouchard, and the body of the battered man in the ditch was identified as that of the missing driver, Adelard Bouchard—he of the shiny Packard and happy prospects!

terious Packard car (if not Bouchard's) which was on the road between Montreal and the American border at a time when Bouchard's car was not accounted for. And it was this lead which brought a tragedy to the attention of the Montreal police engaged in the mystery of Adelard Bouchard's disappearance and the finding of his bullet-scarred automobile.

Search of the muddy "Bootleg Trail" brought a gruesome find. Close to the side of the muddy road, only a half-dozen miles from the United States border, was a ditch, half filled with water by the downpour of rain. And from the

AS the police reconstructed the crime, Bouchard had been hired to drive a party (probably the three Americans who had failed to return to the Mount Royal Hotel) across the American border and likely to some point in New York State. On the drive to the border, however, either for the purpose of stealing the automobile and the money Bouchard was known to have carried, or for some other sinister purpose, the "fares" of Adelard's car had slain him, thrown the body into the ditch and proceeded to the border point at Trout River, where they had been turned back by the customs agent, Robie. Failing in their attempt to escape to the United States side of the line, they had returned to Montreal for such a car as they were driving had been seen going north by little Mary Dunham at (Continued on page 74)



Henry Yee Kong
c/ O. Mr. Jesse C. Wanslee
Attorney At Law
32- North First Avenue.
Phoenix Arizona.
March 1st-1930.

Mac Fadden Publication Company
New York, City, New York.

My Dear Sir:-

I will appreciate it very much if you would kindly let me hear from you at an earlier date concerning to the disposition of my story on the : Unwritten Law of The Tongs. If accepted by the Mac Fadden Publication Company for it's magazines and that a settlement is to be made in the story, I would suggest that your Company to kindly forward my check for the story to my Attorney, Mr. Jesse C. Wanslee, 32 North First Avenue, Phoenix Arizona.

I am under sentence to hang on the 21st day of March for the murder of Rudolph Ruez, a Mexican gunman of Tucson Arizona. I would like to have my business done before going up the 13 steps to my doom. I desire to have the undertaker to arrange my coffin with the money my story will bring me for the funeral expenses. Friday morning, March 21st, 1930, Yee Kong will pay the supreme penalty to Society. I would like to hear from you a week before that day regarding my story. Please let me hear from you. I am-

P. S.

You have my authority to cut out certain parts of my story to condense it to about 8000 or 9000 words to suit your magazine.

Yee Kong.

Yee Kong

Yours very sincerely,

Yee Kong
Yee Kong

NOTE: Yee Kong, former Secretary and "Big Boss" of the Suey Sing Tong, here breaks the tight-lipped silence for which Orientals are noted the world over. And with reason—for the latest word is that the notorious tong leader is about to die.

When this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES goes on the news stands, July 15th, Yee Kong will have paid the supreme penalty—unless in the meantime Governor Phillips of Arizona has intervened. He was sentenced to die on the gallows on March 21st, but was given a reprieve. Latest advice relative to the final fate of this great tong leader states that Yee Kong will be hanged "At dawn; 5 A.M., June 27th, 1930." No further delays are indicated as this is being written.

We have on file in this office about twenty letters from the great fighter and former high tong official, all of them showing his eagerness to live and his enthusiasm in the thought that he might be able to continue to write stories. One arrived only yesterday in which he said: "I will not give up hope until I am dangling at the end of a rope."

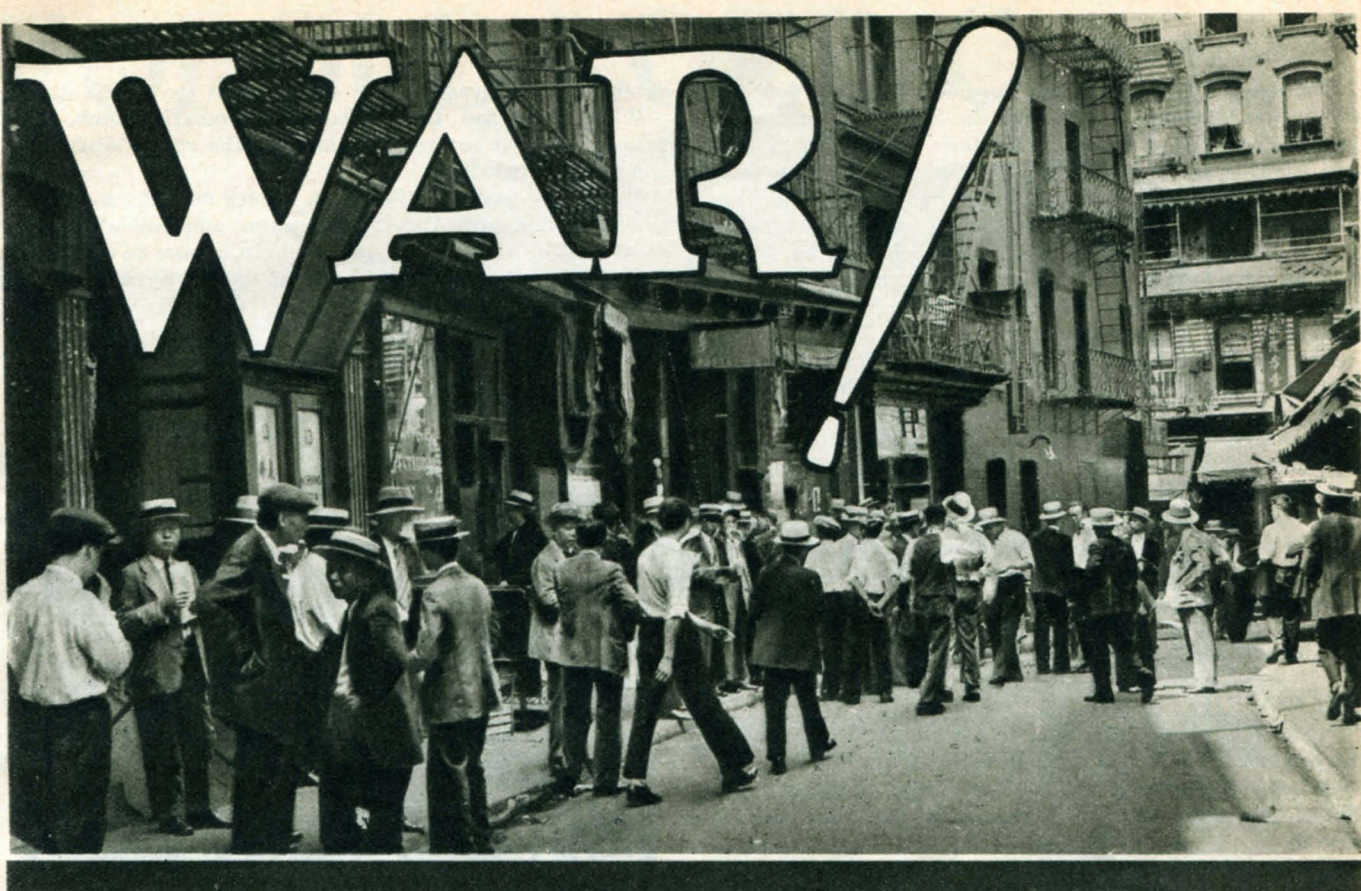
A little help was given him in the writing of this present story—but very little. It is expressed in his own words, with a few minor corrections. It lays no claim to literary merit.

It is the first and probably the last story written by the "Lone Wolf" of the Suey Sing Tong—colorful figure in a fighting brotherhood that is doomed to change in the face of our advancing civilization.

—Ed.

—O—

The remarkable letter at the left was written to us by Yee Kong when he believed he had 20 days more to live. We sent him the money



By
YEE KONG
"Lone Wolf"
 of the
Suey Sing Tong

ON the third day of March, 1913, I was initiated into the Suey Sing Tong. My entrance into that realm, was the fulfillment of my boyhood dreams and plans. Unknowingly, I was standing on the threshold of an exciting and as dangerous a life, as any young man ever entered.

To test my mettle, the Tong dispatched me to a rebellious zone—Marysville, California. There I was given an assignment as a gunman, at a salary of \$20.00 a week (paid by the Tong) and in addition, I was paid \$30.00 a week as a dealer of the Fan Tan game in the Look Yar Guey Club, a gambling house located at 106-108 C. Street.

There was rebellion in my Tong at this time, due to the expelling of Yim Bing Tong. He had committed the crime of robbery, and according to the rules of the Suey Sing Tong, could no longer be a member.

When the notice of his ejection was posted on the bulletin boards of 'Frisco's Chinatown, many of his sympathizers resigned. Among those resigning, were a number of gunmen on the Suey Sing pay-roll.

(Above and across top of opposite page). Posting last-minute tong war bulletins in New York Chinatown showing excited crowds gathered in groups discussing latest developments. The swiftness and deadly effectiveness with which the tong gunmen strike in widely separated cities—yet in apparently concerted action on many fronts—is well known, but the motivation and inner workings back of these wars still remain a mystery to the white man.

(Right) This little man, inoffensive in appearance and slight of figure, is the notorious Yee Kong, hard-hitting tong-leader of the Pacific Coast, sometimes referred to as the "Lone Wolf" of the Suey Sing. His countrymen used to meet him with brass bands in San Francisco. Now alone in a death cell, he awaits the knock of the hangman on his door



The fighting strength of the Tong was now at a low ebb, and it was therefore decided by the Suey Sing leaders, to send for Lew Fat, a known arch killer. This noted gunman was working for the Quong Fung Tai gambling house at Lodi, California, at the time, but upon knowing that his Tong needed him, he immediately left Lodi in company with Chin San Ben, a fellow tongman. They were instructed to proceed at once to Marysville, where, upon their arrival, they were to get in touch with Yee Bew Jeen, the Suey Sing leader there.

The two highbinders reached their destination early in the evening, and by eight o'clock were in conference with the tong chiefs.

I was invited to attend the secret meeting, and for the first time met the two notorious tong killers. Their duty and mine, we learned, was to protect certain gambling houses controlled by the Suey Sings in Yuba and Butte Counties, which were in danger of falling into the hands of the rival Tongs.

The next few days my companions and I spent, in investigating the conspiracies against the Suey Sing gambling concessions, and ascertaining who our enemies were, their approximate strength, and favorite haunts.

MEANWHILE, trouble was brewing in the Chinatown of San Francisco. Yim Bing Tong's followers had joined the Sen Suey Yings, and were threatening the lives of the leaders of their former Tong, the Suey Sings. With such conditions prevailing, a special session of the directors was ordered.

On the morning of March 20th, 1914, Lew Fat, Chin San Ben, Henry Lee, Ah Wing, Henry Foote, Lim Foon and myself, left Marysville. Our destination was San Francisco, California, we being *en route* to attend the directors' meeting, which was to be held that evening, in the secret chambers, at Tong Headquarters.

The eighteen members of the Board of Directors, and the gunmen on the pay-roll, were present at the meeting. It was decided that death should be the penalty meted out to all agitators against the Suey Sing Tong. This drastic mandate was issued in order to protect the lives of the leaders. To enforce this edict, the Tong purchased new arms and ammunition for all of their first class fighting men.

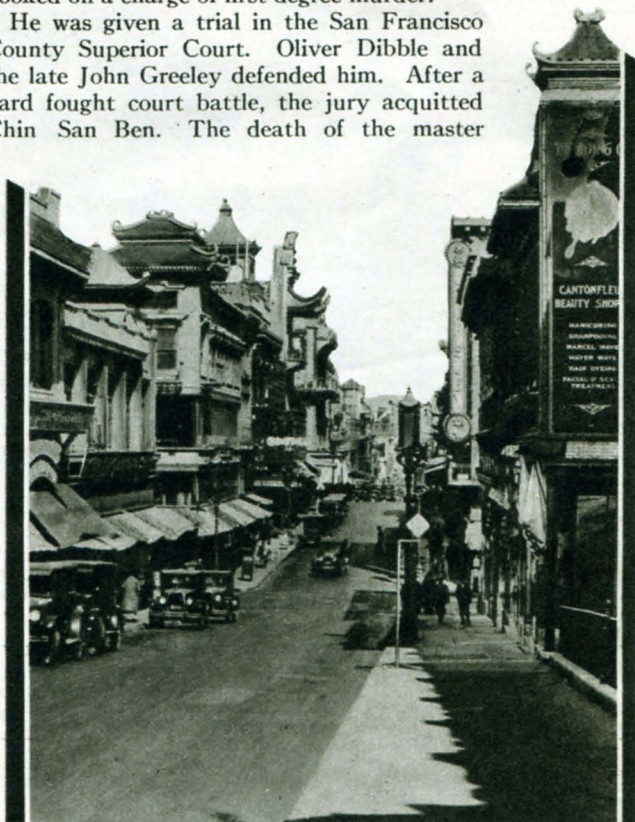
determined to carry out their plans to "get" him.

When Chin San Ben raised his automatic pistols, the agitators darted out to the middle of the street, scattered, and ran for their lives.

The killers opened fire, and Lim Lee fell mortally wounded. Chin San Ben rushed up to his victim, and poured several more shots into his motionless body to make sure he was dead. The companions of the dead tongman did not return the fire, although they were heavily armed, the cowards leaving their leader to die.

The police arrested Chin San Ben after the shooting, and he was taken to the city prison, and there booked on a charge of first degree murder.

He was given a trial in the San Francisco County Superior Court. Oliver Dibble and the late John Greeley defended him. After a hard fought court battle, the jury acquitted Chin San Ben. The death of the master



(Above) Chinatown's main street, San Francisco, Yee Kong's familiar stamping ground. (Left) Bird's eye view of San Quentin Prison, Calif., to which Yee Kong was sent in March, 1918. He was liberated after serving about three years. This prison term was the result of a desperate street battle he had with three Hip Sing highbinders in San Jose, in which he killed the leader, Jew Sueng Wah, he being arrested shortly afterward by Officers Murphy and Wolford. The picture of Yee Kong on page 25 shows him posing for the press shortly after his capture on this occasion

German Mausers, German Lugers, Smith-Wesson revolvers of the 32-20 type were obtained and distributed to each of the highbinders. Lim Lee, the advisor of the band of agitators, was unaware that the Suey Sing Tong was planning for such an emergency. He sent a defy to his former Tong, challenging them to a pistol duel at the Chinese Cemeteries. Chin San Ben and Lew Fat were sent out by the tong to meet him, with orders to shoot to kill.

An hour later, Lim Lee with several of his followers met the two killers on the corner of Stockton and Jackson Streets. The minute the Suey Sing gunmen appeared, Lim Lee's nerve deserted him; he was doomed. Instead of drawing his gun, he began to run away from the highbinders who were

mind of the agitators, whom Chin San Ben had killed, subdued his followers for a time. Chinatown was again peaceful.

I was an unknown tong gunman to the rival factions, therefore my presence in San Francisco's Chinatown was an eventful one. On Thanksgiving eve of the same year, I was assigned to Stockton, California, by the leaders of my Tong, as there was a possibility of another outbreak there.

Every Tong controls a certain territory. The Suey Sing Tong controlled the Chinatown of Stockton, California. Lim Wah Sing was the Stockton leader, and owned the Wang Ben gambling house located at 137 South Hunter Street. Chin Won was the second in command, and operated

the Wing Yuen Company at 144 East Washington Street. This firm was reputed to be the narcotic terminal of the Tong.

Practically all gambling dens, and "hop joints," operated under Suey Sing protection. The house of ill fame was under the supervision of Fung Larn, an elderly female member of the Tong. She generally kept from thirty to forty girls in her place. However, her largest source of income came from the financing of young American born Chinese, and in the bringing of pretty girls to this country from the Orient. Each girl brought the price of \$5,500.00 to the owner. The Exclusion Act, sponsored by the United States Senator Samuel Shortridge, became a law in 1924. It was a severe blow to the white slave industry, as it abolished the practice of bringing girls to this country for underworld purposes.

The fighting men of the society, worked as dealers in the various gambling houses. Many of them were narcotic addicts, and most of their earnings were spent on opium. "Four black pills" could be purchased for one dollar, while morphine could be bought for a dollar a grain. At the outbreak of the World War, potatoes grown by the Chinese farmers in the San Joaquin Valley, netted them tremendous profits. The farmers, having become suddenly wealthy, brought their earnings to Stockton, and added new zest and impetus to gambling there.

Many new dealers were employed, and also quite a number of watchmen. The latter saw to it, that everyone received a fair deal, and that order was maintained. In the event that a member of a rival tong came into a gambling house, and attempted to cheat, the watchmen's instructions were to shoot to kill.

The smuggling of narcotics was another source of illegitimate income and, incidentally, a profitable one. Jung Doo Hing was the leader of the smuggling ring which operated near Hunter's Point, in San Francisco Harbor. Shrimp fisheries located at the Point did a thriving business, and served as an excellent blind for the "junk" smugglers.

WHEN certain ships arrived in the harbor from the Orient members of the ring would secretly unload opium. From the wharves it would be transferred to high powered automobiles, and taken to Holt Station, a suburb of Stockton. Using the Chinatown of that locality as a base of supply, the opium would be distributed in Stockton, and its environs. From these many and varied sources of income, the Suey Sing Tong collected huge sums of protection

money. The income of the Society in 1916, was approximately \$15,000.00 a month.

The jealousy of their rivals was soon aroused, and in order to compete with the powerful Suey Sings, the following Tongs organized against them: Bing Kong, Bow Leong, Hip Sing, Suey On and Suey Yings.

At every opportunity, this new combine contrived to harass the Suey Sings. Jung Doo Hing's agents were hijacked, gambling houses were robbed, the inmates of the houses of ill fame were kidnapped. Still, the Suey Sings made no effort to retaliate.

On the evening of October 1st, 1916, several strangers entered the Eng Woo Dong Club, at 105 East Washington Street, Stockton, California, ostensibly to bet on a Fan Tan game that was in progress there. The newcomers went directly to the table where Lee Doo and Chan Sing were dealing. They bet \$6,000.00 on numbers 2-3.

LEE DOO

reached into the pan and picked up a handful of beans. He laid them on the table, and covered them with a cup. He then lifted the cup, and started to count the beans, four at a time. Lee Doo, noticing the size of the bet, was hoping that either four beans or one bean would remain when he stopped counting. He knew that if three or two remained the strangers would win. Slowly but surely the pile of beans diminished, until only four were left. The house won, and Lee Doo raked in the money.

Whereupon, the strangers drew their pistols and demanded the return of their money, declaring the game was crooked. As they had the drop on the dealers, there was nothing Lee Doo and Chan Sing could do but return the money. The strangers pocketed the money, and hastily made an exit. One of the "house men" had recognized the men as members of the Bing Kong Tong, and he immediately notified the Suey Sing Headquarters in Stockton. A meeting was called, and an ultimatum was sent to the Bing Kongs, demanding that the Suey Sings be indemnified for the loss which one of their gambling houses had sustained. The Bing Kongs submitted the matter to the Peace Tribunal, and asked for an official decision one way or another. The Peace Tribunal, after investigating the case, rendered a verdict in favor of the Bing Kongs. This affair further antagonized some of the Suey Sings, but the leaders refused to declare war against their rivals. However, the annual election of officers was to be held in San Francisco in a few



days, and therefore the element that demanded that war be declared decided to wait until the election, at which time they hoped to elect leaders who would avenge the injustices perpetrated against their tong.

THE election was held on the 10th of October, 1916, and the Tom Jark-Jung Doo Hing ticket was unanimously elected. Tom Jark's administration was one that believed in the curbing, and if possible, the putting to an end, of the encroachments being made by their enemies, upon Suey Sing territories and concessions. No action, relative to the declaration of war however, was taken.

Prior to the election of the Tom Jark administration, the Hop Sing Tong had affiliated itself with the Suey Sings.

A few weeks after Tom Jark had taken over the active leadership of the Suey Sing Tong, the Hip Sings attempted to drive the Hop Sings out of San Jose's Chinatown. This was the last straw. The Suey Sings prepared for war—the Chinese battle of the centuries—"The War Of Supremacy."

Every able gunman of the Suey Hop Sing Tongs was summoned to San Francisco, where a secret meeting was to be held at 776 Jackson Street. The gunmen were divided into three classes, the dreadnaughts, battleships, and submarines. The dreadnaughts were the men who had two or more killings to their credit, the battleships must have at least one killing officially recorded, while the submarines were the fresh recruits, without any killing record.

The pass words were given out, "eat his pie" meaning to kill, "puppy" meaning a pistol, and "begin work," meaning start the war. The gunmen were instructed to leave their addresses and phone numbers, so that in case of an outbreak, they could be notified by Headquarters, at once.

On the evening of February 5th, 1917, the eighteen members of the Board of Directors, and all gunmen on the pay-roll, were assembled at Tong Headquarters to discuss the problems and serious conditions, with which the Suey Hop Sings were confronted. The majority of the board voted to declare war, but to temporarily mark time, and await the psychological moment of attacking the enemy.

That moment arrived three days later, when Mar Dock was shot and killed from ambush, by the Hip Sings, at the corner of North Fourth and Everett Streets, in Portland,

Oregon. Mar Dock had attempted to marry the widow of a former leader of the Hip Sing Tong, and he, being a member of the Suey Sing Society, had no right to marry the widow, according to the rules of the Hip Sings.

Thirty-five minutes after the killing of Mar Dock, the Suey Sing Headquarters in 'Frisco received the news of the tragedy. Tom Jark was lying on the divan in the front room of his apartment, smoking opium. I was in an adjoining room playing a Hawaiian steel guitar. The phone rang, and my chief answered it. News of the Portland murder was being broken to him.

Upon overhearing the phone conversation, I tossed my musical instrument aside, ran into the bedroom, and secured two German Mauser pistols. Tom tried to stop me, but I eluded him, and dashed to the street. I reached headquarters in safety, and quickly made my way to the "Secret Chambers."

There, all was confusion. Some of the men were frantically cleaning and loading guns, while others were cursing and threatening vengeance. After some difficulty I succeeded in bringing cosmos out of chaos. I dispatched men to bolt all entrances to the building and inner chambers. Every phone line was put into use in order to notify all branches of our Tong throughout the entire Coast district. We sounded the warning to our members, and specifically instructed them to take the utmost precautions against attack, and above all, to remain indoors.

IN the meantime, Marion, my common law wife, fearing for my safety, phoned headquarters. I was too busy to talk, and told her I would call her later in the evening. Twenty minutes later, a young lady rapped at the door, gave the password, and was admitted to the Secret Chambers. I had no intimation of her presence, and was completely taken by surprise, when two slender arms were flung around my neck.

She buried her head on my shoulder and sobbed and cried, as though her heart was broken. For the life of me I couldn't understand this seemingly uncalled for outbreak of tears and sobs. I finally quieted her, and persuaded her to tell me what was wrong. Though twelve years have passed since that eventful night, I shall never forget the expression on Marion's face, as, with tears coursing down her cheeks, she told me how she loved me, body and soul. How she couldn't bear the thought of my



View of San Francisco, beautiful "City of the Golden Gate," long a haven of Orientals and scene of numerous bloody tong wars. (Above) Yee Kong, at the time he was re-elected Secretary of the Suey Sings, is shown shaking hands with Fred V. Williams of San Francisco. The photograph was taken in the Joss Chambers in the Tong Temple of the Suey Sings, in front of the War God before which the tong-men take their oaths prior to going to do battle for their tong

going out to fight, perhaps never to return alive. It was a never-to-be-forgotten hour.

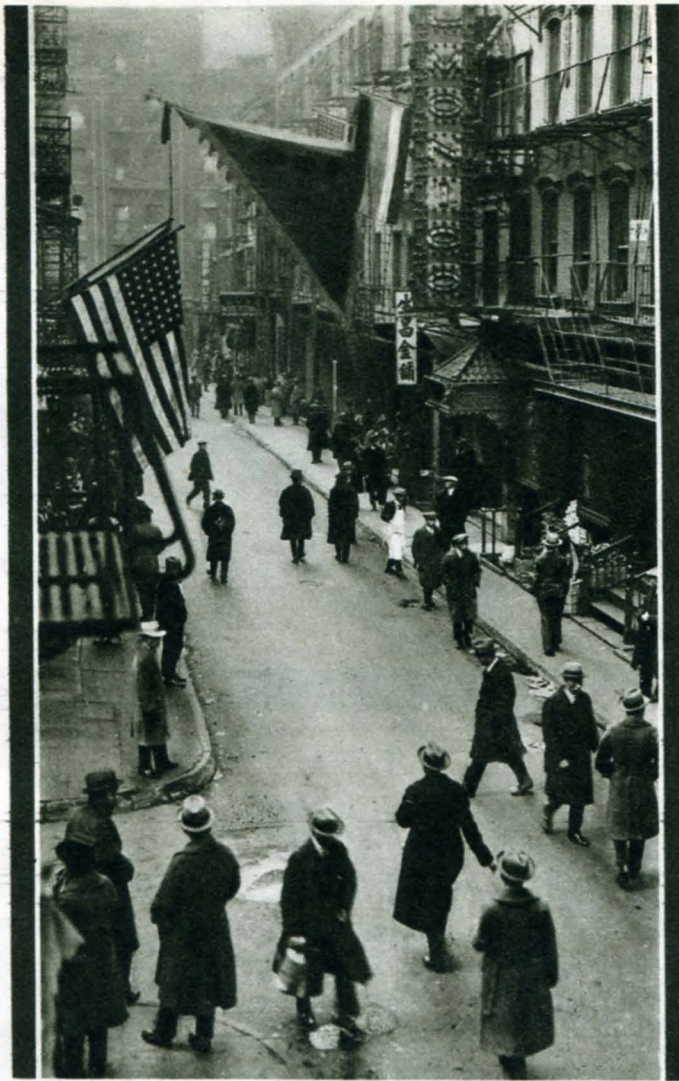
There I stood, torn by two conflicting emotions, that of love for Marion, and duty to my Tong. I was in a quandary, at the most crucial moment of my career. I loved Marion, and had promised her to do anything in the world for her, but yet I had pledged my life to my Tong. I was fearless of death, possessed of iron nerve, and unemotional when it came to dealing with men, but Marion's weeping had touched a tender spot somewhere within me. Perplexity and indecision ruled my being.

ALL this time my wife and I had been totally oblivious of what was transpiring about us. From San Jose, California, had come an urgent appeal for aid from our allied Tong, the Hop Sings. The room became suddenly quiet as the message was made known to us. I was standing near the desk, with Marion holding my hand, when the phone again rang. It was another urgent call from San Jose informing us that high-binders of rival societies were besieging the Hop Sing stronghold, and that they must have immediate help. The lives of our fellow tongmen being in jeopardy demanded our making the trip to San Jose, at once.

The San Francisco Police had been tipped off that our gunmen were carrying concealed weapons and while many of them had been hastening to headquarters they were placed under arrest. The result was that when the roll-call was made only fifteen of our gunmen were present.

The rules of the Suey Sings prohibited the appointment of any one man to "do a job." Each gunman had a number, and the lottery method was used to determine who would be the lucky man. My number was seven, and the hand of fate caused that number to be drawn on this occasion.

I did not inform Marion



(Above) Peace banner of the Hip Sings (shown in the top-center) displayed in New York's Chinatown when members of the tong gathered from all parts of the United States for the Peace Banquet on January 11th, 1925



(Below) The veteran warrior, Yee Kong, takes the oath as Secretary of the Suey Sing Tong, before the War God. Note the food offerings on the plates. (Left) Yee Kong liked to be thought of as an author (in his idle moments) and designated this particular picture as "Yee Kong, the Author."



of my "luck," but in order to expedite my leaving, I phoned her mother, and asked her to come at once to headquarters and take Marion home.

This she agreed to do and within fifteen minutes she arrived.

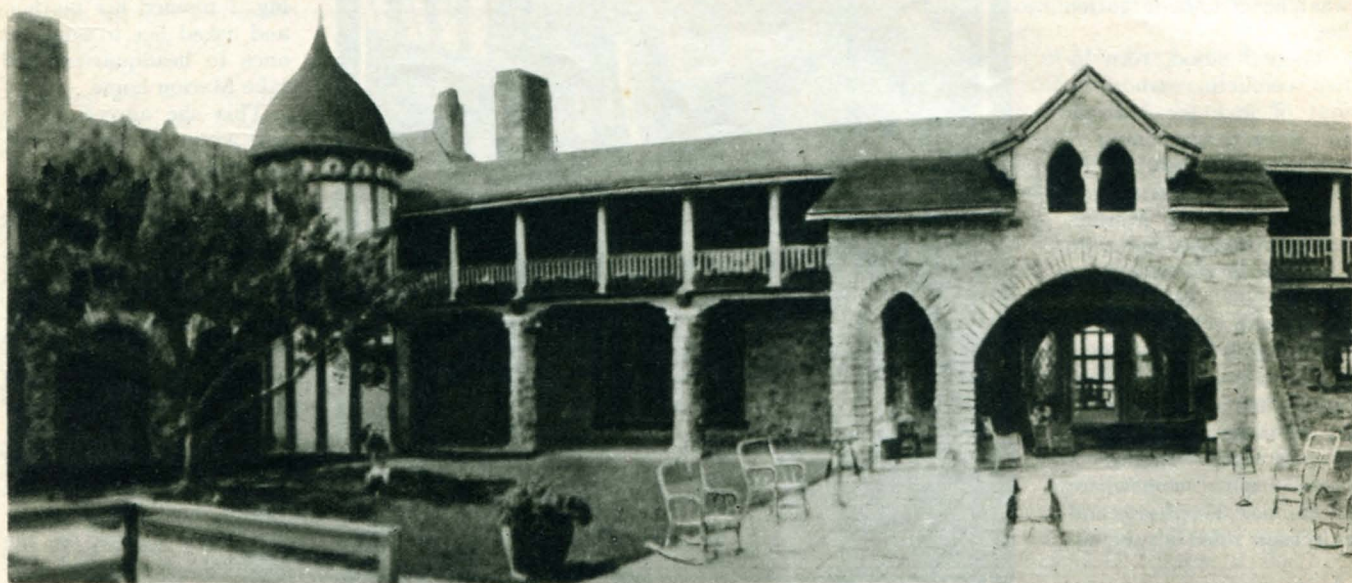
MEANWHILE, by dint of much persuasion, I succeeded in convincing Marion that she ought to go home with her mother. I gave her all the money she needed, and kissed her goodbye. We never saw one another again, as the dear girl succumbed to the ravages of the "flu" a short time later.

At two o'clock in the morning, I reached the outskirts of San Jose. Cautiously I drove my sedan toward the Hop Sing stronghold, which was located at 35 Cleveland Avenue. I reached my destination without encountering any of my enemies, and proceeded immediately to put in a long distance call to 'Frisco. I had been ordered to notify headquarters upon arriving in the Garden City Chinatown. Tom Jark answered the phone, and wished me the best of luck in my hazardous undertaking. I thanked him, and told him not to worry, as I was determined to do my duty, and uphold the tradition of the Suey Sings—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The Hop Sings had prepared a delicious meal for me, and due to my nocturnal drive, and the fact that I hadn't eaten for nearly twelve hours, I did ample justice to it. Upon completing the repast, I went into conference with the Hop Sings, and outlined a plan of defense.

My suggestions did not appeal to them at all, and I soon found my remarks falling on deaf ears. There were three smoking "lay-outs" in the room, and most of the men were lying around smoking opium. I have never had any use for narcotics, and the sight of these men smoking the "junk," at this critical

(Continued on page 84)

INSIDE FACTS on the



THE Leopold-Loeb crime was the most widely talked-of case, of its kind, in criminal history. The author of this story personally worked on the case from the day it broke until the two misguided youths who perpetrated it were convicted and sent to imprisonment for life behind the grim walls of Joliet Prison. Not even great wealth and Clarence Darrow could save them from that. Some of its aspects are hard to understand. With riches, regard and love of their families, a host of friends, leisure, educational advantages—for what did they deliberately turn their backs on all these? And WHY? You will wonder why when you have read this story.

Young Loeb (*with the hoe*) literally digs up evidence against himself. He is shown here trying to unearth the belt of his victim which was buried in this field near Hessville, Ind. He found the belt. (*Top and across opposite page*) Would you relinquish this summer castle for a prison cell—especially if it apparently was only to experience the thrill a murderer gets when he kills his defenseless victim? This is where Richard "Dickie" Loeb, of Chicago, might even now be living in luxury had he and his close friend, Nathan Leopold, Jr., not kidnapped and slain young Robert Franks. It was the summer residence of the Loeb family located on a high bluff five miles south of Charlevoix, Michigan. The house is of rough stone and has the appearance of a castle in some foreign clime

It all began on the afternoon of May 21st, 1924.

Police reporters were "calling in" with news squibs which would never get in print, but which would convey the impression that their dispatchers still desired to be represented on the pay-roll. The re-write men were doing nothing in a way that marked them as diligent, industrious people. The city editor was eating a hard apple that had been procured after four market trips on the part of two terrorized copy boys; the apple simply had to be hard.

SOMETHING of the calm that precedes the storm pervaded the atmosphere of the city editor's desk. The militant gangs of Chicago were living up to the boring terms of a temporary peace treaty. The coroner's day-sheet and the incidental police blotter recorded such items of the nether side of city life as would be quietly absorbed in the routine of the day. In short, it was that time when the managing editor begins to think of expenses and the pay-roll overhead with the view perhaps of doing something drastic about the local employment situation.

Six miles away Robert Franks was on his way home from school. He made the progress that all boys make on these occasions. Puffing steam shovels call for much inspection on the part of a homeward bound schoolboy; there are baseball games to be umpired, new bicycles to be tried out. And if he did not return home promptly, there would be much that could be taken for granted.

The interlude was from all outward aspects only momentary and trivial. Robert's mother and father, like all mothers and fathers, had learned to accept with grace and patience

LEOPOLD-LOEB Crime



By CHARLES DE LACY
Editor of Police "13-13"
Chicago Police Department
Chicago, Ill.

these boyish refusals to be home on time. And if there was any parental anxiety it was all bound up in that homely desire—that all the family gather around one table for the evening meal. Mr. and Mrs. Franks waited patiently.

At a little after six o'clock of that evening Mr. Franks sent two of the house servants in search of the prodigal son. During their absence, the father and mother sat down to supper and with a few quiet words agreed upon the plan of further impressing the youthful wanderer with the importance of being prompt and responsible.

AT seven o'clock the anxiety developed into profound worry. Mrs. Franks entreated her husband to inquire himself into the reasons for Robert's prolonged absence. She ventured that something might have happened to him, but the father was inclined to regard it lightly. He sought to dispel her doubts with the blithe suggestion that Robert might have even gone to a playmate's house and had been persuaded to remain for supper.

"But I am sure he would call me," persisted the mother.

Mr. Franks strode out the door in search of the heir to his millions.

In the interval the servants returned. They were empty-handed. Robert had left the Harvard School, a private boys' institution, located four blocks away, at the regular hour of dismissal, they reported. This information they had gleaned from boys and groups of boys playing on the neighboring streets.

Despite inquiry from door to door, they obtained nothing further. Robert, from all appearances, had simply and completely disappeared. Disappointment registered itself on every face. The lines of one face even then were instantly deepened. Mrs. Franks began to pace the floor.

For one for whom riches were able to dispel all domestic details and difficulties, Mrs. Franks suddenly became conscious of them. Previously, the telephone had been—well, perhaps just a means of communication, a convenient household

implement, and more often a necessary nuisance. How different now! She regarded it hungrily. Would it bring news of Robert? Perhaps it was out of order. She picked it up, lifted the receiver and heard the reassuring soprano greeting. Well, it was in working order, but why didn't somebody call? She studied the great oak door that let out into a spacious area that was more like a portico than a porch. Who would be the first to come through the door? Her son? Husband? An ambulance attendant?

MRS. FRANKS swayed and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The servants rushed to her. The limp form was carried to a sofa and trembling hands worked over it.

Down the block, Jacob Franks was ringing the bell at the door of Samuel Ettelson, Corporation Counsel for the City of Chicago and a warm friend of the Franks. They were confidants, and on being admitted Mr.

Franks informed his friend of the undue absence of his son.

"But, Jacob," remonstrated Mr. Ettelson, "it isn't yet



The following is the caption that appeared under this picture when it was published in the newspapers on May 23rd, 1924: "All Chicago Seeks Murderer of Heir to Four Millions. The entire detective force of Chicago is seeking a degenerate believed responsible for the sensational kidnapping and murder of Robert Franks (above) heir to \$4,000,000.00, whose body was found nude in a concrete culvert, yesterday, a *post mortem* indicating that the boy had been mistreated."



(Above) Opening of the inquest into the slaying of Robert Franks, son of Jacob Franks, Chicago millionaire. State's Attorney Crowe is in the foreground, sitting at right end of table, with chin in hand. Arrow on the right indicates the famous criminal lawyer, Clarence Darrow, who defended the slayers. The two arrows at the left indicate Loeb and Leopold. (Right) Jacob Franks, father of Robert Franks, is shown here with his other son, Jacob, Jr. The terrible tragedy left him a broken man, and he did not survive his son long. (Bottom) Lorraine Nathan, 18-year-old beauty, of whom it was stated at the time of the Franks slaying that she was the first sweetheart of Richard Loeb. She testified in Loeb's defense on August 7th, 1924, in the court of Chief Justice John R. Caverly



nine o'clock. I'm sure you're over-anxious about this. Come, the chances are Bobbie has decided to see a movie twice through."

"No, no!" The father was sure he knew his son.

"Robert wouldn't do this. No, he's never absented himself without a word of explanation. Nothing like this. I'm worried—put your hat on; we'll take a walk and look around."

The two sauntered off. One of the pair occasionally halted a passing boy:

"Have you seen Robert?"

"No, mister, I ain't seen him, is he lost?"

They moved on, the friend consoling and the father unconsolable.

"Have you seen Robert?"

"No."

THE question began to burn. The voice quivered. The boys were blunt with their answers. It was "nope," or "uh-uh" or just a shake of the head. Darkness was beginning to envelop the streets. The hunter plodded on. By degrees the father had won his friend over on the point that the thing was now serious.

From that hour on, the "thing" for Mr. Franks was to be more than serious. It was to be a stark and haunting tragedy—tragedy that no friend's smiles or solicitude could soften—tragedy that would slay him by tortuous degrees.

An hour more of tireless tramping found Mr. Franks and his friend before the darkened windows of the Harvard School. A suspicion that perhaps Robert Franks might,

under some unaccountable circumstances, have been locked in the building occurred to the hunters. Both men tried the various doors but without avail. Not to be frustrated so easily, they decided upon the unconventional method of entry.

Here, as newspapermen understand, the story "crosses the Rubicon." The disappearance of Robert Franks is no longer a private matter, a forgettable family incident. By virtue of the fact that a prominent millionaire and a senior public official are at the moment climbing into a building through a window and at night, the case becomes news—burning, sensational news.

There is still a wide interval of time and distance between this affair and the routine of a news office, however. There is also the proverbial calm before the cyclone. The night city editor sandwiches his copy-reading with stock market reports. He has invested perhaps as much as a hundred and fifty dollars in public utilities, and though he is aware that public utilities can be affected but little by the hundred and fifty, he takes no chances. The re-writes are pounding out publicity in the form of speeches at the Annual Convention of the American Tonsorial Association. Tom Ryan, a reporter at High Park, is beginning to do a bottle of pure whiskey. That is to be an expensive bottle for Mr. Ryan, for just as this functionary passes out, the Crime of the Century approaches its climax.

THE father and the friend gave up a weary search. They had covered every room in the school. They had shouted and called until the tremor of fear in their voices gave back such mournful echoes that they became silent and depressed. They departed from the building and made their way towards



Mr. Franks' home, hopeful though discouraged, apprehensive and yet totally unprepared for the shock that was to greet them.

"Why, all the lights are on!" said Mr. Franks, as they mounted the steps.

"I'll bet your long-lost son has returned to the fold," Mr. Ettelson ventured.

But they were met with a state of affairs that nearly sent the father reeling. The occupants of the house were panic-stricken and their hysterical explanations unintelligible. Mrs. Franks was dangerously ill. There had been a telephone call, the maid stuttered. It had come while Mr. Franks was out. The atmosphere of the home was charged with excitement.

"WHO?" pleaded the frantic father, searching the eyes about him.

"A Mr. J-Johnson," the maid stuttered. "Robert has been kidnapped."

Such was the beginning of the end. Life for the Franks family had been a sweet, happy existence before this day. Henceforth, it was a process of dying—dying broken-hearted. All the days of their lives were bound up in the bright, affectionate character of Robert.

Mr. Ettelson took charge of affairs. When Mrs. Franks had recovered her composure sufficiently to speak, he ques-



(Top) Leopold and Loeb, under guard of Sheriff Hoffman, on their way, September 11th, 1924, to life imprisonment at Joliet Prison. (Right) Evidence taken by the police in the Franks slaying. The guns were the property of one of the slayers, said to be Leopold. The clothing is that of the slayers; the shoes and sock belonged to the murdered boy. (Below) Mrs. Jacob Franks, mother of Robert Franks, testifying on July 23rd at the trial of her son's slayers. Mrs. Franks died of a broken heart, victim of a grief she could not throw off



tioned her concerning the telephone call. When she lifted the receiver, Mrs. Franks said, a strange voice addressed her by name, and proceeded:

"This is Mr. Johnson speaking. As you probably understand, your son has been kidnapped. You can be sure no harm will be done him. Robert has been stolen for ransom. Tomorrow morning you will get complete instructions as to the method of procedure."

The cool, suave voice ceased abruptly and Mrs.

Franks went limp. Efforts were made to trace the call, but the connection had long been broken before the telephone authorities could be advised.

A DOCTOR was summoned to the bedside of the boy's mother, and the father and Mr. Ettelson began to talk it over.

"I believe it is a prank," suggested Mr. Ettelson consolingly.

"I hope to God," murmured his friend, "you're right. But I'm afraid not—oh, I'm afraid not."

"The best thing we can do, I believe, is to see the police," said the official.

"I'd rather not," Mr. Franks objected. "I believe Robert is in a serious predicament. To employ the police might jeopardize his life. We had better wait until morning—for the letter.

"Sam," murmured the father in a startlingly different voice, "Do you—do you think Robert is dead?"

The friend met the question masterfully.

"Come, come, Jacob, your nerves are running away with you. Listen, the police have every facility for tracing Bobbie. Now is the time to put them to work. If we wait, we take unnecessary chances. If we strike back swiftly, everything will be in our favor. Here—



your coat. Let's be off."

Mr. Franks and Mr. Ettelson drove directly to the Detective Bureau, then at 180 North La Salle Street. It was a gloomy, dingy structure, laden with the dust of the streets. Three reporters inside were on duty—one from the *City Press*, another from the *Chicago Tribune* and a third from the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*. Chief of Detectives Michael Hughes, known to his friends and admirers as "Go Get 'Em Mike," was in his office.

"Why, hello, Sam," he greeted, when he caught sight of the official, "what are you doing in a place like this at this time of the night?"

"CHIEF," retorted the visitor with not a little solemnity, "this is Mr. Franks, President of the Rockford Watch Company. You know him, of course. Something terrible has just happened to er-er Mr. Franks. There's been a kidnapping and—"

"What! Come in here, step in my office. Jim Gourtland! O, Gourtland! Listen, Jim, get rid of those reporters. This is serious business. I don't want any newspapermen around. Take 'em out to lunch. Now come in and be seated, gentlemen."

"Please say nothing of this to anyone," Mr. Franks began. "On the way down here I gave my friend the impression that I would put this matter in the hands of the police. But I've been thinking it over, and I've decided otherwise. I'm willing to take your advice. I'm about ready to take anybody's advice, but this—a—Mr. Johnson warned me of the consequences of going to the police."

"I can assure you," said the detective, "that the best detective talent in Chicago will help you out."

"Yes, yes, I appreciate that," answered Mr. Franks, "but I'm thinking of my son, don't you see? I'm afraid of the risk."

"I believe he's right, Chief," interposed Mr. Ettelson. "I believe the wisest thing we can do is go along with these men, these kidnappers. The word makes me shudder. The cir-



(Left) An excellent character study of the slayers taken as they were in discussion together in the court room. (In circle) Miss Susan Lurie, co-ed of the University of Chicago at the time of the crime, and a friend of young Leopold. In conversation with Miss Lurie, it was said that Leopold joked about the murder and suggested to her that she state he had committed the crime so that she could collect the reward offered. (Below, and across opposite page) Photograph of the steel bar, wrapped at one end with adhesive tape, which was used by Leopold to kill young Franks. The bar was found not far from the culvert where the victim's body was discovered, in a swamp in Hegewisch, on the outskirts of Chicago



cumstances are these, Chief: when Robert, Mr. Franks' son, failed to return from school, his father called on me and we went hunting for him. Robert goes to the Harvard School, a private boys' school, a few blocks from his home. Mr. Franks lives at 5052 Ellis Avenue. Well, we canvassed the neighborhood for the next two hours, but without any success. Finally, we went over to the school building.

We crawled

in through an open window and searched the place from top to bottom, hoping that perhaps Robert had fallen asleep after being

locked in.

There was not a sign of him.

"Well, at a little after nine o'clock, a Mr. Johnson called Mr. Franks' home on the telephone. Mrs. Franks answered, and here's what he said."

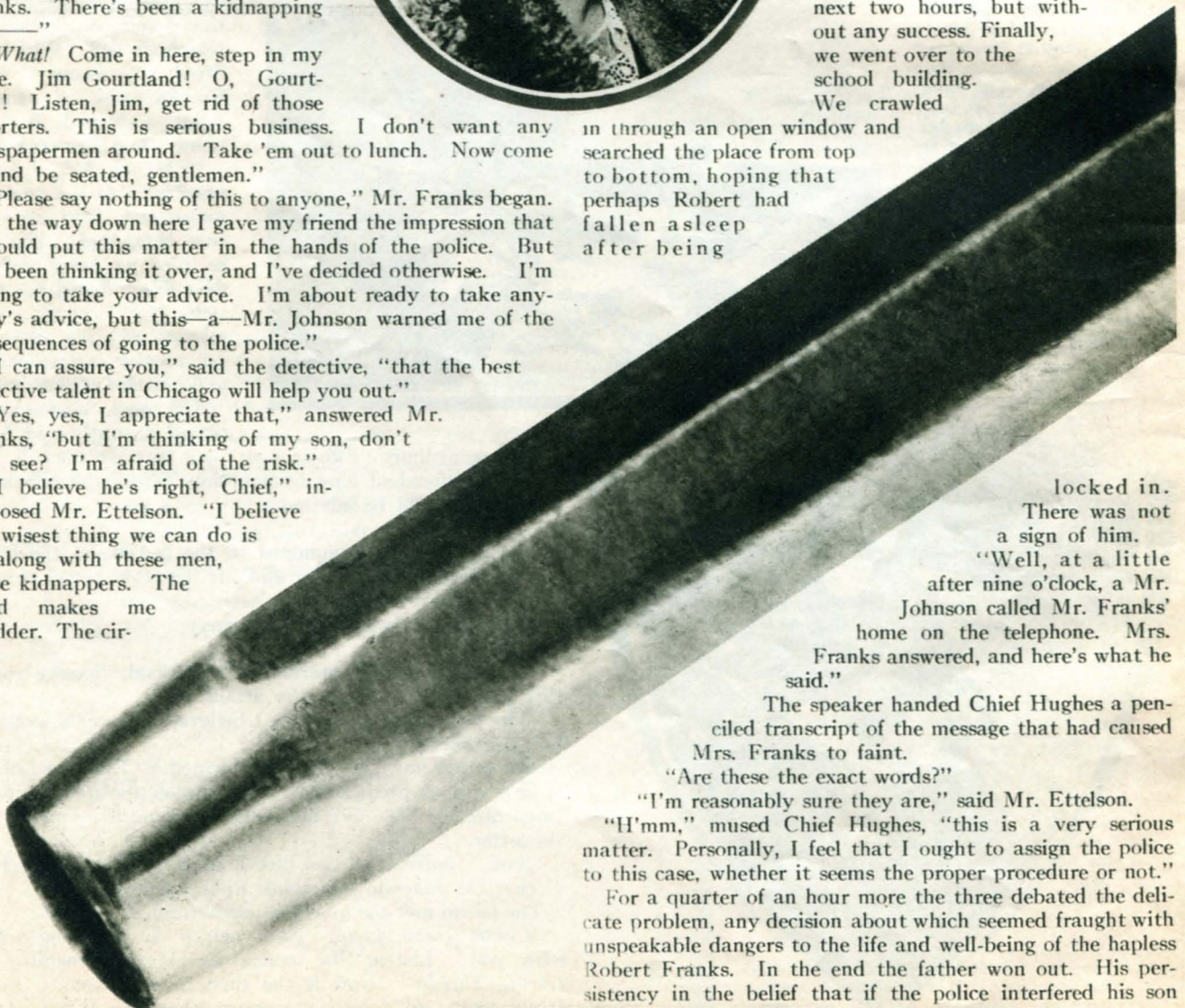
The speaker handed Chief Hughes a penciled transcript of the message that had caused Mrs. Franks to faint.

"Are these the exact words?"

"I'm reasonably sure they are," said Mr. Ettelson.

"H'mm," mused Chief Hughes, "this is a very serious matter. Personally, I feel that I ought to assign the police to this case, whether it seems the proper procedure or not."

For a quarter of an hour more the three debated the delicate problem, any decision about which seemed fraught with unspeakable dangers to the life and well-being of the hapless Robert Franks. In the end the father won out. His persistency in the belief that if the police interfered his son would be murdered eventually broke down the arguments



of the other two. Something in the nature of a compromise was effected, on the other hand. In this, Mr. Franks consented to have the police investigate in a sort of indirect way, but there were to be no attempts to get in direct contact with the kidnappers.

It was mid-night when the two callers made their departure. Back at Mr. Franks' home they made ready for an all-night vigil beside the telephone. At the behest of the police, the telephone authorities supervised all calls coming into the millionaire's home. While the mysterious "Mr. Johnson" had stated that he would furnish further instructions in the morning, he had neglected—or had he expressly omitted?—to say just when he would supply the precious formula that would bring back Robert Franks. Hence, it was an all-night vigil that the father and the friend kept. Through the black, op-

pressing
silence of the
early morning hours
they kept vigil, talking
softly for a time and then
lapsing into seemingly endless
intervals of complete quiet during
which periods, no doubt, the fondest hopes
developed the hue of false illusions.

AT nine o'clock in the morning there was the noise of swift feet on the stairs and the doorbell was rung vehemently. Mr. Ettelson was met by a mail-boy bearing a special delivery letter addressed to Mr. Franks. It was torn open by a trembling hand, and its contents were as follows:

Dear sir.—

As you know by this time, your son has been kidnaped. Allow us to assure you that he is at present well and safe. You need fear no physical harm for him provided you live up carefully to the following instructions and such others as you will receive by future communications. Should you, however, disobey any of our instructions, even slightly, his death will be the penalty.

1. For obvious reasons make absolutely no attempt to communicate with either the police authorities or any private agency. Should you have already communicated with the police, allow them to continue their investigations, but do not mention this letter.

2. Secure before noon today \$10,000. This money must be composed entirely of old bills of the following denominations.

\$2,000 in fifty-dollar bills

\$8,000 in twenty-dollar bills

The money must be old. Any attempt to include new or marked bills will render the entire venture futile.

3. The money should be placed in a large cigar box, or if that is impossible, in a heavy cardboard box, securely wrapped and bound in white paper.

(Below) Photograph of the ingenious letter written by the slayers of Robert Franks which was placed in a time-table rack on the last pullman of a train which they intended to order Jacob Franks to board, go to the receptacle, read the letter and follow its directions. The killers of young Franks, however, were forced to change their plans, and the father never boarded the train. The letter was traced through the confessions of the slayers and was located in New York City, the train's destination

Dear Sir:

Proceed immediately to the back platform of the train. Watch the east side of the track. Have your package ready. Look for the first **LARGE, RED, BRICK** factory situated immediately adjoining the tracks on the east. On top of this factory is a large, black watertower with the word **CHAMPION** written on it. Wait until you have **COMPLETELY** passed the south end of the factory - count five very rapidly and then **IMMEDIATELY** throw the package as far east as you can.

Remember that this is your only chance to recover your son.

Yours truly,

GEORGE JOHNSON

MR JACOB FRANKS

Should anyone else find this note, please leave it alone. The letter is very important.

- 14th June 1935
- 1) Tape wrapped at Johnson Park
 - 2) Time about 2 months
 - 3) Idea of train Leopolds - acids
 - 4) Wasn't introduced until he got in
 - 5) Doesn't mention method of killing
 - 6) Dove Ford car because followed & where he stopped
 - 7) never touched body after byd-
 - 8 " " coat
- X) Didn't reach first phone message
- X) Alibi — o — o — o

(Top) The penciled notes of Loeb, commenting on the confession of his chum, Nathan Leopold, Jr., and (right) the notes made by Leopold commenting on Loeb's confession. These notes were regarded by State's Attorney Crowe as of great importance in respect of their showing that the boys were entirely sane, and not as was offered in their defense, devoid of the capability of distinguishing between right and wrong. (Below) A detective of the Chicago police department is shown pointing to blood-stain on a section of the floor boards of automobile used by the slayers when they kidnapped and killed Robert Franks

The wrapping paper should be sealed at all openings with sealing wax.

4. Have the money with you prepared as directed above and remain at home after 1 o'clock P. M. See that the telephone is not in use.

As a final word of warning—this is a strictly commercial proposition, and we are prepared to put our threat into execution should we have reasonable grounds to believe that you have committed one infraction of the above instructions. However, should you carefully follow out our instructions to the letter, we can assure you that your son will be safely returned to you within six hours after our receipt of the money.

Yours truly,

(Signed) George Johnson.

Mr. Johnson had scored heavily! If his ends were terrorization, he achieved

1. Comparison between the two
 2. He unloaded before — returned
 3. His main motive because I wanted to
 4. ~~He said before, he was ignorant of the law~~
 5. He said before, he was ignorant of the law
 6. About the road: exact memory dates place for a-c
- Got the newspaper

Date.

Suggestion

13th St

1358

45-46 H. & C. Co.

His first name.

Picking up 14th.

I have stick in back.

945

±5'



them over and over again. Not a robust man, Mr. Franks could hardly contain himself. He sank into a chair trembling as though he were about to be seized with hysteria. Bewildered, overwhelmed, he could only give the wild stare of terror in answer to the repeated pleadings of his friend who sought to console and sustain him.

The cool, deliberate tone of the letter was terrifying. The character of its composition, too, was baffling. Who with sufficient intelligence to write such a letter would abduct and threaten to murder harmless little Robert Franks? Where and how did such a monster exist? Equally frightening was the self-confidence of the kidnapper or kidnappers. He was sure of his ground, apparently, for he was content to let the police "continue their investigations" in the event they had already been employed!

THERE remained in the end but one course—to accede wholly to the wishes of Mr. Johnson. In his hands was the precarious fate of little Robert. Like a shield, the very life of the boy stood between the kidnapper and his victims, rendering them as helpless and powerless as the boy. It was like shooting into a dark room where one could not distinguish between friend or foe to fight back. Mr. Franks set off for the bank to draw out \$10,000.

The press—the neglected press—was still waiting for "the break," which is to say, any break. The city editor was munching today's hard apple. Mr. Ryan at High Park was drawing joy and nectar from a narrow bottle and poking fun at the government.

Then the "hell" that puts the newspaper world on its toes, that drives news-gleaners like galley slaves and transforms some tranquil editorial rooms into madhouses, broke loose in a bust that jarred reporterdom. The Story of the Hour! The Crime of the Century! It was the beginning!

Mr. Ryan heard about it, requested his informers to quit kidding, and lay down in a pure whisky stupor, which he hoped would — and did — last for two days!

Now it was time for the police to let loose. Everything was out, and everything would have to be in the open. Chief Morgan A. Collins summoned the detective officials into conference. He told them that this was the opportunity of their lives. Detective Lieutenants William Shoemaker and Michael Grady were put in active charge with the authority to draw upon such of the powers of the Police Department as would be in the interest of their investigations.

Thus, while Mr. Franks parleyed with a dread foe he had never seen,

Chief Hughes prepared to run him down, cost what it might and necessitate what it would. Simultaneously, a dozen detective squads were assigned to strategic points throughout the city in the scheme of "covering up" which is the procedure of tapping all possible sources of information.

By an indirect process of elimination, these detective squads boiled the Franks case down to the point where it became fairly obvious that the kidnapping was not the work of organized criminals or gangsters. While the nature of the ransom letter gave rise to this assumption, the work of the detectives added logic to the supposition because they were able to give a reasonable account of the conduct of all the gangs, and especially those that were in the "kidnapping business."

"THE motive for the kidnapping of Robert Franks," declared Chief Hughes in a statement issued to the press after he had heard the reports of his detective squads, "is the ransom money. Ten thousand dollars is not a lot of money for a kidnapping job, but the kidnappers appear to me to be judicious persons. It is logical that they did not ask for fifty thousand for fear that the father would resist or find it inconvenient to raise that sum."

Such official capitulations as these, issued as they were at various times by detectives, investigators and criminologists, fanned the fires of sensation in every newspaper reader's breast. It was all like some dramatic detective novel. In brief time, a city of three million population had completely forgotten about sales prospects, time clocks and the daily



(Above) Rosalind Nathan as she sat in criminal court and listened to her sister Lorraine, who was a friend of "Angel Faced Dickie" Loeb, testify in Loeb's defense in an effort to save him from the gallows. (Left) Spot on Ellis Avenue, Chicago, where Robert Franks was last seen alive, a copy of this photograph being shown as evidence in the trial of the slayers. (Below) Pretty Josephine Franks, sister of Robert Franks. Following the kidnapping and slaying of her brother, detectives were engaged by her father to guard her from possible harm after added threats followed the first ransom letter.



traction controversy, to play investigator and Sherlock Holmes against real live kidnappers in a "million-dollar" atmosphere. Police officials were ready to swear to this truth, for with the passing hours the developments of the case brought an avalanche of amateur sleuths and free-lance investigators down upon the city's head until the town was fairly overrun with "mail order" operatives and self-authorized agents of the long arm of the law. Indeed, there was imminent danger that length and growth would be the "arm's" undoing and there was need of restraint upon the activities of these persons. Many of them were squelched in the beginning; others persisted doggedly and perhaps contributed a mite to the official undertaking.

Attention was next focused upon the ransom missive. Its outward character was that of the conventional letter. It bore a Chicago date line and the salutation was the formal "dear sir." The stamp of registry at the post office was 2 P. M. at the Hyde Park station, which meant that the letter had been mailed but a few blocks from its final destination. Here, in the opinion of detectives, was an example of sheer daring, or abysmal ignorance. This was not only the familiar coming back to the scene of the crime, but it was



returning before the crime has been fully committed. That deduction only served to further complicate a complex situation.

Copies of the fateful letter were given to the press for publication. It was a co-incidence that the secretary to the detective chief and myself immediately noted the similarity of that letter to another in some way or another. Where had we seen that before?

I suddenly remembered a story that had been running serially in a detective story magazine. "*The Kidnapping Syndicate*" was the title. It was a strikingly gruesome yarn, having to do with the kidnapping of a rich man's wife by a gang calling itself "The Syndicate." That there was a pronounced, if only intangible, relation between this kidnapping of fiction and the one of fact was strangely evident in the two letters whose contents were too identical for co-incidence. The numerous points of resemblance between this and the letter quoted earlier will be readily observed and might well be noted because of its later significance. It read:

Your wife is in our custody and so long as your conduct toward us warrants, she shall be treated with every courtesy and respect, and in so far as the circumstances permit, will be made comfortable. Any change in this attitude will be the result of your own defiance to our terms which are:

1. That you make no appeal to the police or to any private detective agency. In that event, the amount stated below is automatically doubled, and let us assure you it will avail you nothing and only bring great anguish to yourself and wife.

2. Upon receipt of \$50,000 in bills of \$10 and \$20 denominations, delivered at the place, the time and under the conditions you will receive later, Mrs. Griswold will be returned to you within a few hours thereafter.

3. Acceptance of these terms are to be conveyed to us as follows: You will leave your house tomorrow morning wearing a white carnation on the lapel of your coat and wear it all day.

4. Following this, we shall send you further instructions as to how, when and where the money shall be paid.

"The Kidnapping Syndicate."

"When the kidnappers of Robert Franks are captured," said Chief Hughes after comparing the notes, "a copy of that magazine or that particular page in the magazine will be found on their property or person."

Inasmuch as the point about the finding of the magazine was not conceived in the conventional police element, so to

speak, Chief Hughes was a prophet with honor in a foreign realm. However, later developments which brought up successive contradictions of the Chief's re-construction of the crime, deflated confidence that the kidnappers would ever be captured and substantiated, if only temporarily, the proverbial dishonor of a prophet in his own country. But this was not to be because of incompetence or negligence on the part of the police. This was the Crime of the Century!

Satisfied that they had gotten out of the letter all that their eyes could see and their brains detect, the police solicited the aid of science to give the letter a last microscopic examination for what further clues it might have held. An expert employed by the Royal Typewriter Company, H. P. Sutton, was engaged by the police to study it with the view of determining the make of the machine used.

After a few hours of research Mr. Sutton reported on the typographical clues. He asserted that it was written on an Underwood machine. (Another expert later declared a Corona was used). The various light and heavy impressions of the type letters revealed that the writer was an inexperienced typist, he said.

"The letter was typed by the forefinger process," Mr. Sutton stated. "When the touch system is used the impressions are uniformly heavy or light; never both. In this case, the tendency for the writer was to hit some keys harder than others. In many instances the keys made such depressions as to almost perforate the paper. This shows that the writer was hesitant and deliberate."

ASKED outright if he could identify the machine, the expert said that he could. Hence, it was written into the official police programme: "Look out for the typewriter!"

First police developments in the search for the kidnappers came with the technical arrest of several instructors at the Harvard School where Robert was a student. The faultless composition of the letter, the police said, did suggest the hand of an educated person and they were unwilling to omit the school supervisors from their suspicions. Instructors R. P. Williams and M. N. Mitchell, teachers of English, were taken to a nearby police station and questioned by Lieutenant Grady. They vigorously denied every inference of guilt. At the same time,

the testimony of a number of boy students implicated one of the school's teaching staff in alleged acts of perversion.

The detectives seized upon this as a logical motive for the kidnapping of the boy, but with the intention of murder rather than of ransom. This angle of the (Continued on page 110)



(Top) Divers at work in park lagoon, Chicago, searching for the typewriter used by Leopold and Loeb in writing the ransom letters. The typewriter was located, following information given by the slayers in their confessions, and is shown in the lower picture. Left to right in this picture are State's Attorney Crowe, Frank Blair, the diver who recovered the typewriter, and Asst. State's Attorney Savage

EIGHT LIVES for \$300!



Interior view of the trolley car in which the bandits killed Inspector Jacob Schumacher and Motorman Raglan Nicoll without giving them a fighting chance—the first two to die in this case in which for every \$40 obtained by the gunmen a human life was sacrificed!

*There is hardly a case in criminal history that shows more forcibly than does this amazing case, the **UTTER FUTILITY** of the criminal's belief that he can beat the Law—to say nothing of the **APPALLING AMOUNT OF BITTERNESS AND SUFFERING** that follow his acts of violence!*

By CAPTAIN MICHAEL I. SILVERSTEIN

Head of the Detective Bureau, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

As told to GUY A. STEWART, JR.

Crack . . . Crack . . . two shots from an automatic sounded above the rumbling noise of a trolley moving on an uneven track. Two men, one of them the motorman, slumped to the floor of the front platform. The passengers were horrified and sat motionless in the spell of this dastardly deed.

The trolley came to a lurching stop. Three men leaped out into the darkness. The roar of a powerful automobile motor was heard outside the trolley. The sound died away in the distance. The remaining passengers jumped up to run for aid.

The most cold-blooded murders ever known in the southern part of famous Westchester County had been committed within a minute before the eyes of a few horror-stricken passengers and the murderers had escaped.

About twenty minutes later a man-hunt began that would rival fiction and which today, nearly five years after, has not ended. It was to be one of the toughest assignments on record but the Police of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., are finally rewarded.

ATROLLEY of the Third Avenue Railway System with Motorman Raglan I. Nicoll, a World War veteran, at the controls and accompanied by Jacob Schumacher, kindly veteran inspector of the trolley company, left the New Rochelle terminal promptly at 2:30 A.M. on the morning of July 25th, 1925, bound for the terminus of the Interborough subway at 241st Street and White Plains Avenue at the northern end of the Bronx.

The trolley on this trip early every morning was known as the "Owl." On this particular trip the "Owl" never completed its run. The murders of the motorman and inspector prevented it.

The two trolley men were killed without being given even a fighting chance for their lives. The crime proved to be one

of the most tragic of this nature ever recorded anywhere in this country, as before the final chapters were brought to as near a close as possible eight persons had died and the bandits' loot was but a little over \$300. A person died for every \$40 stolen.

As the trolley dispatcher at New Rochelle gave Motorman Nicoll his signal to start, Inspector Schumacher climbed aboard with three small leather bags. Two contained the receipts of the day before from all branches of the trolley system that had a terminal in the Huguenot City. The third bag contained all the cancelled transfers from the previous day's runs.

Besides the company's employees there were seven passengers on the car when it left on its fatal run. The passengers were all men whose employment took them out early each morning. They were going to work. At Drake's Lane in New Rochelle the trolley stopped to discharge two passengers while three more boarded the car. A little further on, after passing into Pelham Manor, another passenger left.

INSPECTOR SCHUMACHER with his bags, which carried between \$1,600 and \$1,800, stood on the forward platform of the "one-man" car talking with the motorman. The money bags were beside him on a seat that ran along the left-hand floor on the platform. Throughout their conversation the inspector was making out his daily report. He would soon be through for the day. He was to turn over the money to another inspector in Mount Vernon.

As the trolley turned into East Sixth Street, now known as Sanford Boulevard, near the Mount Vernon-Pelham Manor line, it passed a large black sedan parked at the side of the road. Little did the trolley men know, if they even noticed the automobile, what it was to cause within a few minutes.

The trolley swayed over the uneven tracks along East Sixth Street. The passengers, most of them reading early morning newspapers, swayed sideways, forward and backward as the trolley moved along.

Just as the trolley reached a point a few yards before it started up a grade at the center of which Dunham Avenue intersects the

street, three of the passengers got up and walked forward in the car toward the exit. Almost as they stepped down to the platform the rasping noise of the trolley was shattered by the terrific din of a revolver shot.

The passengers still seated looked up and then sat horrified as they saw Inspector Schumacher slump to the floor. As the second shot roared the motorman fell. The trolley's brakes set and the car came to a sudden stop. The "dead man's control" worked perfectly and prevented the trolley



(Above) Inspector Jacob Schumacher, murdered by the bandits, is shown with his wife. (Top) Captain Michael Silverstein (left) and Lieutenant Herman Mattes, who solved the case and were highly commended by Justice Arthur Tompkins of the State Supreme Court. (Left) Raglan Nicoll, second man to die before the bandits' guns

from rolling back down the hill.

As the trolley stopped, two of three men who had just walked forward in the car leaped out into the darkness. The third grabbed the three leather bags, looked back into the car for a second, and then followed his companions.

As the last man jumped there came the roar of the automobile and a second later the sound of another shot pierced the night air as the automobile shot west on East Sixth Street, over the brow of the hill, and disappeared. The bandits' machine traveled at terrific speed.

LIEUTENANT JOHN TIERNEY, on duty on the desk at the Mount Vernon Police Headquarters received the first word of the hold-up at 2:48 A.M. when an unknown person living in the vicinity telephoned and said that something had just happened in a trolley at Dunham Avenue and East Sixth Street. The person said he had heard a shot fired and believed someone had been hurt.

The lieutenant dispatched an ambulance with Detective William Curls to the scene. While en route another call came to head-

quarters. This was a woman's voice. She said she believed a trolley had been held up. A few minutes later Detective Curls telephoned and told of the shooting. Lieutenant Tierney immediately sent every available man at headquarters.

He then called me at my home. I was acting head of the department at the time, Chief George Atwell being away on his annual vacation. When the officer told me what had happened and I realized the seriousness of the hold-up I ordered the special "7-7 call" sounded on the city's fire alarm whistle which summoned every policeman in the city off duty to headquarters.

So fast did things happen that the alarm sounded at 3:04 A.M., just seventeen minutes after the hold-up took place. The officers responded in fast time, arriving in any kind of a conveyance available. Several ran a mile or more. The policemen knew that something serious had happened as



the "7-7 call" has only been sounded about four times in the history of Mount Vernon.

I went direct from my home to the scene of the crime. The two dying trolley men had already been sent to the hospital. More than a dozen policemen were at the trolley when I arrived.

A FEW minutes later, while questioning the passengers that had been in the trolley, I was told that a large automobile had just been wrecked at South Columbus and South Third Avenues, crashing into the steel work of the New York, Westchester and Boston Railway bridge at that point.

Taking two officers with me I hurried to the railroad bridge



(Above) Crowds of the curious thronged the grounds around the Mount Vernon Police Station (indicated by arrow). On the lawn is the expensive sedan used by the bandits to overhaul their victims. (Right) Frankie Daley (wearing light suit), cold-blooded killer, is being escorted behind the bars by the famous sleuth, Steve Donohue, of the New York Police

just a little more than a mile from where the hold-up took place. Due to the fact that but a few minutes had elapsed between the time of the hold-up and the time the automobile was wrecked I thought that it might be the bandits' machine.

We found the automobile up against a steel pillar. It was not badly wrecked. A front wheel had been smashed. Patrolman Charles Schultz, while ringing a police box a few blocks further south a few feet from the New York City-Mount Vernon line, had heard the crash. This had occurred at 2:50 A.M. as that was the time his ring was recorded at headquarters.

The patrolman told me that he ran to the spot where the crash occurred but found the automobile unattended. This convinced me that the bandits had been using this car and had wrecked it in their hurry to get away.

A telephone call to headquarters brought more than a dozen policemen, called by the special alarm, racing to the scene for a manhunt. Without means of transportation the bandits could not be very far away, I realized. By this time about thirty-five minutes had elapsed since the hold-up.

I ordered the men to search through the adjacent woods that surrounded the section. The manhunt was on. Within a few minutes a small canvas bag of small change was found. This had been in one of the inspector's leather bags. This discovery indicated that the bandits had taken to the woods as I had surmised.

Before dawn I was notified that Schumacher had died. He regained consciousness just before he passed away, I was told later, and said, "They didn't give us a chance for our lives."

This spurred my men on. The hold-up had turned into a murder. In the meantime the story of the hold-up was broadcast to all adjacent communities including New York City in an effort to apprehend the men.

The wrecked machine was a Cadillac. Its state license number was 3Y1810. I doubted that this would aid us as invariably thieves stole the automobile that they used just to avoid capture through the license number.

Toward morning we were offered the use of Flott, an intelligent German police dog owned by H. W. Miller, of 31 North Columbus Avenue.

The dog was able to trace the flight of at least two of the bandits through the dense woods as she led my men to several other small but heavy canvas money bags that had been dropped as the men fled. The trail was lost, however, after awhile.

WHILE the search was still on Lieutenant Herman Mattes, my co-worker on most cases, and I returned to headquarters for a conference. We were now certain that the bandits had made good their escape from Mount Vernon. We

sat down to make a quick analysis of the case and see if we had any clues.

Statements had been obtained from three of the passengers in the trolley. These men were asked to come to headquarters. They told us in detail of the ride and all incidents they could remember on the trip. There had been nothing, however, we soon learned, that had led them to suspect anything was wrong and

(Continued
on page 89)



The *Riddle* of the Woman

Did the man who was sent to prison for the slaying of Mrs. Mellus REALLY COMMIT THE CRIME? He swears he did not, and too—what MOTIVE would this man have? Yet—if he did not, then WHO DID?

By CLARENCE ENOCH EBEBY



Mrs. Myrtle Mellus (*above*) woman of culture, refinement, wealth—became involved in a love entanglement that ended in her violent death. But such mystery cloaks this strange crime that one might well ask: "*Who can figure it out?*" The man charged with the murder insists he is innocent, and the murdered woman's own brothers apparently believe he is. At the right is the luxurious Mellus mansion in the Wilshire, Boulevard district of Los Angeles, showing newspaper sleuths eagerly seeking for latest developments on the case, soon after the slaying

PRETTY Myrtle Mellus, the pampered wife of Frank H. Mellus, wealthy sportsman, was not in the habit of going to the butcher shop to purchase meat for the household of her luxurious home in the exclusive Wilshire Boulevard district of Los Angeles. In fact, the household usually consisted of herself and the servants, for her husband spent much of his time away from home and she ate most of her meals alone. Frank was an ardent devotee of the sports of hunting and fishing and spent virtually every week-end and much other time in the duck blinds of his favorite preserve, during the duck season, or stalking the elusive deer or whipping the trout streams.

Sometimes, she told herself, she feared there were other attractions that were taking him from her side so much of the time. She may have been pampered, but at least not with his society.

Usually she let the cook purchase the meat and order it sent to the house, as well as arrange the menus for the meals, but on this morning in January, 1923, something seemed to impel her to go out into the sunshine, to get away from her solitary existence within the walls of her palatial home. She was tired of its loneliness, tired of being cooped up within its sumptuous confines, of having nothing to do but eat her meals and talk to the servants. She would walk awhile in the sunshine and order the meat for that evening's dinner while she was out. She knew the location of the market in the neighborhood where her husband sent the wild ducks he had killed to be cleaned. She would stop in there.

Although it was January, the sun shone warm in Southern California that morning. A soft zephyr toyed with a wisp of her hair that escaped from beneath her trim, close-fitting hat.



and the BUTCHER BOY

The queer little faces in a pansy bed of her yard peered up quizzically at her. A group of daffodils next to the green hedge nodded gaily at her as she passed.

As she stood, hesitating an instant, in the door of the market, she saw, in one corner of the room, behind a counter, a young man smiling at her. It was not a bold or presumptuous smile, but warm, friendly, happy with the joyousness of life, pervading the entire room and seeming to envelop everyone within its scope. Its owner's eyes, laughing, boyish eyes, were fixed on her with a note of inquiry in their pleasant depths.

Mrs. Mellus walked straight to the counter presided over by the young man.

"Can I serve you?" came a pleasing voice across the glass top

Mrs. Mellus smiled. What nice manners the boy had—what fine, well-chiseled features—what frank, engaging eyes! And how well modulated and courteous his tones when he spoke!

"I'm Mrs. Mellus—Mrs. Frank Mellus," said the visitor. "I believe my husband sends his ducks here to be dressed after a hunting trip and that you send meat to my home in Wilshire Boulevard occasionally. I was just out for a little walk and thought I would stop in and order the meat for dinner to-night."

"OH, yes, Mrs. Mellus"—there was that radiant smile again—"I know who your husband is. And I remember your orders. I frequently see them. My name is Kelley, Leo Kelley—'Pat,' they call me. It's a pleasant day, isn't it? Don't you just love the winters here? Of course there really are no winters, the air usually is so soft and balmy. Now, what were you thinking of for dinner?"

It took an unusually long time to select the meat that day—so long that various inquiring glances from the other clerks were directed more than once toward them—for Mrs. Mellus seemed uncertain as to just what she wanted and more than once the polite clerk found it necessary to repeat a question, though she was looking straight at him. But finally the order was completed and Mrs. Mellus departed, with a much more sprightly step and a brighter gleam in her eye than when she had entered, while another of those beaming smiles followed her to the doorway and beyond.

"I really must get out into the air more," she ruminated, as she strolled homeward. "It isn't good for me to stay cooped up in that lonely house so much. This walk has done me good already."

It was surprising how often during the next few weeks it became necessary for Mrs. Mellus to order her meat in person—not actually necessary, of course, but really preferable to trusting to a servant to order over the telephone and, besides, it was astonishing how beneficial were those morning walks in the bracing air. She could notice the improvement almost daily. Why, she even had an entirely new outlook on life. And that was such a lovely meat market, too. She had had no idea the neighborhood afforded one so attractive. It had such a cheerful atmosphere and everyone there was so pleasant and courteous. Of course she never had been waited on by anyone but Pat—she didn't call him that openly, but always



A few short years ago Leo ("Pat") Kelley (*above*) was a gay, care-free, rollicking youth, debonair, jolly—the life of every party he attended. Now tragedy has come upon him through his love affair with beautiful Mrs. Mellus, whom he was charged with slaying. His mother (*shown with him*) stood by him in his troubles, and sought in every way to aid him. Was he—IS he guilty?

thought of him that way—as she always waited for him when necessary, but she was sure everyone was nice there.

One morning Pat referred to Mrs. Mellus' home as a "wonderful place."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mellus, "it is a pretty home, but it is terribly lonely."

"I shouldn't think it would be," responded Pat. "Even though you have no children, a husband is quite a little company and of course you always have the servants."

"WELL, my husband isn't much company," ruefully smiled Pat's customer, "for he seldom is home long enough to play that role. He usually goes hunting or fishing on week-ends and whenever he feels like it at other times."

"Gee! that's tough," sympathized Pat. "You wouldn't think he'd let an attractive-looking girl like you out of his sight for long."

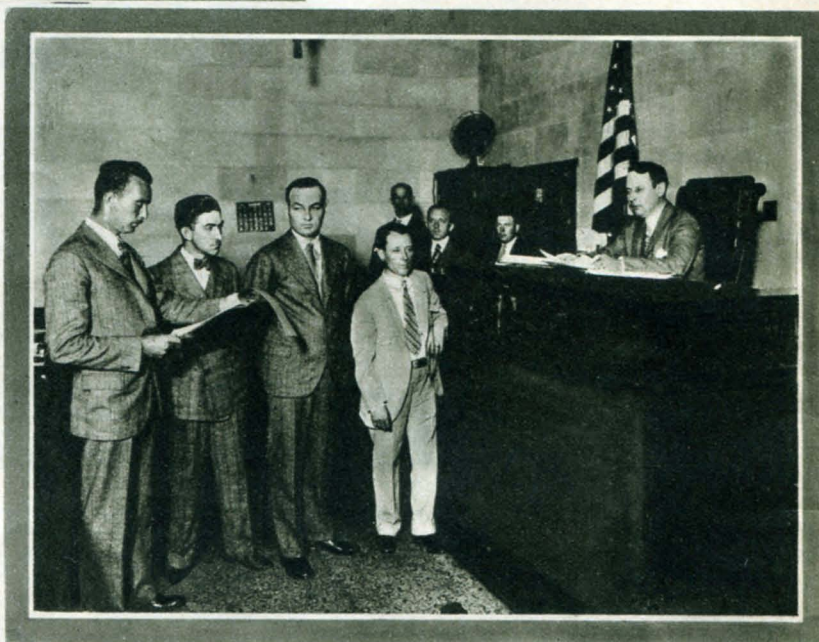
Mrs. Mellus bridled. She was fairly well aware of her good looks, but it was nice to be called a "girl," even though she was twelve years the senior of Pat Kelley—for she had discovered his age by now.

It wasn't long after this until Pat and his new friend were found frequently in each other's company. Pat, handsome, gay, attractive, was not lacking in feminine friends, but he managed to find time to see a good deal of Mrs. Mellus. In fact, if his statement is to be believed, he did not have to take the initiative to bring this to pass. He testified in court, years later, that Mrs. Mellus constantly sought him, showered



(Above) Handsome "Pat" Kelley is seen in discussion with his lawyer at a table in the courtroom. He displayed strong reactions as the high points in the trial were brought out in the testimony, and convulsively clutched the arms of his chair in an effort to control himself when charts depicting the mutilated body of Mrs. Mellus were introduced

(Right) Kelley standing before the magistrate's bench during the preliminary hearing on the charge of murder. Kelley is third from the left. On Kelley's left is his attorney (wearing light suit) and on his right are two assistant district attorneys appearing for the prosecution



him with attentions, made appointments with him, attended social affairs with him, invited him to her home. He declared he was "a man pursued."

At any rate, they soon were seen together often, at dances, parties and elsewhere. A little later their companionship was a regular and accepted thing. Then Mrs. Mellus invited him to come to her home. He went, first for a brief stay, then for longer and longer periods. Finally it was commonly expected that he should spend his weekends there. The servants prepared dinners and often breakfasts for them without comment.

MRS. MELLUS, by this time, had become, apparently, completely infatuated with her young Romeo. Lonely, neglected by her husband, as the servants afterward testified; made bitter by reports to her that Mellus was devoting himself to a young blonde charmer, she found in Kelley the passionate love, the attentive ardor, the youthful vehemence and fiery devotion for which she longed. She gave him back all of the impetuous affection which he bestowed upon her. She adored his bright, breezy laughter; she enjoyed thoroughly his jolly, bantering chatter; she admired his handsome features; she liked to wind her fingers through his plentiful sleek, black hair; denied companionship elsewhere, she fed avidly upon his devotion to her; she loved to be in his arms, to hear his words of fervid admiration, to feel his hot kisses on her lips.

The two lovers revelled in their fondness for each other. They basked in each other's smiles and tenderness. They told each other they were made for one another. They flung themselves headlong into the lure of the moment. They abandoned themselves to the urge of desire. They thought little of what the future might bring, of the possible end of their great romance, of what might result from their trampling upon the laws of God and man. They were

mad with the whirl of all present pleasures.

More than once Mellus came home unexpectedly while Kelley was spending a week-end or an evening in the sportsman's home. On such occasions, since Mrs. Mellus always kept the front door locked, there was time to hide her sweetheart in a closet off her room until the husband had departed, which he always did soon afterward. Apparently he suspected nothing, though it was quite possible, even probable, that the appearance publicly of his wife and her devoted friend at various social affairs had come to his ears. At least, Kelley testified that he went to numerous such parties with Mrs. Mellus.

The Mellus wine cellar was well stocked and neither Mrs. Mellus nor Kelley hesitated to imbibe. Often, it was testified later, both

drank more than they could take care of without showing its effects. Frequently the matter of the amount of their potions was a subject of dispute between them. Kelley often endeavored to limit the quantity of his inamorata's liquid refreshment, sometimes with little success, as she resented his interference.

Then suddenly, swiftly, as with a stroke of vengeance, came the tragic denouement. Late on Sunday afternoon, August 5th, 1928, the body of Myrtle Mellus, almost nude, mutilated, beaten, bruised and battered, was found stretched across the bed in her bedroom, still in death.

KELLEY had spent the week-end there as usual and the couple had been drinking rather heavily. Between 5 and 5:30 P.M. the voice of Frank Mellus was heard at the front door. He had been on an all-day fishing trip and was not expected home until later. The door was double-locked and he was unable to gain admittance that way.

He told the police and testified later that he forced an entrance through a window. He found the house quiet and apparently deserted, he said. Hurriedly going from room to room, he said, he found his wife's almost naked body lying across the bed in her room.

When the police arrived they found Mellus and a friend, a lawyer, beside the lifeless form of Mrs. Mellus. Apparently but for them the house was empty. The police made a hasty search of the premises, but found no one else.

A few minutes later Lieutenant Detective Steed, Mellus and his friend were in the maid's room, discussing the situation. Mellus and his friend stepped outside a moment. As he sat there alone in the silence, Steed thought he heard the sound of heavy breathing. He listened a moment and then looked under the bed. There was nothing there. He opened the door into the hall. No one was in sight. He reentered the maid's room. Again the sound of the breathing. He stepped to one side of the room, near to a closet door. The sound grew louder. He opened the closet door. The form of a man was huddled in the closet, the face inward. Steed grabbed him by the collar.

"Come on out!" ordered Steed, grimly, "or I'll pump you full of lead!"

The man came out as directed. It was Pat Kelley.

MELLUS, who had heard Steed's stern command, rushed into the room. He took in the situation in an instant. Seizing a heavy chair, he rushed at the prostrate form of Kelley, chair uplifted. Steed grasped the upraised chair.

"None of that!" he warned.

"You've got me, boys," gasped Kelley from the floor. "I've got no gun."

Kelley, scarcely able to walk, was hustled into an adjoining room, where a policeman was stationed to guard him.

The newspapers soon appeared with extra editions and the entire city was aroused. A crowd gathered in front of the Mellus home, breathing threats of summary vengeance.

Lieutenant Steed secretly took Kelley out of the house through a rear door and drove with him to the jail at Sawtelle, a town between Los Angeles and the beach city of Santa Monica, to avoid possible violence.

On the trip, Steed afterward testified, Kelley said:

"Had I known that the only woman I ever loved was dead, you never would have taken me alive."

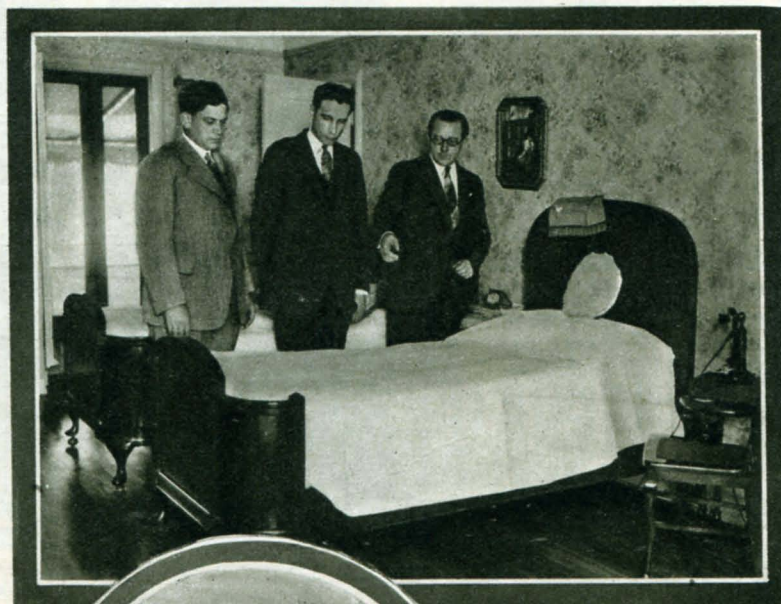
"What do you mean?" asked Steed. "What would you have done?"

"Well, there's plenty of guns in that room upstairs," answered Kelley, doggedly. "Figure it out for yourself."

Mellus maintained a huge gun locker in his home, with one of the finest collections of weapons among Southern California sportsmen.

The detectives also testified later that on the night of his discovery and arrest Kelley at four different times begged them to "shoot him down."

From then on events moved rapidly. Kelley was indicted,



(Above) Mrs. Mellus as she appeared several years before she was slain. (Left) Police officers in the room where Mrs. Mellus was found murdered, are examining the bed across which her partly nude body, bruised and battered, was found sprawled. Shortly afterward, Detective Lieutenant Steed, seated in the maid's room near by, thinking over the case heard heavy breathing, stepped to the closet and found none other than "Pat" Kelley hiding there, whom he hauled out as shown by the detectives posing the picture. Here was the very heart of this case, for Kelley claimed he was waiting in the closet for a signal from Mrs. Mellus that the coast was clear—and that someone killed the woman while he was waiting there, in hiding

arraigned and held to answer on a charge of murder.

At the trial Frank H. Mellus, who was one of the first witnesses, nearly collapsed on the witness-stand when he was shown a photograph of his wife as she appeared the day her body was discovered. As he told of returning from his fishing trip and finding his wife's body, he covered his eyes with his hand and sat thus a full minute before, with wet eyes, he continued.

He also testified he did not know that Kelley ever had been in his wife's company and that he had known of him only as "the butcher boy" to whom he took his ducks to be cleaned.

A DRAMATIC incident, which revealed more of the hidden threads in the secret love-net the amorous couple had woven about themselves, occurred when the trial judge directed that the defendant, the jurors, the attorneys and the other officers of the court accompany him to the scene of the crime, the Mellus home. The members of the party wandered through the spacious, sumptuously-furnished rooms, listening to explanations of the various bits of testimony, poking into every corner that

promised an illustration of some scarcely-understood point. Kelley, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff, turned to one of the group of newspaper reporters accompanying the visitors, as they passed through the bedroom on the second floor where the body was found.

"Look in that dresser," he said, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "Two of its drawers have false bottoms. Under them you'll find something interesting."

The deputy sheriff overheard. Almost in an instant police officers and reporters were probing the false bottoms, rummaging through the contents underneath.

Captain of Detectives Ray Cato drew forth a number of photographs and beneath them a small package of letters. The letters were addressed to "Mrs. C. D. Rathbun, Ensenada, Lower California, Mexico."

Kelley explained that the name was a secret one which Mrs. Mellus used on a trip to Ensenada and by which he addressed his letters to her. The photographs were of the handsome butcher boy. The letters were written by him to his clandestine sweetheart and were replete with fervid expressions of his overpowering love for her.

The officers seized the letters and stored them safely away for use at the trial. The room buzzed with the whispered exclamations and comments of the jurors and others. Kelley merely smiled at the ripple of excitement he had caused.

THE prosecution in the trial of Kelley based its efforts for a conviction on the claim that Mrs. Mellus had died from the effects of injuries inflicted by her assailant. The district attorney and his deputies were convinced that that assailant was Kelley; that the couple had partaken of wine to excess on the fatal day; that they had quarreled and that Kelley, his mind befuddled by his contact with the flowing bowl, had beaten his fair companion so severely that she had succumbed to the brutal attack. There was no direct evidence of course, as to the identity of the murderer, but the prosecution pinned its hope of success on the admitted presence of Kelley in the house all day and indirect evidence as to the actual crime.

Policemen testified that Kelley, immediately after the murder was discovered, admitted an all-day drinking bout with Mrs. Mellus, that they had quarreled and that he had "given her a beating."

Kelley denied making any such admissions, except as to

dence. When charts depicting the mutilated body of Mrs. Mellus, as found in her home, were introduced in evidence, Kelley jumped forward in his chair and clutched convulsively in a vain effort to control himself. His eyes blinked rapidly and his face blanched as Doctor A. F. Wagner, the autopsy surgeon, described the bruises on the victim's body and said they apparently were caused by an attack from human hands.

When Kelley at last took the stand in his own behalf he made, to say the least, a most frank witness. He told, with no effort whatever at concealment, of the entire details of his liaison with the woman who had paid with her life for her ill-advised love. With unabashed candor he went into every phase of their love affair, disclosing the most intimate details of their companionship, telling of his companion's passionate avowals of her love for him, of her ready willingness to sacrifice all for him, of her



(Above) Frank H. Mellus, husband of the murdered woman, is seen standing on the left, in grand jury room, Los Angeles courthouse, talking with one of the assistant district attorneys. (Left) Mrs. Mellus' colored maid on the witness stand at Kelley's trial



the drinking. The defense contended that Mrs. Mellus' drinking habits and an illness of long standing, which included fainting spells, had caused her death, claiming that she probably fainted and might easily have received her injuries from falling. But this was only a half-hearted defense. What Kelley's attorneys really hoped for was the discovery of evidence pointing to another as the slayer.

Kelley not only listened to the testimony with keen attention, but he evinced his emotional nature and his susceptible temperament by his apparent reaction to the evi-

complete surrender to her infatuation for him. He freely admitted his own part in the sordid romance and though he confessed without hesitation his fondness for her and his connivance with her in promoting their secret meetings, always he made her out the pursuer rather than the pursued; the suitor instead of the one sought.

He declared they effected a clandestine meeting every Sunday excepting six in the entire five years of their friendship and that at least two nights a week they were together, frequently oftener. He insisted that, from the very day in January, 1923, when he met her at the meat market, she had showered him with her attentions, had constantly "pursued him."

He testified that Myrtle told him on one occasion that she was mad at "F. H." (her husband) because he ran around with a blonde. He declared he had hidden, at various times previously when Mellus surprised them together, in the same

closet where he was found on the disastrous day of the murder.

He told of his and Mrs. Mellus' indulgence in wine on that fatal day and of their wordy dispute over her excessive participation in the drinking. He said he arrived at the house at eight o'clock in the morning and spent the entire day there.

"We had a flock of drinks," he averred, "and finally an argument about drinking. I told Myrtle she was drinking too much. I tried to get her to stop. I tried to force her to do so. Then she got sore at me. I told her: 'You'd better lay off of those drinks. They'll knock you cold.'"

KELLEY admitted that in his eagerness to prevent Mrs. Mellus from drinking further and in his forceful insistence that she "lay off" he might possibly have left a mark on her face or shoulders with his fingers, but he denied vehemently that he had beaten her.

He said that in the afternoon she left him to go upstairs and he heard her fall on the stairway. He rushed to her, he asserted, and found her lying on the stairway. He carried her to her bedroom and then he laid down and fell asleep.

vehement oratory, "in a flare of anger when he found her with her lover in the Mellus home. There was no motive for either Kelley or Mellus to kill this woman, but I say to you deliberately and unhesitatingly that it might have been the husband as well as the lover, who stands accused before you."

But the jury failed to incline to this view. After a short deliberation a verdict was returned finding Kelley guilty of murder in the first degree. Furthermore the jurors offered no recommendation of clemency nor suggested a life sentence. This left the court no alternative. Under the law, without a jury recommendation of leniency, it became mandatory upon it to sentence the defendant to hang. The judge did so.

Kelley was taken to San Quentin and began his life as a convict, with the fatal noose constantly dangling before him. But his attorneys did not cease their efforts to save him for an instant. They promptly filed an appeal with the Supreme Court, charging that their client was improperly convicted, as the evidence did not show his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt; that the court erred many times in admitting or debaring evidence; that, even if he should have been convicted there was no evidence to warrant a verdict of first degree murder, as there was nothing to indicate premeditation, which the law requires for a conviction of first-degree murder, and that there was an entire absence of motive on his part shown in the testimony.

WHILE the lawyers waited impatiently but in at least asserted assurance for the Supreme Court to make its slow, ponderous moves and come to a decision, the days dragged by. But to Kelley, behind prison walls, the day for his execution set and steadily, inexorably drawing nearer, they seemed to fly. He adopted an attitude of gay assurance, even of bravado, but inwardly he quaked, for no man has approached the gallows with nonchalance nor measured his death tread (Continued on page 98)



(Above) Supply of liquor found in the basement of the Mellus home, after the murder. (Right) Kelley (second from left) is being sentenced to death by Superior Judge William T. Aggeler

At 3:30 P.M., he testified, Mrs. Mellus walked to the stairway with him to bid him goodbye. The doorbell rang. Kelley hastened, he declared, to his customary hiding place in the closet.

Almost immediately, he said, he heard Mrs. Mellus scream: "Frank!" after her husband had entered the house and had gone upstairs. He heard nothing further, he insisted, until the police awakened him in the closet.

He asserted he was momentarily expecting that Mrs. Mellus would come and release him, as she usually did, when she had got rid of her husband. He was still waiting for her, he said, when the police found him.

IN their arguments Kelley's attorneys pictured him as the "flattered victim of a married woman who deliberately stepped down to bestow her love on an unmarried youth."

But they went even farther than this.

"Mellus could have killed his wife," shouted Defense Attorney Daniel Hefyron in a burst of



The Smashing of



(Left to right) Deputy Sheriff Jesse Wheat, Jailer W. Lovan and Deputy Sheriff C. W. Smith on guard at the Benton (Illinois) jail when a mob was reported on its way to the jail to get Charlie Birger, the "Gangster King"

THE Story so far:

Strikes in Herrin, Illinois, mines have led owners to hire strike-breakers. Much bloodshed followed, but peace is finally restored to the mining town.

Then some of the strike-breakers chose to make permanent homes in Herrin. Among these were Charlie Birger and three Shelton brothers who joined hands in a prosperous rum-running business. Suddenly a dispute arose and the Sheltons and Birger became bitter enemies.

Birger set up a stronghold called Shady Rest, which the Sheltons proceeded to bomb from the air. In their desperate struggle for power the two factions have inaugurated a rule of terror—the law is powerless—armored cars ride through city streets in defiance to law and order—enemies and squealers are killed in the open as examples—Williamson County takes on the name of "Bloody Williamson."

Oren Coleman runs for sheriff because, as he says, "He wants to continue living in Williamson County and if things continue as they are, he won't be able to."

Mayor Joe Adams, a friend of the Sheltons, has been called to his own front door and shot down—Birger claims that the brothers have killed their own man and are shifting the blame on him. He swears he will kill Carl Shelton before the first of the year and offers a thousand dollars to anyone who will tell him where he can come face to face with his enemy.

The Story Continues:

PART TWO

THE New Year came and went, but Carl Shelton and Birger had not met.

On January 8th, 1927, *Shady Rest* was destroyed by a terrific dynamite explosion, followed by raging flames that virtually consumed the debris. Delving into the smoking ruins, however, the authorities found four badly charred bodies. Two were easily recognized as those of Steve George, the caretaker, and his wife. The other two were beyond identification.

GANG WAR!—with armored cars, bombs, machine-guns!—as hatred between the Birger and Shelton gangs flares into a red flame, dealing out wholesale death and destruction! WHERE WILL IT END?

Birger appeared on the scene the next day, fulminating against the Sheltons.

One unidentified body, he said, undoubtedly was that of an orphan boy named Sims, whom he had brought to the roadhouse from Harrisburg and placed in charge of the Georges. The fourth body, he suspected, was that of a huge bulldog which he kept at the roadhouse.

Birger said that he and Art Newman, his right hand man, had been in St. Louis, looking for Carl Shelton—"because he tried to frame me on the killing of Mayor Adams.

"Now he has blown up my roadhouse and killed three of my friends," Birger added. "I'll never be satisfied until that fellow is dead."

Highway Patrolman Price on whose beat the dynamiting had occurred now came out with a statement that shortly before *Shady Rest* was blown up he met Carl Shelton in a car on the road leading to the resort.

"He cursed Birger and said he was looking for Birger just as hard as Birger was hunting him," Price declared.

WITHIN two days the Shelton armored cars had for the second time appeared on the streets of Marion. Presumably it was a challenge of some sort to Birger—but the gangsters' inquiries were all for "that lying blankety-blank, Lory Price."

On January 17th, 1927, both Price and his wife, Mrs. Ethel Price, disappeared from their home in Marion!

Scrutiny of their home indicated that their departure had been hurried and that it had taken place after they had retired for the night, since their bed obviously had been occupied.

"There seems little doubt that the Prices were kidnapped and perhaps killed to seal Price's lips at the coroner's inquest over the bodies found in the ruins of *Shady Rest*," Sheriff Coleman said.

Coleman did not accuse anyone of the abduction, but it was generally believed that Shelton gangsters were the abductors.

Temporarily the twin disappearance went down on the records as just another of the unsolved crimes connected with the Birger-Shelton feud.

On February 1st, 1927, the Shelton brothers were placed on trial in the federal court at Quincy, Illinois for the Collinsville mail robbery.

While the jury still was being chosen and about the time that the Government announced that Birger and Art Newman positively would be witnesses against the brothers, an echo of the bloody warfare in Southern Illinois

"LITTLE EGYPT'S" GANGSTER KING

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

was heard in far-off St. Petersburg, Florida.

Attention to the resort city was drawn when Mrs. Helen P. Holbrook, blonde and once wealthy Illinois matron, was found dead of chloroform, presumably self-administered.

For the first time it became known generally that Mrs. Holbrook, estranged from her husband had been one of the causes of the Birger-Shelton split. Birger and Carl, both married men, had succumbed to her charms and both had sought her favor. Jealousy over her had fanned the flame of mutual hatred between the gang leaders over other matters.

Apparently Birger had won out, for when he broke with the Sheltons she continued to live in Shawneetown, where Birger was the "boss." Then, two months before her presumed suicide, Birger had been told that she had thrown him over for his enemy. Birger was tremendously busy just then—it was during that hectic fall of 1926 when blood-letting was so general and the armored cars and bombs had come into play—but Birger drove into Shawneetown and, meeting Mrs. Holbrook on the street with her closest friend, Miss Erma Peterson, slapped her and warned her to end her friendship with Shelton.

Several days later he met the woman in a bank at Harrisburg and repeated his warning.

MISS PETERSON, testifying at the inquest over Mrs. Holbrook's body at St. Petersburg, said that they had decided to quit Illinois because Mrs. Holbrook had definitely turned to Carl Shelton and was afraid Birger would bring about her death.

Then Shelton, facing trial for the Collinsville mail robbery, wrote Mrs. Holbrook breaking off their relation. It would be best for him to pose at the trial as a devoted husband and home-loving man, he said.

Mrs. Holbrook refused to be thrown over. She wrote Shelton a pitiful letter in which she promised to wait for him if only he would not stop caring for her. When he did not reply—he hardly could do so since he never got the letter because the Government had intercepted and taken possession of it—Mrs. Holbrook wrote to Illinois newspapers that she was willing to tell much inside stuff about the Birger-Shelton feud that the authorities would find useful.

Hard on the heels of writing that letter came her death.

The police of St. Petersburg refused to accept it as suicide immediately. Several men had called upon her shortly before her body was found. One of them was Max Pulliam, who had been handling the Florida end of the Sheltons' liquor business.

There was a possibility that murder had been committed.



Why a man with a refined and attractive wife, and with two beautiful children, as here shown, should deliberately choose crime (and crime of the most violent kind) as a profession, is hard to figure out. The number of men Birger murdered probably never will be known, but they were many. Here the "Gangster King" is shown as he looked at his trial and above is his wife and his daughters Charline (left), and Minnie, (right)

The authorities spread a net for Pulliam but he had disappeared.

At Quincy, Illinois, where the trial of the Sheltons was under way, Carl Shelton said he was only slightly acquainted with Mrs. Holbrook but District Attorney Walter M. Provine charged openly the woman had been slain to seal her lips since she was expected to testify in the Shelton case.

INTEREST, of course, centered on the expected appearance of Charlie Birger on the stand. Would he make good on his promise to testify against Shelton? If he appeared, would he ever live long enough to be sworn or would Shelton adherents kill him as soon as he showed up in Quincy?

Birger did not leave those questions unanswered for long. He came to Quincy openly and presently was called to the stand in Federal Court.

The gang chief was compelled to pass within two feet of the table where the three Sheltons sat. Carl Shelton, seated

(Right) State's Attorney Roy Martin who, through a clever move, got from the gangster, Harry Thomassen, the real story of who murdered big Joe Adams, Mayor of West City—a "break" that led directly to the arrest of the 'Gangster King.'

(Below) A hard man for the gangsters to deal with—James Pritchard, Sheriff of Franklin County, Ill. When no one else seemed willing to bring in Birger, Pritchard walked alone into the lair of the notorious gang chieftain which was posted with guards on all sides, with a machine gun mounted at each corner of the room, and arrested him. Birger was careful to inform Pritchard, however, that "I could have made it tough for you to take me, if I had wanted to!"



ahead of his brothers, fixed his eyes upon Birger and followed his progress down the courtroom aisle, through the railing separating the principals from spectators and to the end of the table. Whatever emotion might have been stirring within Carl's breast at that moment was not written upon his well-controlled face, but his brothers were glaring.

Opposite Carl, Birger hesitated for the fraction of a moment and let his glance rest directly upon the face of his foe. "Howdy, Mr. Shelton," he said amiably. Then, as Shelton's jaw dropped, Birger grinned and passed on.

Birger from the stand declared that the Collinsville robbery had been discussed with him by the Sheltons before it was perpetrated. The brothers were his good friends then, he said, and "we had business connections," he added, smiling. He attempted to dissuade them, he went on, and declined to take part in it, so they left his home in Harrisburg where the

meeting took place. Several hours later they returned and brought with them a package of money which they divided among themselves.

"You say they were your friends then," the Sheltons' attorney said to Birger on cross-examination. "And now——"

"We are not on such good terms," Birger admitted.

He emphatically denied, however, that he had publicly declared his intention of killing Carl Shelton. "I wouldn't be such a sap if that were in my mind," he said.

He further denied that he had tried to induce a woman to lure Shelton into a St. Louis hotel where he could be slain, and said that he had not "framed up" the mail robbery case against the brothers.

As he left the stand, Birger smiled with a hint of mockery on his lips as he again passed close to Carl Shelton.

ART NEWMAN, Birger's lieutenant, also was a government witness. The diminutive, dapper little gunman whose name in Southern Illinois was calculated to strike as much terror as that of Birger himself, appeared more like a bank clerk than a desperado. Like his chief, he smiled at the Sheltons and seemed to enjoy their discomfort as he swore that they had broached the matter of the Collinsville robbery to him but that he had refused to go in on it. He did say, however, that he had loaned the brothers his sedan and later learned that it was used in the robbery.

Newman, singularly willing to go into the inside story of the Birger-Shelton feud, said that when the split between the rival chiefs came he tried hard to remain neutral and make peace but was compelled to choose between them. He aligned himself with Birger, he said, because Birger was able to guarantee him a market for the whiskey he ran in from Florida and the Sheltons were hard put to get rid of what they themselves transported into Southern Illinois. Later, Newman said, he learned the Sheltons were "gunning" for him and he avoided them thereafter.

"Once, however, I chanced to meet Carl Shelton and eight men in a car on a highway," he went on. "They drove alongside and forced me to stop and Carl Shelton said: 'Listen, Art, we just pulled a guy's ears off with pinchers and killed him back there a ways. Now you are liable to be next——'"

Both defense and government attorneys rose and voiced numerous objections. A woman in the courtroom uttered a faint shriek. Order was restored, and revealed Newman smiling more broadly than ever.

TIME and again District Attorney Walter Provine would inquire regarding persons mentioned by Newman in his testimony. The Birger chieftain would merely smile again and say rather laconically—"Oh, he's dead."

"How did he die?" was asked him.

"Oh, he just got killed," answered Newman with a grin.

Eventually the name of Charles Gordon came up.

"Where is he?" asked the district attorney.

"Oh, he's dead, too," came the reply. "I killed him."

It had happened, Newman said, in an East St. Louis saloon operated by Carl Shelton as an outlet for his liquor. Newman denied that he had gone to the saloon, in the early stages of his lineup with Birger, for the express purpose of killing Carl Shelton.

"He must have thought so, however, for this fellow Gordon seemed determined on picking a quarrel with me," the dapper

little gunman continued. "When he got to be a nuisance—why, I pulled a gun and gave it to him. Oh, yes, I was acquitted. Self defense. I never shoot a man except to defend myself."

"How long have you been carrying a gun?" the defense attorney asked Newman.

"Ever since the Shelton boys, and Carl particularly, tried to kill me." He turned, and pointedly and triumphantly laughed into the faces of the three Sheltons, who leaned forward listening to every word of his testimony.

"Isn't it true that you had similar designs upon them?" the attorney inquired.

"Er—no, not exactly. I was merely defending myself in case of an—er—accident. There have been lots of them in Williamson County—just like the time when the Sheltons turned loose a machine gun on my car when my wife and I were in it," and this time Newman laughed aloud.

The Sheltons, offering an alibi for their whereabouts when the Collinsville robbery took place, charged they were the victims of a plot in which



(Above) The wives of the Shelton brothers, going to the trial of their husbands at Quincy, Ill. The three on the left are accompanied by Mrs. Roy Shelton (right) wife of another brother who was already convicted and in prison. (Left) Art Newman, Birger's chief lieutenant, on the witness stand in Federal court at Quincy, testifying against the Shelton brothers. Time and again when Dist. Attorney Provine would enquire regarding persons mentioned by Newman in his testimony, the latter would reply unconcernedly, "Oh, he's dead," or "He just got killed," or "He's dead too—I killed him." (Extreme left) Sheriff Oren Coleman. A man without fear, and who could not be "reached," he played an important part throughout in the "clean-up of Little Egypt"



the evidence against them had been manufactured. Carl Shelton declared that, while they were unfriendly he bore no deep enmity toward Birger. "But," he added, "Birger seems bent on destroying me and my brothers."

THUS the case simmered down to the word of the two rival factions against each other. The jury chose to

believe Birger and Newman and the brothers were sentenced to serve twenty-five years each in Leavenworth Penitentiary.

Before the case ended, however, Birger and Newman had returned to their Williamson County haunts, to learn that Max Pulliam, who was sought for questioning in connection with the death of Mrs. Holbrook in Florida, had returned to Illinois.

Birger struck hard and quickly at the man who was under suspicion of having "executed" the gang chief's one-time sweetheart.

Early one Sunday morning William H. "Wild Bill" Hollander, Pulliam and Mrs. Pulliam, were returning from an evening's entertainment. On the hard road just east of Herrin their automobile was ambushed.

Two machine guns cut loose from the bushes at the side of the road. Holland was killed, eighteen bullets cutting through his body. Pulliam suffered four wounds and Mrs. Pulliam was struck in the right arm and leg.

Two days after she had established herself at her son's bedside, the elder Mrs. Pulliam received a peculiar message.

"Birger and his gang don't do things by halves," she was told. "They won't be satisfied only by sending your son to the hospital. They want him dead and they'd just as soon walk right into the hospital and kill him before your eyes."

Pulliam's parents thought over the situation and it was decided to transfer him immediately to the home hospital at Benton.

The wounded man was placed in an ambulance, accompanied by his mother and "Strawberry" Wells, a friend. Ed. Nolen was driver of the conveyance. Ed. Russell, another friend drove in a second car and a third auto contained Pulliam's wife and father.

The three machines rolled out of Herrin at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Two miles south of Benton a dust cloud down the road materialized into a pursuing automobile, containing five men.

The motor car carrying Pulliam's father and wife was overtaken and forced into the ditch. Then, Russell's machine was overhauled, halted and quickly searched.

Peering through the lattice in the rear door of the ambulance, Strawberry Wells observed the action to the rear. He turned to the driver, Nolen.

"For Heaven's sake, step on it," he yelled. "Charlie Birger and four of his gang are after us!"

Nolen opened the throttle wide and (Continued on page 68)

The Former MRS. FRANK

FOR six months past the confessions of Frank Silsby, "Master Criminal," have been appearing in this magazine. Hundreds of letters have been received in the office of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES showing a keen interest in this series of revelations from the criminal underworld. Silsby, notorious gang leader, known to have committed approximately one hundred and fifty major crimes, in his account did not once mention his ex-wife—probably out of consideration for her. Here following she tells her own life story, of which she says, "This is not an appeal for sympathy. I despise sympathy!" Our women readers, we feel, will be especially interested in her story.

As told by Herself

have served prison sentences. My second husband was one of the most notorious criminals in modern police history. My first was an honorable, respected man, the father of my two darling children, from whom I have voluntarily exiled myself that they may grow up without knowledge of my life among crooks and killers, in a dark underworld of filth and finery.

I am still young, but into my brief span of years have been packed the adventure, romance, temptation and tragedy of an unbelievable number of ordinary lives. The tangled web of my existence has been strangely complicated,

for I have been in high places and low, drawing rooms and dives. Portions of my life have been open and free to inspection by friend or foe; other portions are cloaked in secrecy.

My strange life probably is an accurate reflection of what

these high voltage times in which we live may do to a young man or young woman seeking thrills and excitement. So far as I know, I shall make the first report of its kind on the criminal underworld in which I chose to live and where I am widely known. I have been told that I would be a good subject for a study in human psychology. My two natures—one that of Doctor Jekyll, the gentleman, the other of Mr. Hyde, the villain—have puzzled me for years.

Everything which I have done was done with open eyes and under the urging of a strong will coupled with curiosity. Therefore, my story is not to be classified as a confession, nor is it an appeal for sympathy. I despise sympathy.

From childhood I have always wanted to "go places, ring door-bells and see people." As I grew older I determined to know the "why" of everything. Love and



ASK all who read this story to look closely at my picture on this page. Then try to imagine that you have had a personal introduction to me.

As I look at my picture, impersonally, I should say that I appear to be an average young woman of good manners and habits. You might, if you met me, even desire, upon being introduced, to present me to friends and never consider the prospect of subsequent embarrassment in having done so. Yet I could whisper a few words in your ear that would cause you to promptly shun me and, perhaps, regard me with amazement forever after.

For I am a woman who has lived most of my adult life among denizens of the criminal underworld, and I have been the companion of desperate men who live by crime and violence.

I have been married three times. Two of my husbands

SILSBY'S OWN STORY

marriage intrigued me at an early age and while still in my teens I married the son of a minister, a kind and gentle boy whom I failed to understand and who, of course could not understand me.

Motherhood came to me early, and I was blessed with two babies, a dear little girl and then her little brother.

From these children I am self-exiled for life. For their own good, as I shall disclose in subsequent chapters, I shall never see them again.

Parents of other children may think that I am a strange mother and, judged by ordinary standards, perhaps I am. But I ask my readers not to judge too hastily, for when my narrative is ended, I believe it will be seen that I chose to make a great sacrifice in behalf of the future welfare of my little ones.

WITHIN me at the time of my marriage strange voices were whispering. They were the voices of an unrest in my blood and I became dissatisfied. These voices told me I wanted a career on the stage. To begin that career I must first leap the hurdle of a divorce. I did it and took my babies to New York.

With face, figure and voice all in my favor I had little difficulty in promptly obtaining a place behind the footlights. But how quickly disillusionment came to me—even more quickly than in marriage!

The voices now whispered that I should try out my talents as a model, and so I posed for the better class of artists, and while doing so in New York's Greenwich Village met a professional gunman and criminal of the modern day type.

"What sort of a place is the underworld in which this man lives?" I asked myself. From within, a voice said to me softly and seductively, "Why not find out?"

Down into the depths I went in quest of the underworld's secrets—down to the lowest levels. I came to know the gunman and his baby-faced "moll." I saw the sleek



The former Mrs. Frank Silsby, sometimes referred to as, "among women, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the underworld." This camera study of the attractive consort of big-time crooks, and the photograph of her on the opposite page with her favorite riding horse, would hardly be taken as picturing a woman of the underworld. Speaking of the "tangled web of my existence," she says: "I am still young; but into my brief span of years have been packed the adventure, romance, temptation and tragedy of an unbelievable number of ordinary lives."

and well-groomed human killer on the hunt. Men died in agony before my eyes. Gang met gang, and I stepped over the bodies of the slain in the "getaway." Clean youths lured into crime and sweet, innocent girls who slipped into the darkness passed before my eyes. Lawlessness and vice in their most sinister aspects were unfolded in a vivid panorama, and I became a moving, breathing part of the whole, sordid picture.

Then it was that I met Frank Silsby, the gunman whose confessions have appeared in a series of six articles in this magazine, ending last month. After a brief courtship, Frank and I were married. An interlude came when the law caught him up and forced him to serve a term in prison and I went back to my people, where the voices continued to whisper.

When Frank was released from prison I rejoined him and the two of us moved about the (Continued on page 100)

"BABY FACE" DOODY—

"Shoot first—and SHOOT TO KILL!" came the police order. Eighteen cars sped to underworld haunts, each carrying five detectives armed with automatics, rifles, riot-guns and tear gas bombs—and the great man-hunt to get "Baby-Face" Willie Doody, Chicago's "Two-Gun Terror," was on!

EVAN JACKSON, star postal inspector of the Chicago Bureau, smiled as he crouched near a side door in a hotel room, listening intently to tense voices in an adjoining room. Beside him was Morris Stein.

The postal station bandit gang was trapped. Months of work had been necessary to lure the robbers into that room on the second floor of the Hawthorne Arms Hotel, 3432 Broadway, on the central North Side of Chicago. Jackson's pulses quickened as he realized his task seemed almost entirely finished.

"It's a plant!" suddenly snarled a voice. "This is a wrong guy. Let's lam!"

Jackson drew an automatic pistol and threw open the door.

"United States officer!" he snapped. "You're all arrested for—"

Instantly Jackson saw a short, snub-nosed youth whirl with a pistol in his hand, a pistol that roared, again, again! Jackson felt a searing pain in his abdomen, another in his right hip.

Chairs clattered as four other men leaped to their feet and faced Jackson with pistols, and a young woman sprang at him. With one hand the officer swung a chair, knocking her to the floor.

Jackson reached the protecting edge of a dresser as the gang's guns blazed to the accompaniment of curses and shouts. He felt his strength ebbing, his eyes dimming. He brought a second pistol from a hip pocket and thrust it toward a man who was backing toward him.

"STEIN, take it," gasped Jackson. "Let 'em have it!" The other seized the pistol, crouched beside the officer and fired at the fleeing figures of the robbers. Two clambered out the window as the other three flung open the door to the hall, firing as they turned.

"I'm shot, Mac," yelled one, stumbling in the hall toward a rear stairway.

The Battle of the Hawthorne

By **ROBERT FAHERTY**
of the Chicago
EVENING AMERICAN

Arms ended with Inspector Jackson shot three times through his stomach and hip; Clyde Mackin, member of the gang, shot and captured, and Marion Courtney, girl companion of the gang, in custody, her arm fractured in leaping from the window. And the roar of guns in the hotel precipitated one of Chicago's greatest man-hunts, which was continued for months of terror for Chicagoans in the summer of 1929.

Get Willie Doody!

That command was given Chicago police and postal inspectors that very day, April 23rd, 1929, as Inspector Jackson, lying in danger of death at Marine Hospital, told his story in a faint voice to a government stenographer.

"Believing I may die, I make this statement," dictated Jackson. "Willie Doody shot me. His gang robbed a postal station at Cicero Avenue and Ohio Street of eighteen thousand dollars. They cashed money orders for a thousand dollars by trickery at the shoe store of Morris Stein, and Stein offered to help me. He lured them to the hotel to talk of further deals. 'Baby Face' Doody then shot me down."

THE story of Willie Doody is a story of the Valley, too. From the corner of Roosevelt Road and Halsted Street, on the lower West Side, the Valley stretches out southward in grimy streets teeming with humanity of many races.

In its odorous byways coffee shops of the Balkan peoples are side by side with ill-disguised basement wine shops of the Latins.

Here one sees furtive-eyed, swarthy youths peering from a poolroom window; there an old hag in a shawl picking over a refuse heap in

Lieutenant Sylvester Cotter, whose tireless trailing brought him to Doody's hiding place; his successful hunt, his skill in preparing and directing the police trap for Doody, won for him creditable mention from the Department



Chicago's Two-Gun Terror!

the gutter, and, in mid-street, a half-dozen young boys plundering a bearded ancient's push cart.

"Kids in the Valley don't know right from wrong—they don't know that anything is wrong," said an old police official. "I guess it's just natural for them to steal."

Like many others who became notorious criminals in Chicago, Willie Doody was a product of the Valley. At fifteen he stole from freight cars. At seventeen he had begun to develop a reputation as "a bad guy" even for the lower West Side.

"Baby Face," his pals called him. But police of Maxwell Street Station were not deceived by his seemingly meek face in the many times he was brought into the station. They learned that in the yellowish-brown eyes of Doody there was covert defiance likely at any time to be backed by two .38 pistols!

Doody, to them, was a full-fledged desperado of the city streets, embodying the concentrated viciousness of the Valley—and, they believed, made doubly menacing by narcotics.

When still wearing knee trousers Doody was in the boys' court and the juvenile court a score of times. In 1921, when he was twenty years old, he was sentenced to the state prison. Transferred to Pontiac Reformatory, he was paroled in December, 1927.

He had come out vengeful, bitter.

EAGERLY Chicago waited for the capture of Baby Face after the shooting of Jackson. The police department swung into action. Government sleuths got busy and the post office department offered \$2,000 reward. But nothing happened until the city was startled anew May 25th.

The scene of the new crime drama was the tree-lined suburb of Berwyn, near Chicago's west border.

There Police Chief Charles Levy kissed his wife goodbye that spring evening and entered a police automobile with Sergeant Robert Soldat, Captain James Mikes, Sergeant Thomas Bastunek and Edward Rathbun. The car moved slowly along the peaceful streets on patrol.

Mikes called the central station from a pull-box. "A stolen car is in front of an apartment building at Twenty-first Street and Clarence Avenue," the desk lieutenant told him. "An employe of the owner followed it out here from downtown."

The police car sped to the building. A costly touring car was there, unoccupied. Levy mapped a campaign to trap the thieves. Soldat brought his own automobile from a nearby street and he and Chief Levy sat in it, scarcely fifty feet from the other vehicle. The other three men took up



Until the closing days of his trial Doody refused to take his predicament seriously. He sneered at the State's witnesses, grinned at the jurors, and laughed aloud when a court bailiff stumbled. He is shown above, on the right, enjoying a jest of Defense Counsel William Scott Stewart, during his trial for first degree murder. The underworld dubbed him "Baby-Face," but to the police he was "concentrated viciousness"

positions in the darkness of an alley to the south, about 150 feet distant.

Two figures appeared in the doorway of the building, then, and hurried to the stolen automobile, sitting in the front seat. Suddenly Chief Levy was at one side of them and Soldat at the other.

"Police officers!" said Levy, raising his pistol and showing his badge. Soldat brought the butt of his gun down on the head of the man near him.

"Stick 'em up!" barked Levy. The answer was a shot, another, another! Levy fell, groaning, crumpled at the curb, as the second man sprang from the car. Soldat seized his prisoner by the throat and leaned over, firing at the fleeing man. Levy struggled to rise, shot once, then fell prone.

Then three other officers came running from the south. They saw a short figure racing towards them, then falling and shooting at them as he lay on the ground. In an instant he was up again and had vaulted over a fence at the alley and vanished in the darkness.

Captain Mikes shouted and fired in vain. A hasty search revealed no trace of the fugitive.

THE net result of the Berwyn encounter seemed to be the loss of a brave, energetic Chief of Police for the capture of a dapper, sneering young hoodlum. But actually there were more important effects from the standpoint of the law.

The captured man was revealed as Eddie Maciejewski, alias Eddie Mack, and a concise history of his life was on record at the Chicago detective bureau.

He was a pal of Willie Doody and one of those who had tried to shoot Postal Inspector Jackson at the Hawthorne Arms!

While Chief Levy lay dying in a hospital, a bullet wound in his abdomen, Berwyn and Chicago detectives grilled



(Above) Police Chief Charles Levy, of Berwyn, Ill. Doody won temporary freedom by killing him to prevent Levy from capturing him, but the slaying brought the death sentence on him. (Right) With detectives on all sides of him, and his "artillery" far out of reach, Doody was content to march peaceably from the apartment where he was cornered, after he saw how the trap that caught him was stopped at all outlets. Just in front of Doody (in profile) is Lieutenant Al. Booth, who got the drop on the killer

Eddie Mack concerning the identity of his escaped pal. "Who was with me? Like to know, hey?" he answered. "Doody?—well maybe it was. What of it? You coppers ain't going to put a finger on Baby Face. You haven't the guts. You can't find him and you ain't going to take him alive if you do find him! But say—you treat me right? Then—it was Doody!"

Mack was locked up immediately as a parole violator, pending action on other charges, while Berwyn citizens awaited anxiously news from Oak Park Hospital. The news came. Chief Levy was dead!

The townsfolk saw red.

"We want Doody's life!" speakers shouted at mass meetings. "We want him shot to death so he won't have a chance to cheat the chair."

Doody was the slayer of the Chief, Berwyn and Chicago police declared, and Commissioner William F. Russell and Deputy Commissioner John F. Stege of Chicago demanded action.

"Shoot first—and shoot to kill!"

THAT was the order given the entire force of crack sleuths at the detective bureau and repeated in the squad rooms of every district station in the city. Eighteen squads were detailed to devote all their time to hunting Doody—eighteen cars sped to underworld haunts, each carrying five square-jawed detectives and veritable arsenals of rifles, shotguns, riot guns and tear gas bombs in addition to the detectives' pistols.

"Shoot Doody on sight!" The command was repeated,

day after day. Chief Levy's death had brought about a mobilization of a tremendous force for the man-hunt.

Chief Postal Inspector K. P. Aldrich of the Chicago bureau directed an augmented force of inspectors on the hunt. The Department of Justice detailed ten men and the Federal Narcotic Bureau ten to aid in bringing to death or to earthly justice the diminutive denizen of Chicago's streets who had flouted the Government of the United States, defied the law's defenses with his pistols. County police watched highways. To all parts of the United States 100,000 circulars were sent.

Fourteen years of living outside the law had made Doody cunning, too. Weeks went by—but where was Doody? Laughing at the hue and cry of the pack while he sat in comfort in a lower West Side dive?

Citizens were warned. "Anyone sighting Doody should take no chances. He will shoot at the slightest provocation. Notify police immediately." That was one bulletin from the office of Deputy Commissioner Stege.

From underworld sources came word that the criminals were solidly behind Doody, that the many who lived by the



gun were ready to aid him to live, to defeat the Law. Government men said an underworld informant had told of a vow by Doody that he would not be taken alive—and that:

He carried a bottle of nitroglycerin with which to destroy himself and any pursuers who caught up with him! That was seemingly authentic information coming from a South State Street marijuana-smoking den.

Chicago grew increasingly nervous. But one person, at least, remained calm and confident, on Doody's trail. Police Lieutenant Sylvester Cotter, twenty-six years a policeman, knew Doody through years of service at Maxwell Street Station.

"I'll get Doody!" vowed Cotter, and from his office at the Austin Station on the far West Side, where he was acting captain he strove to fulfill the vow.

Meanwhile, detective bureau squads raced to an apartment building in Berwyn. An automobile sped away as the detectives approached and they gave chase, shooting at



monopolized the dives. Sullenly they stood ground before the avalanche of officers who pushed past "look-outs" to enter the hideaways with guns ready.

One squad of detectives pinned their hopes of capturing Doody on a raid upon a South Halsted Street dive. Two men covered the rear of the dingy three-story building while four entered from the front.

A thick-set fellow with cauliflower ears stared at the officers. Police? And why should police enter a respectable cigar store with pistols in hand? asked the gorilla, pained astonishment in his voice.

The detectives were surprised. The place had long been a brothel. Now, within narrow walls there was visible only a cigar counter, a few tables and a half dozen chairs. There was a faint fragrance of beer.

The sleuths backed Mr. Cauliflower Ears up in a corner, and two investigated. The walls of the room seemed suspiciously new, but no doors opened from them except at the front. The officers tapped the boards and listened. A hollow sound. One panel in the middle, however, shook slightly under the tapping hands. It moved—then, before the detectives' eyes, and slid behind the adjoining boards! Facing the officers was a scrawny youth, glaring.

"Why, Dave," he stammered, "I thought it was you knocking——"

A PATROL-WAGON load of rouged women and petty criminals left the brothel for a police station lockup ten minutes later. But questioning of all, and a search of the entire building did not bring Willie Doody into the eager hands of the detectives.

During the raiding shotgun surveillance in strategic spots was not relaxed. Had Baby Face appeared within a half-block of the beer flat of his father, Jim Doody, at Loomis and Monroe Streets, he might have been peppered with buckshot from four .12-gauge shotguns, short-barreled to spread the shot wider. A police welcoming committee was prepared to give him a warm reception there.

At the home of a brother of Doody, in that vicinity, other detectives watched night and day. Homes of other relatives were watched. And as the relatives left their homes a "shadow" followed.

Police were mystified. Doody had vanished as completely as if he had jumped into the opaque waters of the Chicago River. Still they felt sure that this young and fearless

desperado remained within Chicago or close by.

The hunted criminal prefers familiar scenes, known byways, rather than the dubious open roads. In Chicago, gangsters warned that rivals are on the way to kill them usually do not flee the city. They stay and fight or find a hideaway in familiar surroundings.

Doody was in town, said police. But they didn't believe Doody would play the role of a hermit even with the entire police force hunting him.

A veteran police official said: "Baby Face is young and still full of vinegar. He wants life, action. He's got to see a few bright lights, see his molls, have a few drinks. He was in the stir so long that freedom is sweet. He'll come out of his rat-hole, all right."

That prophecy seemed to be realized almost immediately. Doody was out, using his gats, the city heard. Earl Bence,

"Doody of the Valley" sat in a plush chair and played "rummy" in a pretentious residential district of Chicago while squad cars raced over the city in search for him! Lieut. Al Booth (right) and John Nolan view the luxury of Doody's hideaway; silken-shaded lamps, soft chairs—with newspapers at hand telling of the big man-hunt! (Top) Mrs. Lillian Kahler, soft-spoken, educated and attractive young woman who provided the haven for Doody. She is shown at Austin police station, during questioning by Lieutenant Cotter, immediately after Doody's capture. At first she insisted she did not know her companion in her home was the hunted Willie Doody. On the witness stand she startled the Defense by saying Doody had told her of killing Chief Levy

the fugitive car. The car stopped and the detectives dragged from it a pale, stuttering youth.

"I'm not Willie!" he gasped. "I'm Arthur Doody, his brother."

Under long grilling Arthur denied knowledge of Willie's whereabouts and finally he was freed.

Then police and government men concentrated on the Valley, and three-hundred raided drinking resorts and vice dives, on the night of June 22nd, along West Eighteenth Street, on Twenty-first Street, on Blue Island Avenue and on Taylor Street.

Simultaneously county highway police, postal inspectors and parole agents searched roadhouses along the county highways.

Doody, the elusive, was not found! Hundreds of beer hustlers, holdup men, gang "handy men"—kindred spirits—

a taxicab driver, brought apparently authentic news. On a North Side Street Bence had been stopped at mid-night by two men who asked a ride to a nearby address.

The pair stepped from the cab and stuck pistols into Bence's cheeks. One was a short man, of dark hair and a snub-nose, said Bence, who took \$10 from the driver's pockets.

"You're the thirteenth to-night," muttered the small bandit, "and I've got a hunch to drill you just for luck!"

Bence pleaded for his life. "I have a family—don't, don't shoot me!"

THE bandit toyed with his pistol and then brusquely ordered Bence to "beat it."

Sergeant Herbert L. Hepp's detective bureau squad questioned Bence and showed him a picture of Willie Doody. "That's the guy!" said Bence. "I'd know him any place. He's the little bird who said he'd bump me off."

Three nights later, John Meek, a taxicab driver, told police: "I was in my cab at Root and Halsted Streets when along came Doody with some other fellow. Now I know Doody—I knew him for years in the old neighborhood. I said, 'Hello, Doody! You know me, Jack Meek.'"

"Doody got sore. He stepped up on the running board and he said to me: 'Put on a new needle and change the record! If you got to broadcast use a radio. We're going to ride with you down to Fifty-ninth Street. Step on it—and don't make a crack to anybody!'"

"They took the cab and my fifteen bucks and my cap, too."

Again sirens screamed as bureau squad cars raced down Halsted Street, silencing the alarms as they neared the scene of the holdup. The cap and the cab were found but Doody was absent or invisible—that was certain.

Then, night after night, and at mid-day, too, bureau cars with their loads of men and weapons, sped



From Doody's arsenal! In foreground, left to right, Lieut. Walter Storms, Deputy Commissioner Stege, Lieut. Al. Booth and Lieut. Joseph Mooney are shown examining guns found in Doody's lair. (Top) Safe in the police headquarters building, with scores of well-armed detectives near, "Baby-Face" Willie obeyed without argument the commands of the police. He is shown standing sullenly on the line-up platform of the Detective Bureau. Before him, left to right, are Assistant State's Attorney Harry S. Ditchburne; Deputy Commissioner Stege and Chief of Detectives John Egan

through traffic with sirens shrieking, racing to all parts of the city on reports that Doody had been sighted.

The mass of Chicago citizens became acutely "Doody-conscious." There was actual hysteria, reflected in the constant flow of telephone reports that Doody had been seen. Nervous folk saw in every diminutive pedestrian at mid-night the form of Willie Doody.

Staid citizens dug up pistols that had not been fired in fifteen years, put cartridges in rusty chambers and stowed them under pillows. Theater-goers hurried from elevated stations to their homes, skipping past alleyways, crossing streets to better lighted areas. They tried the front door lock twice after gaining the safety of the home.

The terror was justified, police said! Doody was abroad in the streets to get sorely-needed money, they said, and in his method of getting money there was real danger for others!

ONE result of the apprehensive state of mind of Chicagoans was to blame many episodes of a crime outbreak upon Doody. Every night in Chicago, it is safe to say, some citizens face bandits' pistols. During the hunt for the diminutive gunman, nearly every hold-up victim thought he saw behind a pistol the face of Doody; they "recognized" the police description: round face, yellowish-brown eyes, bushy dark brown hair,

a small scar at the corner of the mouth; weight 135 pounds.

So, when Leon Raymond was found shot to death in his drug store in the suburb of Oak Park—shot five times while near his postal sub-station counter, the cry for Doody became greater. Wasn't Doody a postal sub-station robber? So it was pointed out. The government sent twenty-five detectives into Oak Park and vicinity.

A few nights later an under-sized bandit shot when Milton Vasoupolis

was slow in raising his hands, in Vasoupolis' restaurant at 809 West Seventy-fourth Street. The gunman fought off a customer, leaped into a passing automobile, hurled the driver out and sped northward, leaving Vasoupolis critically wounded.

An hour later a bandit of the same description held up George Denbo in his drug store at 5726 Elston Avenue, on the far Northwest Side, and was pursued in the automobile by Sergeant Clarence Falk of the Forest Preserve Police.

Falk overtook the bandit and forced the car to the curb. As the policeman covered the other man with his pistol, the bandit lowered his hand as if to open the car door to step out. Instantly the bandit fired and two shots felled Falk.

Get Doody! The cry was increased. "Doody knows who shot Falk!" said police and citizens. The demand for capture of Doody was shouted again following the holdup of an Illinois Central suburban train, in Chicago. Delbert Sudds, fifty-three, a train guard, was shot down and killed instantly without a chance for his life, and \$4,000 was taken by the bandit gang. Because a short, thick-set man rented a car used by the gang, Doody again fell under suspicion. But in the shooting of Falk and Vasoupolis it was definitely established that Doody had no hand.

THE series of wanton shootings, however, made the name of Doody an increasingly fearsome one. The city recalled other days when quick-trigger killers had been hunted, and in comparison Doody seemed to have gained the doubtful honor of having terrified his city to the greatest degree.

Lieutenant Cotter, meanwhile, worked unceasingly and quietly. Cotter knew the Valley, as he knew, too, to a

slightly lesser degree, many other areas of the city. "Diamond Joe" Esposito, lord of Halsted Street, who passed from this world with the impetus of assassins' bullets, had known the Valley better than Cotter did, it may be admitted. But there were not many others who knew the faces and names of the denizens of that cosmopolitan area better than Cotter.

Cotter knew Doody; he had known the furtive, fifteen-year-old Doody, sneak thief, stripper of automobiles, pilferer from push carts, as well as the older Doody, two-gun terror.

IN his long service at Maxwell Street Station, Cotter had known, too, varied figures of the underworld there. He had long combatted the fences, the Sicilian gunmen, the petty thieves and the bomb-makers. They knew Cotter, too, as a two-fisted giant to whom fear was only a word of four letters. Kindly-faced, with direct, gray eyes and strong jaws, he had faced countless dangers in police work—from the days of the old Levee, when Chicago was really wide open, down to the modern era of the great beer-running gangs.

Valley criminals who usually could manage to wriggle through the courts to freedom feared Cotter's fist, and they had learned, too, that he could handle a police special .38 Smith & Wesson.

Cotter put "lines" into the Valley and among underworld figures who had gone from the Valley. Someone among them would know where Chicago's most hunted man was hiding from the hunters, Cotter reasoned. By day Cotter conducted the routine as acting captain at Austin Station, but all the time he had a goal before him: Get Doody! At night he sought the trail—on the lower West Side, and sometimes, farther west. *Get Doody!* was his watch word.

Results!

A trail!

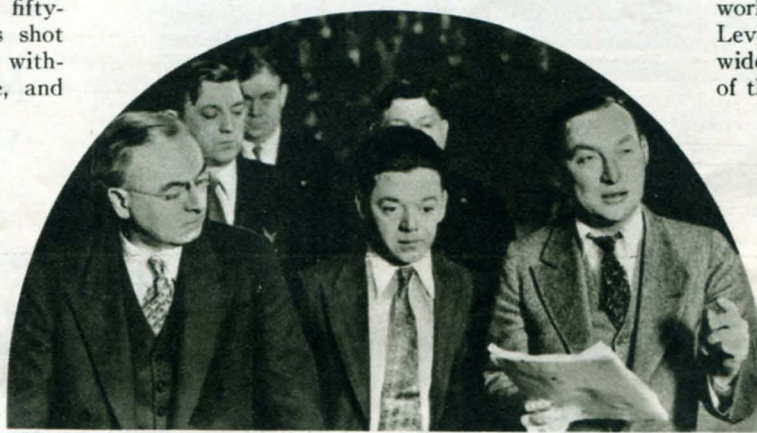
A word overheard in a fence's pool-room led Cotter to a dingy lodging house in Lake Street.

"The little fellow with the bushy hair," explained Cotter to a fat, swarthy landlady.

"Yeh—he wanted to sell me a car, an auto—yeh—I want to buy."

"He gone—two day now," she said, peering suspiciously at him.

Patient work again brought a hot trail. Again Cotter followed it in the lower West Side badlands. He watched (Continued on page 105)



(Right) Rear courtyard of building where Doody was captured. Arrow No. 1 indicates projecting edge of roof where two detectives stood with shot-guns covering window indicated by Arrow No. 2. The scarcely visible rear door of the apartment where Doody was captured, and which leads to the stairway, is indicated by Arrow No. 3. (Top) Doody (center) listening to his death sentence, pronounced by Judge Kerner. His face paled and he stared fixedly before him as he heard the ominous words, "death by electrocution." On the left is Asst. State's Atty. Ditchburne; on the right, Defense Counsel Stewart.



Lonesome Road, desolate stretch of the Roosevelt Highway between Santa Monica and Ventura, California, where, at three o'clock in the morning of Nov. 9, 1929, four strangers came across Bolton, by his car, with his wife dead in the front seat. Bolton said bandits had suddenly appeared and killed his wife, he himself being wounded by them, in the shoulder. Those who investigated this mysterious affair doubted his story

By
**WILLIAM J.
PENPRASE**

Deputy Sheriff
of
Los Angeles
County

As told to
**MARSHALL
WINGMAN**

The *Mysterious* Affair on

STRETCHING northward and to the west from Santa Monica, Los Angeles beach suburb, is the new Roosevelt Highway—the lonesome road which links the southern city to Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

The song of singing tires as cars flashed forth and back had died to an intermittent whistle. In a secluded beach cottage near Las Flores Canyon, F. A. Dunham raised up in bed as his wife turned on her side and moaned.

"Please get me some of those powders the Doctor left," she said. "I feel very ill again."

Dunham arose. While he was groping in the medicine cabinet the husband was startled by a volley of sharp reports on the highway in front of his home. Instinctively he knew that the sound came from the muzzle of a small pistol. Dunham hurried to a window in the front of his home and peered out in time to see a shiny new sedan starting away, going slowly eastward.

There was nothing Dunham could see to indicate anything wrong, and even if he had observed anything indicating that a crime had been committed, the secluded location of his cottage and the absence of a telephone prevented any immediate action.

Mr. Dunham found the powders requested by his wife, handed her a glass of water, and returned to bed.

IT was 3 o'clock on the morning of November 9th, 1929. Traffic had died down until only an occasional night traveler passed by. Fifty miles an hour is the speed limit on the open stretches of this road, and if one chooses to go faster at 3 o'clock in the morning there is no one to object.

J. K. Holly, J. B. Day, Bud Cannon, and Benjamin Fairbanks were driving west bent on a duck hunting trip in the slough district near Hueneme beach.

As they rounded a curve near Topanga Canyon the hunters were confronted by a shiny, new, Peerless eight sedan parked across the highway. The driver sought to go around the car fearing a hold-up, but the narrow road prevented, so he brought his car to a stop.

A blond young man staggered from the driver's seat of the sedan and rushed to the hunters' machine.

"For God's sake, help me!" he cried. "I've been robbed; the bandits killed my wife and shot me!"

The young man's left arm hung limp at his side. On the right hand side of the driver's seat in the sedan the hunters saw the form of a woman slumped down as though she were asleep. They investigated and found that she was wounded in the head and apparently dead. Taking the wheel of the sedan, Cannon piloted the death car to Santa Monica while the hysterical husband sat in the back seat restrained by Day. At Santa Monica the victims were left in the care of physicians at the Mary Martin Hospital and the police were notified.

A MOMENT later the telephone rang on the Captain's desk in the Sheriff's office at Los Angeles.

Captain A. C. Patton answered the call.

"There has been a robbery and murder on the Lonesome Road," said a voice over the wire. "Mrs. Lucille Bolton is dead and her husband was shot in the left shoulder. Please guard the roads and watch for a 1929 Chrysler roadster headed toward Ventura with two passengers—one was tall and the other short."

The call came from G. S. Figueiredo, alert night sergeant at the Santa Monica Police Department. Within five minutes Captain Patton had every road within fifty miles of the scene of the robbery and shooting guarded by heavily armed officers, and Walter Hunter, veteran Investigator of the homicide detail, was on his way to Santa Monica to begin the official investigation.

After issuing his orders to deputies and constables to guard all roads near the scene of the crime, Captain Patton set forth himself, with a special crew of officers, to patrol the beach highway secure in the belief that the bandit car would be captured and held for him by the time he completed his inspection.

And this belief was not without foundation, for the Roosevelt Highway between Santa Monica and Ventura is considered one of the best bandit traps on the Pacific Coast. Any bandit who commits a crime on this stretch of isolated pavement must virtually take wings and fly if he would escape the vigilance of officers called to guard the road at the north and south exits.

*"For God's sake, help me!
I've been robbed; the
bandits killed my wife
and shot me!" So said
John Bolton, sheik dance-
hall operator when
strangers approached his
car on Lonesome Road.
His wife was there—dead.
What was the REAL
TRUTH of what had
happened?*

LONESOME ROAD

To make this situation more clear in the mind of the reader, I will explain the geographical conditions which up until the time of Mrs. Bolton's death had caused all bandits to avoid "working" the Roosevelt Highway at this point.

THE crime in this instance was reported to have been committed about one and one-half miles north of Topanga Canyon. The bandits had speeded away to the northwest headed towards Ventura. Traveling in that direction on this road, a motorist finds on his left nothing but a restless ocean rimmed by intermittent strips of beach, rocks and cliffs. On his right are still other cliffs or rugged hills here and there broken by rough valleys. There are only a few rough mountain roads leading through this range of hills to the Inland Highway.

The Lonesome Road between Santa Monica and Ventura is about sixty-five miles long, but the distance along the ocean is only about forty-five miles. The northern exit of the highway as it leaves the beach and turns toward the Inland Highway is marked by a summer resort called "Hollywood By The Sea." Between this point and Topanga Canyon there is no road leading to the east that a fleeing bandit would care to use.

From these facts it can be seen readily that an officer has but to guard four or five vantage points to apprehend any bandit car which once enters the beach road; and a majority of bandits know this. For this reason Sheriff William I. Traeger had never anticipated any serious law violations on the Roosevelt Highway.

And for this same reason Captain Patton and Detective Hunter figured rightly that the crime must have been committed by amateurs. Certainly no experienced criminal would enter such a trap to rob a man of but twenty-six dollars and then murder his wife.



Pretty Lucille Bolton as she appeared about five months before her mysterious death—at the hands of hold-up men, according to her husband. He stated that she recognized one of the bandits, and called out to him, "Isn't your name Woods?" whereupon the other bandit shouted, "Plug them!" following which they shot and killed her

HUNTER and Figueiredo were the first officers to interview Bolton and get the story of the shooting. Bolton told them that he had started out with his wife late on the night of November 8th to drive to Ventura but that they turned around shortly before reaching their destination and returned towards Los Angeles. On the trip northward, Bolton said, he had noticed a fast roadster following. On the return trip Mrs. Bolton was driving. When they reached a point near Las Flores Canyon, according to Bolton, the roadster speeded up, crowded the big sedan to the edge of the highway and forced it to stop. Two men got out of the roadster. One of them was a tall slim man with sunken cheeks and high cheek bones. The other was a short, dark-complexioned man apparently of Mexican extraction, Bolton told Hunter.

Both of them approached the Bolton car. Mrs. Bolton was at the wheel. Confronted by the pistol of the tall bandit, Bolton handed him his pocketbook. The bandit extracted twenty-six dollars in currency and returned the wallet to Bolton.

"I know that man," Mrs. Bolton exclaimed then, according to her husband. "Isn't your name Woods?" She was addressing the tall bandit.

"Better get them; plug them," growled the short bandit upon hearing this remark, the wounded man declared. With

that the slim bandit shot Mrs. Bolton twice in the head and when her husband tried to grapple for the gun he received a wound in the left shoulder. The bandits then leaped into their car and fled.

According to Bolton, the right hand door to the car was closed during the shooting, but the glass had been lowered.



The engine of the car was running.

In his first story of the robbery and shooting as related to Jack Day, one of the hunters, Bolton said that the tall bandit turned off the motor, removed the ignition keys and threw them on the pavement a short distance down the highway.

Knowing that the Roosevelt Highway between Los Angeles and Ventura is a road shunned by bandits, Hunter decided to scout Bolton's story and

owned a gun and the young dancing master answered "no."

"I believe I have seen you at the Sheriff's office seeking a permit to carry a gun," Hunter said, deciding to test the young man's story further.

"You have never seen me in any such place," Bolton answered angrily. "You may go to my room and search it and you will find no gun there. I have never owned a gun in my life. I want you to catch those bandits. I'm sure I would recognize that tall one a hundred years from now."

HUNTER sat beside Bolton's bed in the hospital reviewing the evidence accumulated thus far.

Bolton moaned and turned on his side.

"I know she isn't dead," the wounded husband sobbed. "She can't die. Go and ask her what happened, and if she is dead, why I am going to go with her!"

Hunter pondered these words, but said nothing more for several minutes. Finally he asked:

"Do you know Woods, the man your wife named during the robbery?"

"No, I have never heard of him before," Bolton answered. "But my wife used to be a dancing instructor," he added, "and she probably had met the highwayman at one of the dance halls."

"Well, do you think that the bandit left any fingerprints on the door of the car?"

"Yes, there are some on the door."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Maybe I'm wrong. Come to think of it, that bandit wore kid gloves. You won't find any fingerprints." Bolton seemed unsure of his facts and considerably confused.

Hunter then made an inventory of Bolton's personal effects. Among the articles taken from the young man's pockets, Hunter found a flat key which stirred a great deal of concern in Bolton's mind.

"That is a key to my safety deposit box," he told the detective. "Be very careful not to lose it."

LEAVING the hospital, Hunter then went to the scene of the crime to inspect the automobile. Near there he found C. B.

Floyd, a highway patrolman, who stated that he was sitting in his car near that place at the time of the shooting. He said that he did not hear any shots fired, and this caused the officer to believe that Bolton had not told us truthfully the exact location of the shooting.

Following this interview with Floyd, an inspection of Mrs. Bolton's body was made. It was found that the woman had been shot twice. One of the bullets had struck in the right temple between the eye and ear. The second bullet hole was an inch below. The middle finger of the woman's right hand was shattered by a bullet and powder-burned as though she had put her hand to her temple instinctively to ward off the second shot.

(Above) John Dewey Bolton, Jr., dancing master and "sheik." This photograph shows the *gigolo* as he appeared in the palmy days when he was seeking the patronage of wealthy, elderly women who frequently employed him as an escort. (Right) Captain William J. Bright, whose able manner of handling homicide cases is well known on the Coast, is shown on the left. He is conferring with Frank Curran, Deputy District Attorney, on evidence uncovered in the Bolton case. (Below—in circle) Mrs. Alice Swan, mother of Mrs. Bolton, the slain girl. Her story to Captain Bright added a strong link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against Bolton



check it in every possible way.

After the shooting, the wounded man said, he moved his wife's body over to the other side of the driver's seat and drove up the highway until he encountered the four hunters.

"I asked Bolton why he did not knock the gun from the bandit's hand," Hunter wrote in his report. "Bolton said, 'I had a chance to do it several times but I didn't. If I had thought that he would have shot Lucille I certainly would have lunged for the gun sooner.'"

Despite the fact that the gun was held almost in front of his face, Bolton was unable to furnish a good description of it. Hunter asked him if he

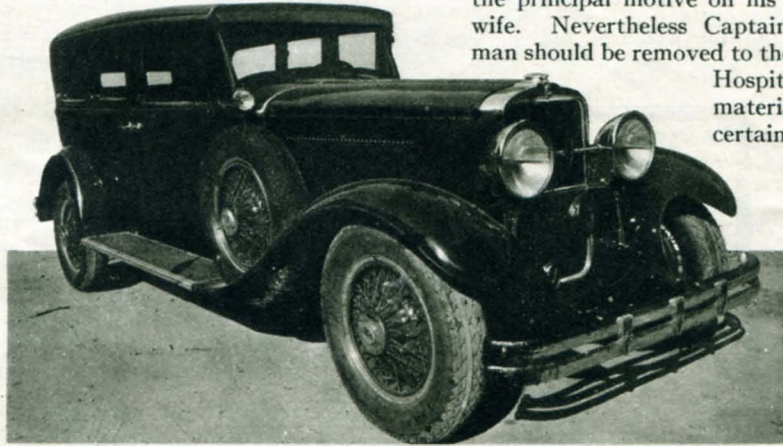
At this time Captain William J. Bright, chief of the Sheriff's homicide investigation detail; Frank P. Gompert, chief homicide technician, Harry Brewster, V. P. Gray and I arrived to take up the investigation.

A thorough search of the highway in the vicinity of where the crime was committed was made at once in the belief that tire prints or empty shells might be found which would serve as evidence in the case. Nothing of value was found, however.

LATER, we interviewed W. B. Thomas, a watchman a few miles from the scene and he stated that he had not seen two cars proceeding towards Santa Monica at any hour near the time of the murder as fixed by Bolton.

We then made an exhaustive examination of Bolton's automobile, took photographs of the interior and measurements for our records. Our principal discovery was one discharged .25 automatic cartridge.

While we were continuing this phase of the inquiry, Detective Hunter, accompanied by Rudolph Vejar,



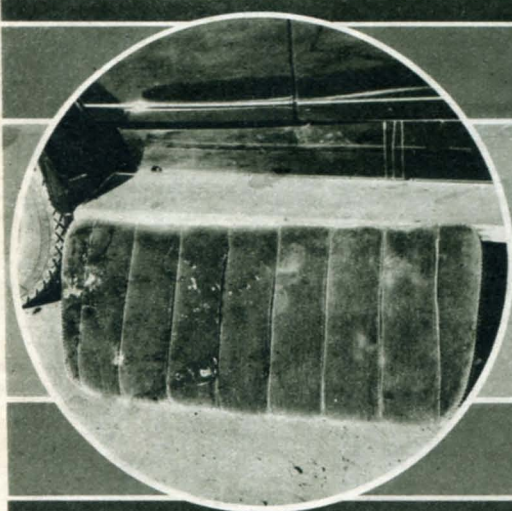
The young husband's story did not ring true. Already we had found a few serious discrepancies in his story and the fact that he would collect \$10,000 insurance money in the event of his wife's death by violence, provided sufficient motive.

And so we began to check the life of Bolton. We found that he was known about Los Angeles as a wealthy, successful, dance hall operator. Numerous persons told us of the times they had seen him driving about town in the most expensive of automobiles driven by his private chauffeur.

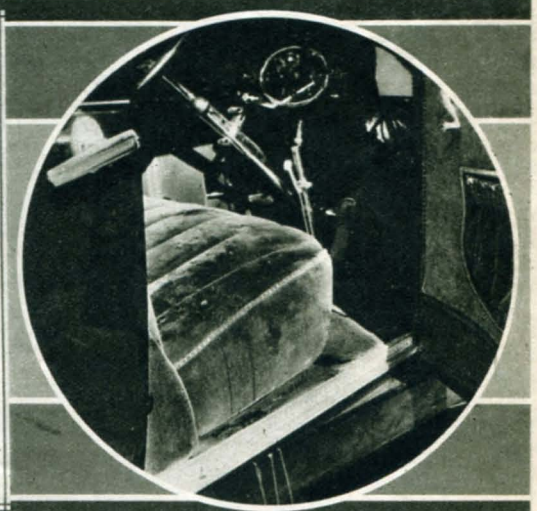
That, of course, brought up the question of his financial standing. Inspecting Bolton's bank books, we found that he apparently had \$5000 to his credit. This seemed to remove the principal motive on his part for the murder of his wife. Nevertheless Captain Bright decided that the man should be removed to the prison ward of the General Hospital to be held there as a material witness until we were certain of either his guilt or innocence.

While being transported to the prison ward of the hospital in an ambulance accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Brewster, Bolton for the third time that night told his story.

To begin with, he



(Above) This is the automobile borrowed by Bolton a few hours before he and his wife went on their last ride together along Lonesome Road, and in which she was killed. Close-up views at the left and right show plainly that the bloodstains were on the right side only of the cushion, disproving Bolton's story that his wife was driving the car



another homicide detail officer, visited Bolton's apartment at 1919 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. There they found a bullet from a .25 automatic pistol in the bottom of a cedar chest. These officers also found a loaded .25 automatic cartridge on a shelf in the apartment kitchen.

On this same shelf Deputy Vejar found a tin box, obviously designed to hold documents of value. The officers opened it with the key found in Bolton's pocket which he had said belonged to a safety deposit box. They found it contained thirteen dollars in cash, several pawn tickets, and two insurance policies—one for Lucille Bolton and one for John Dewey Bolton. The policies insured each of them for \$5,000 with a special clause providing \$10,000 for death by accident or violence. In each case the survivor would be the beneficiary.

After reviewing these facts obtained by the preliminary investigation officers and adding to them what we had discovered in our own inquiry, Captain Bright agreed with me that the robbery story didn't sound right. Bolton, therefore, became a suspect in the case along with the mysterious bandit designated as Woods.

admitted that the new Peerless eight sedan was not his, and that he had borrowed it from John Denarci, 1911 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles, after stating that he might purchase it.

IN his conversation with Brewster, Bolton went more into detail concerning his movements on that night. He told of obtaining the car early in the evening and driving around town "trying to pick up a girl."

"Did you succeed?" Brewster asked.

Bolton ignored the question. Continuing the story, the wounded man said that he had promised to meet his wife, who worked at the Tower Theater, Eighth and Broadway, Los Angeles, at 10 P. M. on the night of November 8th. Mrs. Bolton was employed there as an usherette. But in his quest for romance elsewhere, Bolton forgot about his wife, he told Brewster, and continued driving around Los Angeles until mid-night when he returned to his apartment.

Arriving at his own apartment, Bolton said, he was quite embarrassed to find that his wife had returned during his absence and asked her to go for a ride with him in the new

Peerless sedan to smooth over the situation. This was at midnight, approximately. They started to drive to Ventura, he said, but turned back when near their destination because they found a section of the highway torn up.

During the drive toward the northern city the dancer said he noticed a fast roadster following. After turning back toward Santa Monica, however, Bolton said he did not notice the roadster again until a few minutes before the robbery and shooting.

The story to Brewster was more graphic than the one he had told previously, for he declared that during the hold-up the tall bandit opened the door and leaned into the car and shot Mrs. Bolton, then shot Bolton when he sought to protect his wife.

Brewster pondered over this information and let Bolton talk. During the trip to the hospital the prisoner seemed quite worried although he had not been told that he was in custody. He had merely been informed that he was being taken to a hospital where his wounds would be given good care.

SUDDENLY Bolton turned to Brewster.

"You know that innocent men frequently are framed?" he growled.

"What do you mean?" Brewster asked hurriedly as he bit his cigarette into a pulp.

"Well, you know that they are," the prisoner added.

"You have nothing to fear on that score," Brewster said. "All we want in this case is the truth."

"Well, I'm telling all that I know about it," the wounded man whimpered. "I have nothing to hide, so why should I be afraid."

There was nothing unusual about this assertion, except that Bolton repeated it several times during the trip to the hospital and it sounded remarkably like the monologue of a guilty man whose courage was slipping.

Bolton also told Brewster that he never had owned a gun and urged that the officers check "those damned auto rental places. I know you could get a line on this fellow Woods through these auto rental places, because all these damned stick-ups rent their cars or steal them," Bolton said.

Well, we did check the auto rental places, and we found that a man known sometimes as Ed. Jackson and sometimes as William Woods frequently had rented cars, at a certain rental place, for Bolton while acting as his chauffeur. This was a clue which immediately became the subject of an intensive inquiry by more than a score of investigators.

In the meantime, of course, we had been seeking acquaintances and relatives of the Boltons in our efforts to ascertain the status of their family life or the existence of enemies. Among the first we found was Mrs. Florence E. Clark, 57

West Mira Monte Street, Sierra Madre, a small suburban city which stands at the foot of Mt. Wilson north of Los Angeles. She was an aunt of the slain woman.

Mrs. Clark came to Captain Bright's office and there made a signed statement which gave us all a thrill. This statement, which confirmed many of our early suspicions, was made in the presence of Mrs. Alice Swan, mother of the murdered woman; Mrs. Ralph Cook, a friend; Captain Bright, and myself:

"How long have you known John Bolton?" Captain Bright asked.

"Three years," Mrs. Clark replied.

"And do you know anything about his married life, his troubles, etc.?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever heard him make threats?"

"Just last Wednesday night, a week."

This statement caused us all to crowd closer around the table.

"Just what was it?" Captain Bright queried, resuming his questioning.

"They came up to our house for dinner after Lucille was off work. They came up to dinner with us. My mother and I live up there and he came up there to get some money. I am pretty easy and they work me."

"In the course of the conversation he said he was crazy about Lucille and nobody else could have her and he would kill her before anybody else could have her. I said to him, 'Barking dogs never bite.' He never scared me. I felt that he would not say so much about it if he really meant it."

"Did you give him some money then?"

"Not then; the next day. I didn't make any promises and she (Lucille Bolton) said, 'Aunt Ella, you never failed me yet.' That touched my heart and I said, 'Call me up Thursday morning.' And she called me up about 8:30 A. M."

"I CAME into town on the ten o'clock car and she came to the station and waited until I came. I said, 'Wait until he comes. I will say what I have to say to him.' He came and he told me he was going to start up in business."

"How much did you lend him?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. I wrote a check for one hundred and fifty dollars."

"That was on the seventh?" Captain Bright asked her.

"Yes. Well no, I think it was the last day of October."

"You let him have a hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Yes. He gave me a note and that note included the interest, you see? He gave me a note for two hundred dollars payable January 1st. Of course I knew I was hooked, but then it was good enough for me."

"You haven't seen him since then?"

"No."

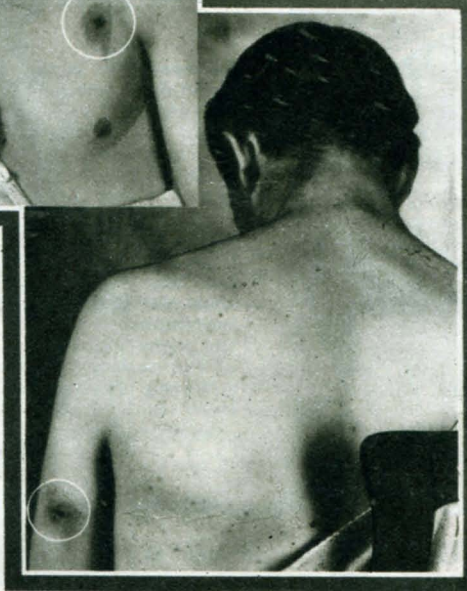
"What kind of business were they going into?"

"He told me he was going to open up a dance hall, but he told my sister he was going in the café business. He even took me up to the place and introduced me to the people. He wanted me to go to Attorney (Continued on page 82)



In the upper picture Bolton removed his jail clothing to show officers just where the "bandit's" bullet entered his shoulder—but, the officers turned Bolton around and made a photograph of the place where the bullet lodged beneath the skin and was removed by a doctor.

These photographs, brought into court, enabled Deputy District Attorneys Crail and Curran to prove to the jury almost the exact position of Bolton's arm at the time he was struck by the bullet—and their deductions made Bolton's story sound "phoney"



DEAD MAN'S SHOES

FRED WEISS was one of those jovial, affable, rotund little German-Americans to whom everyone said "good morning," and whom everyone loved. He made the best suits in Olympia, capitol of the state of Washington—or, at least that is the reputation he had among the business men of the city. His prices were so fair and his patience on delayed payments so very reasonable, that he had built up a fine trade among the better class of skilled labor that worked in the logging camps in Southwestern Washington.

If times got a little slack, as they did in 1915, Weiss would pack a few samples into a suitcase and start out on a round of the camps, calling on old customers and making new ones. Upon such a trip he set forth on June 1st, 1915, and after three days had gone by, without word from her husband, his good wife, considerably worried, reported the matter to the police.

Fred Weiss never had a bad habit, unless you listed as such his daily visit to the "Tony Faust" for a social glass of "schnapps" or a schooner of beer.

EVERYBODY knew the little tailor, and everyone whom you accosted in that first week after he failed to return to the happy home above the tailor shop on Main Street, had the same question on their lips, "Have they heard anything from Weiss yet?"

So it went until the night of June 9th, everyone agreed that though he hadn't an enemy in the world, that something ill had befallen him. To the minds of the citizens' posse assembled in the old Thurston County Court House the nine day absence without word to his family spelled the certainty of death.

Sheriff John Gifford was in charge, and to help him in the search on the morning of the tenth, were a hundred or more men, dressed for trails and the forests, for the first search was to be made in the



Strange clues have brought murderers to the bar of justice. The perpetrator of a crime never knows! The keen eyes of a detective will find some tell-tale sign the slayer never thinks of—
as IN THIS CASE, FOR INSTANCE!



Weiss' body was found twenty feet from the trail which he is supposed to have taken over the hills in the background shown above—the spot being about where the cross appears in the upper right hand corner. (Top) Joe Parrott—the man who wore the wrong shoe

vicinity of Simpson's Camp 4, about twenty miles from Olympia. Weiss before leaving home had told his son Carl that he intended to go to Camp 4, for a "try on" with a couple of loggers for whom he had made clothes for years.

IT was quite customary in those days "B. P.," for anyone soliciting trade from the camps to take along a little something to drink. So the tailor had in his suitcase, besides the two partially finished suits, one pint bottle of whiskey, "Old Taylor" by brand.

A check-up at Camp 4 on Saturday, June 9th, had established the fact that Weiss had never reached his appointment with the two loggers, which was to have been at the dinner hour on June 1st. These two men were his friends and there could be no doubt as to the truth of their statements. That is, there didn't seem to be any doubt at that time.

THERE were two ways to reach Camp 4, from the railway station at Gate, where Weiss should have arrived at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the first. You could go around the road—that was the long way. Or you could go over the hills back of the town, and take a short cut through the second growth and small undergrowth that had sprung up after the burns had passed over.

Sheriff Gifford concluded that Weiss, being on foot would take the short cut. The posse which had assembled at the school house on the prairie, spread out over a considerable area, walking about thirty feet apart on both sides of the trail.

Prosecuting Attorney George V. Yantis, and myself walked directly up the rather steep trail. It must have been along about 10:30 in the morning when we heard a yelping from Bob Taylor's little white cur, and soon thereafter a cry from Bob himself "Here

By HOLLIS B. FULTZ

he is!" In a few minutes most of the posse was gathered about all that remained of the jolly tailor.

There, under a log, not more than twenty feet from the trail, he lay, a bloated and swollen corpse, covered with flies and insects.

Many of the members of that posse had been face to face with death in the woods before, but to George Yantis, just out of Wisconsin University, the sight of the man whom he had known from youth, lying in a pool of blood, was particularly distressing. It was the young prosecutor's first real murder case, rather a test of his ability in a community which had elected him as a Democrat over his Republican opponent, in a nominal Republican county.

THE mystery of the death of Fred Weiss was not solved by any one man, but by the determined effort and the great interest of many men, but no prosecutor, though he were wise with years of experience ever wove together a more complete case than did this young man, who now stood sorrowfully before the body of his murdered friend.

No very close examination could be made of the body in the position in which it lay.

Many were the conjectures of the manner in which Weiss had been killed. Most of us went to town thinking that a sharp-edged club, which fitted neatly into a crease of the tailor's battered hat, had been the murder weapon, but Yantis's keen eyes had seen a small round hole in the back of the skull.

A short distance away, shoved under a log, we found the suitcase, the straps having been hurriedly cut. The watch, the purse usually carried by the murdered man, and all his money were missing. The pockets had been turned wrong-side out. The two suits for the "try-on" were still in the suitcase—they had not been sufficiently completed to be of any use to the murderer. The pint bottle of whiskey was gone. On the dead man's feet there were no shoes.

A feeble attempt to obscure the route taken by the murderer in finding the body was discovered when a few dried twigs, stuck into the ground by the side of the trail, were handed to Yantis by one of the party. A dirty rag, used for cleaning a gun, and a few empty cartridges, found in the underbrush a short distance from the scene of the crime, were the only other apparent clues.

After the coroner had arrived to take the body to Olympia, Prosecutor Yantis called a little council of war. "I am going up to Camp 4," he said, "to see if I can find out whether anyone was discharged from Camp

on June 1st, or whether any new employees came in that day, but first I want all of you to take a good look along the side of the trail, and see if you can find a pair of old shoes."

It was Bob Taylor who spoke up, "Why I saw an old shoe lying by the side of the little creek about half-way down the hill."

"Let's get it," said Yantis.

Where the trail crossed the little stream, that sprang from some hidden spring, ran a foot-log, and there by the side of the log, I found a broken pint whiskey bottle, with an "Old Taylor" label on it.

Maybe if the fellow who killed Weiss hadn't stopped to drink that pint of whiskey he might have thought to hide the two shoes better, which we soon found. One shoe up stream about as far as a man could throw—the other about the same distance down stream.

IT was rapid work—the picking up of this important clue—but most of the men of that posse were hunters and woodsmen. Any strange object in the brush was sure to attract their attention.

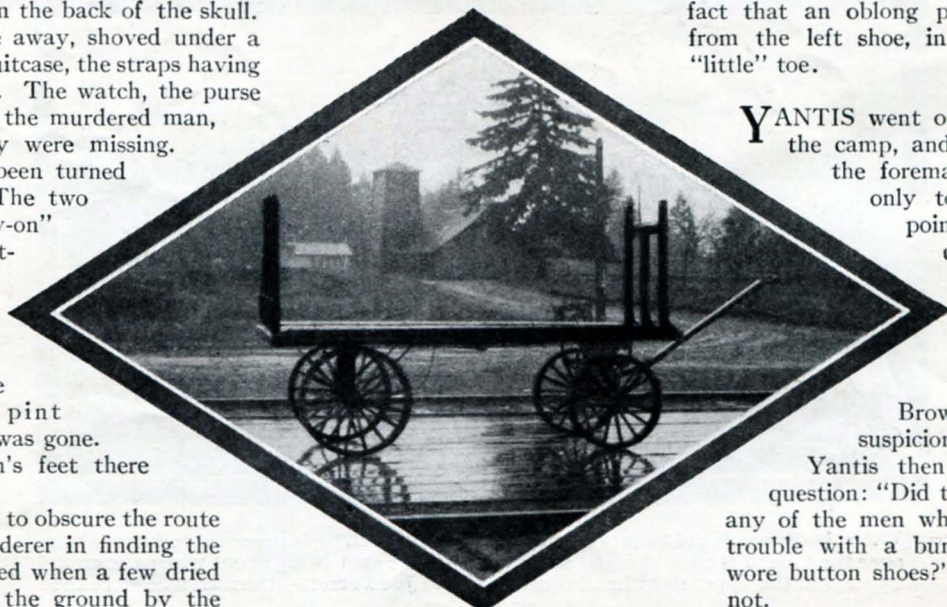
The shoes were of the old "swing" type, straight on one side of the last, and curved on the other. They fastened with buttons, and were low shoes, well worn. But what seemed to interest Yantis most, was the fact that an oblong piece had been cut from the left shoe, in the region of the "little" toe.

YANTIS went on over the hills to the camp, and there interviewed the foreman and timekeeper, only to have the disappointing news that no one of the employees had gone over the trail on June 1st with the exception of W. H. Brown, who was above suspicion.

Yantis then asked a peculiar question: "Did the foreman know of any of the men who had been having trouble with a bunion—someone who wore button shoes?" The foreman did not.

Yantis talked to Brown, and after satisfying himself that Brown had nothing to do with the crime, the Prosecutor came back to Olympia.

Olympia had for chief of police in 1915, one Ben Hall, an erstwhile blacksmith, who had ridden into office on the same upheaval that brought young Yantis in. Ben Hall was a very ordinary sort of a fellow with a desire to be a great detective. Ambition stirred in the breast of the village blacksmith—he really hadn't (Continued on page 108)



As W. H. Brown (one of the employees of a near-by lumber camp) and a stranger sat together on the express truck (shown above) at the railway station at Gate, Wash., meanwhile swinging their feet to and fro, Brown noticed something about the stranger's feet. It was only that the left shoe had been cut to give more room for the little toe—but that small item was destined to play an important part in the stranger's life, and cause Brown to testify against him. (Top) Schoolhouse where the posse assembled preparatory to starting out in their search for Fred Weiss

S U M M E R !

yet your
POWDER
clings,
rouge stays on
and you look
ALWAYS
LOVELY



Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

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Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U.S.A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Smashing "Little Egypt's" Gangster King

(Continued from page 51)

the heavy ambulance careened ahead at a furious clip. But the auto of the pursuers was the speedier. Under threat of a machine gun, leveled toward him, Nolen brought the ambulance to a stop.

Three men leaped from the auto. One carried the machine gun; another held a revolver, the third dangled a lengthy coil of rope.

The ambulance door was jerked open. "Get out," the machine gunner instructed Pulliam mother. "We've got to hang that guy," indicating the wounded man.

The aged woman screamed and flung herself across the recumbent body of her son.

She was prodded in the ribs with the muzzle of the machine gun. When this threat did not persuade her out of the ambulance, the man with the revolver clubbed the woman and beat her over the head until flowing blood almost blinded her.

Still she clung to young Pulliam, crying hysterically for mercy in his behalf.

She took more blows about the head and shoulders but with a strength of desperation retained her position as a shield over her son.

The leader of the gang, later described as "bearing a remarkable resemblance to Charlie Birger," finally called off his men.

"We'll get Pulliam some other time," he decided. "I want to hang him but I don't want to kill a woman to do it."

Then the ambulance was permitted to proceed into Benton.

At just this time another sensation broke. The body of Lory L. Price, the missing highway policeman, battered almost beyond recognition, was found among the soggy, swampy lands near Nashville, Illinois, some sixty miles from Marion where he and his wife had been kidnaped. Price's neck was broken and there were thirteen wounds in his body, apparently made by both a pistol and a machine gun.

ALMOST at the very moment that in Quincy, across the state, the Sheltons were being denied a new trial on the Collinsville robbery charge, the body of the man they were suspected of having abducted and slain was being discovered in a small clump of bushes on the farm of Joseph Waldman by a hand who was repairing fences. It was still garbed in the police uniform and Price's badge, No. 78, was pinned to the jacket. An insignia of the Eighty-seventh division, with which he had served overseas in the World War until made prisoner by the Germans, was fastened to his belt.

Carl Shelton from his jail cell at Quincy issued a statement denying that he or his brothers knew anything about Price's murder and suggested that Birger be questioned.

The suggestion was carried out and both Birger and Connie Ritter, one of his lieutenants, were taken into custody without any formal charge being placed against them. Both denied knowing anything of the killing and Birger pointed out that his wife had been very friendly with the Prices and had been a visitor at their

home on the very afternoon before they were kidnaped.

Eventually the pair were released and attention diverted to a thorough but futile search for the body of Mrs. Price in the vicinity where her husband's body had been found. That she, too, had been slain was taken for granted, probably in one of the nearby roadhouses of Washington County where the Sheltons sometimes roistered with their men.

Failure of the authorities to take and question Art Newman when they seized Birger and Ritter after the finding of the body of Price was now explained by a report, apparently emanating from Birger himself, that he and Newman were "on the outs" as a result of Newman's testimony about inside matters at the trial of the Sheltons.

"Everybody knows what happens to a man when he talks too much," Birger said significantly.

NEWMAN had disappeared from the usual haunts of the gang but presently was reported visiting a sister in St. Louis. When efforts were made to locate him there, however, it was learned he had dropped completely out of sight.

A coroner's jury heard what little evidence there was in the death of Price and the inquest was indefinitely adjourned. The slain policeman's body was taken in charge and buried with military honors by an American Legion post of which he at one time had been commander.

Once more the Price case dropped out of sight.

Birger's gang had been materially weakened since the advent of Oren N. Coleman as Sheriff. In the county jail at Marion four of his youthful henchmen were awaiting trial on charges of highway robbery. "Jackie" Williams and Pearl Phelps, girl companions of two of the gangsters, were held as material witnesses.

Coleman and his deputies had seized the six in a raid upon a building at Herrin, following the holdup of an old man, Joe Murray, of Weaver, who had been gagged and robbed of his personal belongings.

The youths—Harry Thomassen, Ray Rone, Danny Brown and Ray Hyland, alias "Izzy, the bad Jew"—went on trial in March. To their consternation, Jackie Williams and Pearl Phelps took the stand against them and accused all but one of the robbery of old Murray. Hyland, they said, had not taken part but they professed not to know who the fourth robber had been.

One of them, explaining from the witness stand why they had associated with the gangsters, said: "A girl will do a lot of things she ought not to do when a gun is pushed into her ribs. They told us they'd make sausage meat out of us if we didn't do what we were told."

"Then they quit loving us after a time," she added to make clear why she was testifying now.

Outside of court, one of the girls said vindictively: "If we told all we knew, some of those fellows would have a rope around their necks," a remark which was accepted as empty boasting.

The defense seized upon their statements to charge that the girls had perjured themselves because the defendants "quit loving us after a time." An alibi was offered. One of the witnesses called to support it was a youth named Guy Roberts of West Frankfort.

Old Joe Murray, victim of the robbers, gasped when he saw Roberts on the stand.

"Why, that's the other man who robbed me," he whispered excitedly to a bailiff and Roberts was taken into custody when he left the stand. Incidentally, he was later convicted. It was a striking instance of the brazenness of the gangsters that he should have dared come into court at all.

Hyland alone of the quartette was acquitted. The others were sentenced to prison, Harry Thomassen being ordered to Pontiac Reformatory because he was only nineteen.

Birger made strenuous efforts to get young Thomassen paroled, or at least released on bond but made no attempt to do anything for Rone and Brown, although their positions with the gang were apparently as good as that of Thomassen.

Birger's activities in behalf of the youth aroused further suspicion that Thomassen held the key to something important.

Over in Franklin County a new state's attorney, Roy C. Martin, had never given up hope of solving the murder of Mayor Joe Adams of West City. Martin came into office without any affiliations that might hamper him in investigation of gangster activities. Like the election of Oren Coleman as Sheriff in Williamson County, Martin was chosen apparently because the decent element was ready for a clean-up of a situation that had become intolerable. The Adams assassination was presented to him as the first major crime during his incumbency as State's Attorney.

THE note which had been used as a decoy for the roly-poly mayor of West City had come in for long and intensive scrutiny on his part. If he could but find it, he felt sure, the note held a clue to the slayers.

One thing struck him forcibly. "I knew their father," the note had said. That presupposed two things: the boys were brothers and their father was dead. The writer of the note might have inadvertently let the truth creep in.

Search among the known gangsters of Southern Illinois for two brothers whose father was dead turned up a pair in a hurry. One was Harry Thomassen, then in jail at Marion on the Murray robbery charge; the other, his brother, Elmo, had dropped out of sight around the first of the year.

State's Attorney Martin got his head together with that of Sheriff Oren Coleman of Williamson County, who had custody of the Thomassen youth. They decided to bide their time until the robbery charge was out of the way.

Meanwhile, however, Sheriff Coleman had been indulging his hobby of ballistics and other adjuncts of science as means of solving crime. An expert on firearms himself, he had conferred with Major

(Continued on page 70)



"NOW... I can stand the Public Gaze"... *Can You?*

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—*require* the observance of
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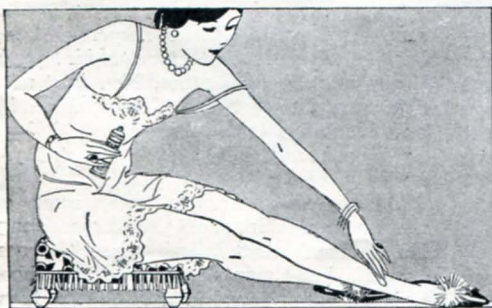
BRONZED . . . or white . . . lithe feminine legs are lovely only when they are free of fuzzy hair-growth.

Shapeliness of limbs cannot diminish the ugliness of superfluous hair. The informality of the bareleg vogue can't excuse it. Gossamer chiffon hose cannot conceal it. That's why dainty, modern women turn to Del-a-tone Cream. There's nothing else like it, for Del-a-tone Cream, perfected through our exclusive formula, is the only *white*, fragrant cream hair-remover.

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If your skin is smooth and free of hair—you can meet curious eyes with poise and self-confidence. Confirm your own personal daintiness by using Del-a-tone before going barelegged, putting on sheer, all-revealing silk hose, or exposing your arms in a fluttery evening gown.

Faintly fragrant... snow-white, Del-a-tone Cream removes hair *safely* in 3 minutes or less.



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June Clyde and Arthur Lake, supported by a clever chorus, prove how appropriate is the title of that sparkling Radio Picture, "Tanned Legs"

DEL-A-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover

Del-a-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty specialists for almost a quarter of a century.

Sales of Del-a-tone Cream during 1929 reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority; that's why.

Del-a-tone Cream and Powder on sale at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c. See coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Dept. 48, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor



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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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Street.....

City.....

(Continued from page 68)

Goddard, a ballistics expert of Chicago, and between them, by proving that a fatal bullet had been fired from a certain weapon, they had pinned a murder upon the guilty man and sent him to prison.

Coleman now began experimenting with a pearl-handled pistol which he had confiscated in the raid at Herrin that had netted the four Birger gangsters and the two girls. That boasting remark of one of the girls that "if we told all we knew some of those fellows would have a rope around their necks" might not be such pure braggadocio as it seemed.

MA RTIN entered whole-heartedly into the pistol experiment by producing the bullets with which Adams had been killed and which the coroner had extracted from his body. By and by Coleman made the startling, but not wholly unexpected, discovery that the fatal bullets had been fired from the pearl-handled pistol he had seized in arresting the sextette at Herrin.

He and Martin got hold of Jackie Williams and Pearl Phelps and questioned them. And the girls, still smarting because the boys had "quit loving them," came through with what they knew.

Pearl Phelps had spent the night before the Adams murder with Harry Thomassen at a house in Benton, county seat of Franklin County, and Thomassen had left her the following morning, only to come back that night in a state of great excitement.

With him was Ray Hyland, also excited. Either by force or persuasion, the girls had been induced to accompany them to *Shady Rest* and had been kept there seven days, while the youths apparently were "lying low."

The girls, putting two and two together, had been convinced that both Harry Thomassen and Ray Hyland had had a hand in the murder of Mayor Adams.

State's Attorney Martin believed so, too. So he went down to Pontiac Reformatory and laid his cards on the table in an interview with Thomassen.

Surprisingly, Thomassen came through immediately.

"My brother, Elmo, and I killed Joe Adams," he said, "but Charlie Birger made us do it."

Martin managed to conceal his elation. "That is not news to me," he said. "Tell me all the details now and repeat them when I get Charlie Birger on trial and I'll see that you do not hang along with them."

Thomassen agreed.

THE story that he told and which was taken down by a stenographer in the form of an affidavit follows:

"My brother, Elmo, and I had driven to *Shady Rest* in an old Ford with a load of tobacco which Birger bought from us. Then we hung around until between nine and ten o'clock that night when Art Newman called us into a room where Birger was sitting with Connie Ritter.

"As we entered, Ritter told Elmo to close the door and then Birger said, 'We got a job for you two boys to pull and it has got to be done tomorrow.'

"Art Newman then spoke up and said to me, 'Butch,'—that was my name at *Shady Rest*—'did you ever kill anybody?'

"I said, 'No, I never did in my life.'

"Birger looked at us for a minute and said, 'We have picked you two to kill Joe Adams; it will be easy for you to do it because he don't know either one of you. Anybody else I could trust he would know. Now we have it all planned out and will furnish you with guns and a driver and I want the job pulled tomorrow without fail. We will send you up to Adams' home in West City with a letter. You know where the house is and you go to the door. If Joe or Gus Adams or the Sheltons come to the door, shoot and kill them, but if anyone else comes and you can't get Joe to the door, leave and come back later on. We will send you down in the Chrysler car; it has lots of speed and it is a hot car anyway, so we won't lose anything by burning it afterward.'

"Art Newman again spoke up and asked me if I knew where Kate Williams' place was at Dowell.

"Birger broke in and said, 'Now, listen, both of you, neither the state, county nor all the law is big enough to get you from under the protection of Charlie Birger, Art Newman or Connie Ritter, so don't be afraid.'

"Then, Birger, turning to Hyland, said, 'Jew, do you want to drive the Chrysler car?'

"Newman broke in with 'Why, that Jew ain't got enough nerve.'

BIRGER laughed and said, 'Well, what do you say, Jew?' and Hyland answered, 'I don't know; I want to think it over,' and Birger said, 'All right.'

"I told them I had to go home first, that I would have to take care of the stock, and Elmo also spoke up confirming me and that he wanted to go home, too, but Birger broke in and said that it was no use in both of us going and that Elmo could stay at the cabin all night.

"Then, turning to me, he said, 'Now, you had better return in the morning or we will send for you.' With that I left the room and a car was found and I was taken to Benton.

"Hyland and my brother Elmo called for me about eleven o'clock the next day. It was Sunday morning and I didn't get up until ten. Hyland said, 'What do you say, are you ready to go?' I told him that I was feeling kind of shaky and didn't want to go, and he said, 'Well, you'd better,' and, after giving them something to eat, we all started back for *Shady Rest*.

"We went down into the basement where Birger, Connie Ritter, Ollie Potts, Art Newman, Bessie Newman and Steve George were sitting. Ollie Potts was Ritter's sweetheart. Art Newman asked how I was feeling and I told him that I was not feeling so good.

"Newman, Ritter and Birger then went upstairs and called us afterward. When Hyland got in the door Newman handed him a gun and said, 'I guess this one will do; Jew, take this downstairs, split the bullets and poison them.'

"Connie Ritter then took out an envelope and wrote the name Joe Adams on it and said to Newman, 'Art, this ought to turn the trick.' Then I walked out and when I returned Elmo had the envelope sealed and addressed to Joe Adams.

"Ray Hyland came in and handed the

gun back to Newman, who carefully looked in the barrel and smelled the bullets. Then he said, 'This looks all right and ought to get him. If every one of these bullets hit him he'll never get well.'

NEWMAN then gave us final instructions to meet him at the Duquoin 'Y' after the job, and after giving the three of us two drinks of whiskey apiece, started us out.

"On our way back to Benton we followed the old Johnson City Road. Newman and his crowd accompanied us as far as a gas filling station where a new fan belt was purchased for our car. Here they left us and on the way up I got sick and had to stop the car. We stopped for a short time at our rooming house in Benton and then went on to West City. We drove up near the Adams house and Elmo and I got out.

"We walked up on the Adams porch and Elmo knocked at the door. A woman answered and asked us who we wanted. Elmo asked her if Joe Adams lived there and she said, 'Yes, but he is asleep. Won't I do?'

"Elmo told her 'No,' and said, 'We have a letter to Joe from Carl Shelton.' She went back and called, 'Joe.' A big heavy-set fellow then came to the door and Elmo handed him the letter. As he started to read it, I let the big heavy pistol which I had up my sleeve slide down into my hand, and pulled the trigger twice. Elmo fired at the same time.

"Adams hollered, 'Oh, my God!' and we ran from the porch down the street past a man who acted as if he was going to stop us, and I fired a shot into the ground to scare him. We then continued to where Hyland was sitting in the car, jumped in and started away at a seventy-mile clip all the way to Christopher.

"When we got to the 'Y,' Newman wasn't there, but he showed up a short time later and took us all to Kate Williams' at Dowell. Birger came in later and asked Kate Williams where we were. She showed him to our room and after closing the door he said, 'Well, you sure did a neat job and that won't bother us any more. Come on, there is another job we got to do,' and then we all left for the 'Y' at Duquoin, where he laid in wait for the bus in the hope that Carl Shelton would arrive. After the bus left we went back to the cabin, where Connie Ritter paid me a hundred and fifty dollars for the job, which I divided evenly among the three of us."

Thomassen then sprang a surprise.

"The reason I am telling all this," he said, "is because Charlie Birger shot my brother, Elmo, to death, then put his body in the cabin at *Shady Rest* and blew it up with dynamite, killing Steve George, his wife and the Sims kid. Birger would have killed me, too, but I was arrested for robbery before he could find me."

Thomassen apparently knew some of the inner workings of the Birger gang. He declared that Ward "Casey" Jones, Birger's head man at *Shady Rest* whose body had been found in a creek, far from being slain by the Sheltons was shot at *Shady Rest* by a Birger gunman, Rado Millich, aided by one Eural Gowan, 19-year-old barbecue stand helper.

(Continued on page 72)

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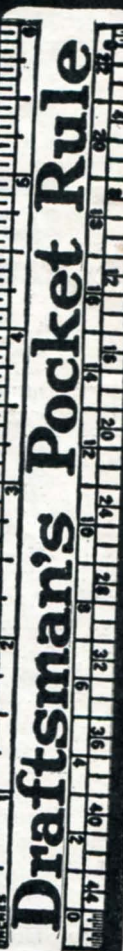
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positions. Also your new book "My Pay-Raising Plan." Also tell me about your
Money-Making Tools which you furnish. Send the free Pocket Rule.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Post Office..... State.....



(Continued from page 70)

"Jones and Millich quarrelled as to which was the boss at *Shady Rest* while Birger was away," Thomassen said. "I could hear the argument going on in the barbecue stand. Then I heard shots and ran over there. Jones was lying face down on the pavement. Millich stood there with a rifle and Gowan had a machine gun in his hands. The machine gun was one that belonged to Jones."

STATE'S ATTORNEY MARTIN and Sheriff James Pritchard, lanky young mountaineer, were jubilant over the confession of young Thomassen. If the things he charged could be proved, "Little Egypt" was in a fair way of being rid of the desperadoes who had ruled it with the gun for so long. Sheriff Oren Coleman of Williamson County, which had borne the brunt of the gang fighting, was called in and informed of what Thomassen had said. He agreed to help round up the gangsters named by the youth.

Arresting the minor gunmen was no difficult task since they had no inkling that they were wanted. But laying hands on Birger, Art Newman and Connie Ritter, the ringleaders, proved something else.

Birger, following his return from testifying against the Sheltons at Quincy, had been sticking close to his home in Harrisburg. Despite the fact a warrant charging complicity in the Adams murder had been placed in the hands of Lige Turner, Sheriff of Saline County, in which Harrisburg is located, he had not yet moved to arrest Birger.

Sheriff Pritchard decided to make the arrest himself. With him he took Sheriff Turner and a handful of deputies but, arriving at the Birger home, he left them and went to the house alone. The usual guards outside the place offered no opposition as Pritchard strode through their midst, asked for the gang chieftain and when he appeared said: "Birger, I want you."

Birger, expected to put up a battle backed by his henchmen, was docile. He said he had nothing to fear and would go peacefully—"but I could make it tough for you to take me if I wanted to," he added.

He thereupon demonstrated to the sheriffs and their deputies that his home was almost as strong a fortress as *Shady Rest* had been. In every corner of the living room a machine gun was mounted with its muzzle trained on a door or a window. Beside each gun stood a man with one pistol strapped to his waist and another laid close to hand.

Birger was taken off to the Saline County jail for the night, it being deemed unwise to start for Benton, county seat of Franklin County, during the hours of darkness.

There were two reasons. On the one hand, Birger's tame submission to the law was so unexpected it was suspected he planned to have himself rescued by his followers *en route* to Benton. On the other hand, the feeling against him was running high and it would not have been a huge surprise had a mob formed to take him from the officers.

When the following day Sheriff Pritchard, reinforced by his deputies and Sheriff Oren Coleman of Williamson County and

his deputies, appeared at the Harrisburg jail to take custody of the gangster it was to find an amazing situation.

Sheriff Turner had departed from town early that morning, his chief deputy said, and had left orders that Birger was not to be removed from the jail until his return. To guarantee it, Turner's deputies, heavily armed, were present in full force—and in his cell Birger himself sat with a machine gun across his knee and a pistol sticking out of his coat pocket!

Pritchard and his aides thereupon left the jail to await the pleasure of Sheriff Turner.

Turner two days later took the prisoner to Mount Vernon under heavy guard in reply to a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Judge J. C. Kern. The court refused to grant Birger his freedom and turned him over to Sheriff Pritchard, who promptly jailed him in Benton.

Indictments for Adams' murder were returned against Birger, Ray Hyland, who drove the Thomassens to and from the scene of the killing; Art Newman and Connie Ritter, accused of having been a party to the plot. Hyland had been seized at about the same time as Birger but Newman still was to be found.

Thomassen was not indicted because before the grand jury was able to act, the young gangster was brought to Benton from Pontiac reformatory, pleaded guilty and was given a life sentence in Menard Prison.

MEANWHILE Rado Millich and Eural Gowan had been arrested and indicted for the killing of Ward Jones, with which Thomassen had charged them. Since *Shady Rest* was in Williamson County, they were jailed at Marion.

Millich was a Montenegrin and was spoken of as "the knife man" of the Birger gang since he preferred to use that weapon and resorted to firearms only when compelled. He had served a term or two in prison for robbery, had been paroled and promptly had been taken up by Birger. The parole had been revoked because of his association with the gangsters and his return to prison had been ordered.

Incidentally, exactly the same thing was true in the case of Steve George, who with his wife had been a victim of the dynamiting that destroyed *Shady Rest*. He, too, was under parole and had been ordered back to prison for joining the Birgerites.

Unexpectedly the long arm of the law clamped down upon Art Newman, the fugitive. Out in Long Beach, California, the dapper little gunman and his wife were living quietly with relatives when one night an argument ensued between Newman and a sister-in-law. The latter called the police and told them who Newman was.

From the moment that the Long Beach holdover door clanged shut behind him, to hold him pending the arrival of Franklin County officers, Newman began to bargain for his life in the trial he soon would face in connection with the Adams' killing.

"I'll talk and talk plenty if I am promised that a life sentence is the worst I will get," he said.

No promise was made him but he talked anyhow—and not only did he corroborate the story of the Adams' murder as related by Thomassen but he flatly accused Birger

of personally killing Price, the highway policeman, and himself admitted complicity!

His story of the killing of Price, relayed from California to Illinois, produced a sensation by the sheer brutality which marked the double crime.

HERE is the version to which Newman swore:

"Lory Price always had seemed friendly enough to Charlie Birger, but after *Shady Rest* was bombed by an airplane, Birger became suspicious that Price was playing in with the Sheltons. Birger's spies had reported to him that Price was in the habit of meeting one of the Shelton brothers and talking to him on lonely stretches of road which Price patrolled.

"On top of that Birger learned that Price had tipped off the Federal authorities that it had been Birger, and not Shelton, men who had robbed a bank at Poca-hontas. Birger also was almost certain that Price was telling him what he wanted to know of the gang's activities.

"So one afternoon Birger sent word that he wanted to see me at his home in Harrisburg. When I got there I found Fred Wooten, Riley Simmons and Lester Simpson and Birger awaiting me. Birger said they wanted me to go along with them and have a talk with Policeman Price, who was talking too much.

"About nine o'clock we started out in two cars. Wooten and Simmons rode with me. Birger had the others with him.

"There were two cars in front of Price's home. Fearing that he had company, we drove on a few miles and slowly returned to find the house dark and no one at home, so we drove on to a barbecue stand near Johnson City.

"There we found a monkey. For about an hour we played with it. Birger prodded it with a machine gun and seemed to be enjoying himself. Then he said we would see if Price had returned home.

"All got out of the two cars and went up to the front porch. Price answered Birger's knock, and Birger demanded in a loud voice to know who blew up his cabin.

"Price said he did not know, and Birger told him to get in my car, that he wanted to talk to him. At the same time Birger took Price's pistol out of his pocket.

"Are you going to hurt me, Charlie?" Price asked.

"No, I just want to talk things over with you," said Birger.

"Price got in the back seat with Birger and Wooten in the front seat with me. As we started, Birger called out to Simmons and the others, 'Take care of that woman.'

"This alarmed Price and he exclaimed 'Charlie, please don't hurt Ethel.'

"Shut up," Birger ordered.

What awful truths will this estranged gangster reveal? Will his testimony silence Birger's machine guns for all time—or will he suddenly disappear as so many witnesses have? Can the law dethrone "Little Egypt's" gangster king? Never before in world history has such a crime center existed. Don't miss the final chapter of this amazing story in September **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** on sale at all news stands August 15th.

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And no hard work my way—my secret of "*Dynamic-Tension*" does practically all of the work for you. You simply spend a few minutes leisure time in your own home whenever you like, merely doing what I tell you—without "tricky" apparatus—without useless strain. And even in the first few minutes you begin to **FEEL** and **LOOK** better.

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The Shocking Fate of Jazz-Mad Julia McDonald

(Continued from page 23)

the hour they would have been retracing their route to Montreal) they had abandoned the murder car in the isolated section in Montreal, where it was found and then they had disappeared.

There was one thing, however, which the police could not explain. The autopsy on Bouchard's body indicated that bullets fired into his head and body were from a pistol of .38 caliber and one of the bullets was found, while the bullet marks made on the body of the abandoned automobile apparently were made by bullets of smaller size, probably .32 caliber.

But the circumstantial case against the three Americans was a complete one—and the Montreal police concentrated on the capture of the fugitives. An appeal was made to the United States Federal authorities for aid in the hunt and every state in the Union was covered with police fliers, offering a reward for the capture and conviction of George McDonald, his wife, Julia McDonald, and Frank Palmer.

Assured that they were on the right track, the Montreal police delved into the history of the mysterious trio which had disappeared so quickly after the killing of Bouchard. The McDonalds and Palmer in their brief stay in Montreal had attracted considerable attention in the night life of the city. They were called "jazz mad," never seeming to tire of "parties" which led them to haunts in the underworld, to roadhouses and dancing clubs where liquor was served. The young wife, Julia McDonald, had abandoned herself to pleasure, drinking heavily, but always close to the side of her husband, whose personality seemed to hold the girl in some strange fascination. The three had spent money freely, despite the fact that they had no visible means of support—and the answer to this came quickly, when checks given by McDonald for some of the parties came back from the banks with the notations, "No account" and "not known."

THE search for the jazz mad slayers made virtually no progress for a month after the slaying of Bouchard. Then, after close cooperation between the Montreal police and police of New York City, officials of the American metropolis notified their Canadian colleagues that they had learned the identity of the girl fugitive.

She was Mrs. Francis Clark Allen, before her marriage Miss Julia Frances Palmer, a former debutante of fashionable Mount Vernon, New York, who had had some success in Broadway shows and night clubs after leaving the home of her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Palmer of Mt. Vernon. Some months prior to their appearance in Montreal, she and McDonald, now known as her husband, had been accused of fleecing the wife of a sea captain in New York, but both had been released when the police failed to secure evidence enough to hold them.

This news came to the Montreal detectives on August 9th, 1927, more than three weeks after the search for the McDonalds and Palmer had begun.

The hue and cry for the perpetrators of the brutal Canadian slaying began to unfold the antecedents and habits of Julia

Palmer McDonald. People in Mt. Vernon declared the girl had been the victim of a mental condition due to the premature marriage of her parents—she was a daughter of a twelve-year-old mother and a fifteen-year-old father, and her marriage had been a choice morsel for conversation at the time it had occurred. She had married "Buster" Allen on a dare, after a courtship of ten hours!

But Julia Palmer had had advantages. While an infant she had been taken from her youthful parents, Mr. and Mrs. Les Snyder of Wheeling, West Virginia, and into the home of the Palmers in Mt. Vernon. Mrs. Palmer was a physician, specializing in children's diseases, and had bestowed the care of a real mother on Julia. The girl had grown into a beautiful young woman, sound of body—but with abnormalities which Mrs. Palmer feared.

The girl was received in the best social circles of Mt. Vernon. She was popular with the younger element of society and attended Miss Johnson's School for Girls and the Clark School of Concentration. But Julia lived in delusions of grandeur, a virtual dream life, and showed an abnormal interest in sex. She was lively, always seeking excitement, a lover of jewelry and fine clothes. She was a shatterer of conventions, always impulsive and was a "man's girl," having few girl friends.

On one occasion, said residents of Mt. Vernon, Julia had paraded Fourth Street in the town, clad only in a long coat, laughing with delight when her friends were shocked. On another occasion, on a summer night in 1925, Julia took the lead in merry-making at a swimming party at Hudson Park Beach, at Bridgeport, a rendezvous for Westchester County, New York, folk. Julia had doffed her bathing suit (and persuaded several others to do likewise) while in the water.

THE carefree manner in which the girl had gone through her brief life was revealed in the story of her marriage to Allen, as told by Thomas Holland, a former sweetheart of Julia's.

"Late in January, nineteen twenty-four," Holland said, "I went to Julia's home and her mother (Mrs. Palmer) saw me hugging her. Mrs. Palmer said, 'Be careful, for Julia was married last night to Francis Clark Allen.' Julia smiled, and said in a matter of fact way: 'Sure, I was married and my husband spent the night here and went home this morning. I think they are trying to dig up something on me, so they can annul the marriage.'"

"Julia had been drinking with friends on the night of January twenty-ninth. Julia and Allen, who then was twenty-five years old and lived in New Rochelle, were attracted to each other. Allen was a son of George C. Allen, a wealthy contractor. A girl at the party said, 'I'll bet you two (Buster and Julia) don't dare to get married.' Julia was only sixteen, but they took the dare. A marriage license was secured at New Rochelle and a Justice-of-the-Peace, George S. Bailie, of Port Chester, married them at nine o'clock at night. The party continued until midnight

and then Julia and Buster went to Mt. Vernon and broke the news to the Palmers. Julia and Allen parted the day after the wedding and Julia continued on her madcap way."

There was a baby born of the union of Julia and Buster Allen, and little Kenneth Allen Palmer, as the child was known, was being raised by Mrs. Palmer while Julia, tired of Mt. Vernon, was seeking amusement and fame as a show girl and entertainer in night clubs on Broadway. It was during this period in her life that Julia met the dashing George McDonald, the sheikish "Navy officer," who soon became her inseparable companion. From that time until they had slipped out of the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal to dash for the United States border they had lived together only as persons madly in love with each other could live.

THE revelation of the identity of Julia McDonald made possible a tightening of the chase for the fugitives who had shot down Bouchard, for pictures of the girl had been found in Mt. Vernon and New York City and a more reliable description of McDonald, the polished "Navy officer" with a cast in his right eye, were flashed throughout the Dominion and the United States. East and West, the police began checking every hotel and boarding house where the fugitives might have sought refuge.

But the first real clue of their movements came from Canada, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, where police reported that a man answering the description of McDonald, while posing as an American Navy officer, had passed several bogus United States Government checks. But, by the time the checks had been revealed as spurious, the forger had disappeared.

Next came word from New York where checks, payable to "H. J. Carter," apparently issued by The Continental Motors, Inc., had been cashed and later found to be bogus. As the New York police sought the elusive "Carter," word came from Portland, Maine, that "Carter" had secured money there on The Continental Motors, Inc., checks, and only a few days later merchants in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, reported that they, too, had been mulcted of considerable sums of money by a suave stranger who had bought expensive clothes—some of them women's clothes—and had paid for them with "The Continental Motors, Inc.," checks, taking the difference between purchase prices and the face value of the checks in money. These checks, also, were returned as the work of a forger.

Chicago was the next city to find a flood of these, The Continental Motors, Inc., checks bouncing back to merchants and individuals who had cashed them for a debonaire individual who lived in expensive hotels, rode in a snappy looking automobile and usually was accompanied by a woman of notable beauty.

The Brown Palace Hotel, in Denver, Colorado, then entertained a fine looking couple, accompanied by another man, who were touring the country in a Stutz tour-

(Continued on page 76)

He Left His Calling Card

—*Telltale Finger Prints!*



Written In Blood!



**Big Demand for Trained Men
Make \$2500 to \$10,000 a Year**

Finger Print Experts solved every one of these weird, blood-curdling crimes! Finger Print Experts gathered in the great big rewards—were appointed to high official positions for their work! Every day more and more trained men are needed. New Bureaus of Identification, new positions are opening up all the time. The field is uncrowded! Opportunities are unlimited!

YOU can learn Finger Print Identification easily, in a short time—in your spare time—at home! YOU can make \$2500 to \$10,000 a year as a Finger Print Expert. Find out how you can enter this most thrilling, adventure-some profession and make big money fast!

The Knock of Opportunity

Is the knock of the postman as he brings this book, "Finger Prints," to you. It brings you fascinating true detective stories. And more! It tells you how YOU can become a Finger Print Expert quickly and easily—at home, by mail—and at a very small cost—made still easier by our liberal Easy Terms. Mail Coupon NOW!

Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. C-143 Chicago, Ill.

THREE bloody finger prints on the cash register! He might as well have left his calling card—his doom was already written! These silent witnesses told the story—identified him—convicted him! Live through these thrilling adventures right with Detective McDonald as he gets Arizona's first finger print conviction. Mail the coupon below and get this gripping story FREE, with 12 others just as exciting!

13 True Detective Stories—FREE!

Gripping Mysteries! Gruesome Tragedies! Daring Deeds! Hair-Raising Climaxes! Every story will thrill you—grip you! You won't be able to lay it down until you have finished.

Think of it! Real Secret Service Operators give you "inside dope" on real crime cases. They reveal their secret workings—how they solved big crimes that baffled the police all over the country—how they won handsome rewards! These stories are YOURS FREE!—if you act quick! You would pay a good sum for them at a bookstore or news-stand. Here they are yours—FREE—for the asking. Mail the Coupon NOW!

Send for this Free Book!



**Institute of Applied Science,
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. C-143 Chicago, Ill.**

Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book of authentic detective tales, "Finger Prints;" also full details of your low prices and Easy Payment Plan. No literature will be sent to boys under 17 years.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Age _____

(Continued from page 74)

ing sport model car of zippy design. Before the week was over the couple disappeared in their automobile, leaving behind a check which was returned as bogus, and ten or more Denver merchants found in their mail similar sad news as a result of sales made to the now vanished couple.

Large sums were realized on these checks. Virtually all of them were on check forms of The Continental Motors, Inc., but were made payable to different persons. Some were issued to "H. J. Carter."

ON the morning of August 11th, a Stutz sport model car, piled high with baggage and a Police Dog puppy barking from the tonneau, rolled into Butte, Montana. The car bore an Illinois license, No. 574-826; it was dark maroon in color, with a trunk on the rear. At the wheel was a thin, dark, well-groomed man, and at his side was a beautiful girl, gowned expensively. The man wore a small moustache, a brown suit and a gaberdine top coat, brown shoes and a gray felt hat. The girl's demeanor was proud, but she was vivacious and gay, chatting with the driver cheerfully as the car rolled into the city.

In the tonneau of the car, crowded by the eight traveling bags it contained, was a man who held tight hold to the leash which was attached to the puppy's collar. He, too, was well dressed, but did not fit into the picture lent by his two companions. He was a colorless individual, seeming content to be relegated to the rear seat with the dog and baggage while the two in the front seat chatted together and ignored him in their conversation.

The man at the wheel of the Stutz car drove aimlessly through the streets of Butte for awhile and then suddenly pulled in toward the curb at the entrance to a hotel. Leaving the car at the curb, with the police dog puppy still in the tonneau, the three tourists entered the hotel with their eight traveling bags and registered as "Harry J. Carter," "Mrs. Barbara Carter" and "Charles Dayton." Assigned to rooms, the three saw their baggage carried to the floors above the hotel office and then they returned to their automobile, the thin, dark man driving away from the hotel through the business district of Butte.

AT the store of the National Trunk Factory, at 105 West Broadway, in Butte, the car came to a stop and the young woman descended. The car moved down the street a half block and waited as she ascended the steps and entered the store. Inside, the young woman walked from one show case to another, looking at bags and other leather goods. Finally she saw the bag she wanted and asked a clerk to let her examine it. The clerk took the bag from the case, opened it and told the price, which apparently satisfied his customer.

"I'll take the bag," said the young woman, smiling to the clerk. "But you'll have to take the money from this check—" and she handed the clerk a check, bearing the imprint of The Continental Motors, Inc., made out to "Barbara Carter."

"Mrs. Carter" established her identity with cards—membership cards for golf clubs—letters addressed to her and other means, took the bag and received in cash

the difference between the face value of the check, \$150, and the cost of the bag. Thanking the clerk and carrying the bag, she walked from the store and rejoined her companions in the Stutz car.

The check had been received by the trunk company just early enough to accompany its day's deposit in the Montana Metals Bank & Trust Company, and when the check reached the bank the imprint of The Continental Motors, Inc., attracted the attention of bank employees. A telephone call was made to the Bankers' Association in Chicago and a request was made that the validity of the check be established.

Even before a reply was received from Chicago, officials of the trunk company became suspicious of the transaction involving the check and notified Chief of Police J. J. Murphy at Butte Police Headquarters. After learning the details of the passing of the check the Chief moved with characteristic speed. With Sergeant Harry Kinney, the Chief himself went to the



Julia McDonald handcuffed to her sheikish partner, George McDonald, just after their capture at Butte, Montana

hotel where the Carters and Dayton were staying and found them in their rooms.

"We'll all go down to headquarters," said Chief Murphy, and despite the protests of the "Carters" and Dayton, their baggage was collected and put back into the Stutz car with the puppy, and the automobile, with a police car containing the suspects as an escort, was driven to the Butte Police Headquarters. The arrests had been made at 1:30 o'clock on the afternoon of August 11th, 1927.

BY the time Chief Murphy and Sergeant Kinney had reached headquarters with their prisoners, word had come from the Bankers' Association in Chicago, declaring that the person, or persons, passing The Continental Motors, Inc., checks were wanted in Denver, Colorado, on a charge of passing worthless checks. Chief Murphy was elated over his captures.

Murphy, sensing that Dayton probably would be the easiest of the three to break in questioning, left the "Carters" in the squad room at headquarters and took Dayton into his own office. Dayton was armed and Chief Murphy took a .32 caliber automatic pistol from him.

"Have those other two any weapons?" asked Murphy of Dayton.

"Yes, both of them are armed," replied Dayton.

Dayton was contrite when he learned that his companions were suspected of passing worthless checks. He denied knowledge of any such activity, saying he had become acquainted with the "Carters" in Chicago and had accompanied them on a jaunt to Denver and then to Butte. Dayton was held for further questioning and Chief Murphy then turned his attention to the other prisoners.

WHILE Murphy was questioning Dayton, the "Carters," indignant at their detention, were being held in the squad room, in custody of Policeman Roe, of the Butte headquarters staff.

"You policemen will pay for this infamous treatment of me and my husband," the woman blazed at Roe. "It's outrageous, this treatment, and someone will suffer for it."

"And I want my dog up here with me," she continued, "Won't you go down to our car and bring the puppy up here to me? Please do," she added, pleadingly.

Roe walked to the door of the squad room, hesitating whether or not to leave his prisoners unguarded for a moment. At the door he met Policeman Mooney and asked Mooney to get the dog from the car and bring it to "Mrs. Carter."

During the conversation with Mooney, Captain Murphy had appeared at the door of the squad room and asked "Carter" to step into the Captain's office. So, when Roe returned to the side of the woman prisoner she was alone.

As Roe continued his conversation with the pretty prisoner his gaze wandered to a row of lockers alongside the wall, probably four feet from where he and the woman sat. On top of one of the lockers was something that had not been there a few minutes before. Roe walked to the locker to investigate and found on top of the locker a .38 caliber revolver and a .32 caliber automatic pistol!

The weapons had been placed atop the locker while Roe was asking Mooney to bring the police dog from the automobile!

"What are you and this fellow Carter trying to get away with?" asked Roe, indignantly, as he examined the weapons, "Do you think you can get rid of these pistols in that way?"

The woman blazed in anger.

"I know nothing whatever about those pistols," she said vehemently. "I never saw them before."

"Carter," also, confronted with the pistols in Captain Murphy's office, denied emphatically that he ever had seen them before.

But "Carter" was having a bad time at the hands of Captain Murphy. Confronted with proof that he was wanted for passing worthless checks, he admitted passing a check for \$150 in Billings, Montana, and another on the New Hotel Finlen for the same amount. "Carter's" willingness to admit his guilt and his eagerness to make restitution from a bankroll of more than \$800 which he carried, bred suspicion in Captain Murphy's mind, so he determined to hold his three prisoners for further questioning. "Carter" and the indignant "Mrs. Carter" were separated and Dayton also was held in a cell from which he could not communicate with his companions.

(Continued on page 78)

Introduce Me To 10 Ladies And I Pay You Cash For Your Time

Here's a strange yet easy way we know of for honest men and women to make money—and also the most daring cash pay offer we ever heard of. Just introduce Van to 10 ladies and say 20 magic words and this million-dollar manufacturing company agrees to actually pay you cash. You don't need to sell a single thing. This is the new, sensational, revolutionary plan of this famous business genius—C. W. Van De Mark—the wizard who has already put more than 25,000 men and women on the road to prosperity. Again Van has proved his fearlessness! Again Van has come to the front for the workers of America! "Conservative" business leaders called Van "crazy" for making this radical cash pay agreement. They said it would ruin "conservative" traditions—upset "sane" business principles. Cooler heads called it a master stroke that would prove a tremendous boon to prosperity. For Van not only makes you his local profit-sharing "partner," but he will actually pay you a cash penalty if you don't make at least \$15 the very first day you try his new plan.

No Need to Sell Anything To Get Your Cash Pay

But now Van himself reveals the sensational truth. "Tremendous increased use of our products is the reason"—says Van. Countless housewives learned that they can make big savings on our amazing bargain offers. So in almost no time the sale of our products has expanded almost to the "bursting" point. Now we must hurry and employ 1100 more local men and women to take care of regular customers in each town. Time must not be wasted! Expense must not be considered! Orders must

be filled quick! Customers must not be kept waiting! Big money for our representatives means nothing to us from now on! So I have smashed the so-called "conservative" business traditions—I now offer every honest man and woman steady work and will pay actual cash for just a few hours of their spare time. You don't need to make a single sale. You don't need sales experience. What I want is sincere men and women who will be as honest with me as I will be with them.

I Pay You a Cash Penalty If You Don't Make Big Money From The First Day

Just introduce me to 10 ladies and say 20 magic words—20 secret words that have proven almost magical money-getters for over 25,000 of my "partners"—an amazing yet simple 20-word sentence that took me 35 years to discover. I will not only pay you an actual cash penalty if your first 10 calls do not give you a good profit—I go farther! I even allow you to make a 50% profit on every order my customers give you. You get half of every dollar we take in. So what is to stop you from making as high as \$35.00 in a day like some of my other partners? I don't let you risk one penny. I take all the chances. To show you that I handle big things in a big way, I will immediately send you \$13.00 worth of my products (retail value) right out of stock to start you. Don't send a cent for this

**I Send You
\$13.00 Worth**
(Retail Value)
**of Goods to
Start You
Without Risk
to You.**
**Just Rush Coupon
For This Offer.**

daring offer—just rush coupon. Maybe you think this is just ordinary work. But don't be mistaken. If you treat me fairly, I'll set you up in a business of your own. I'll tell you a priceless secret that will get others to make money for you. Right now I promise to help you toward ending money worries forever and I am known to 25,000 partners as the man who **always** keeps his promises. If up to \$15 a day will end your money worries, then mail the application below. Start in spare time if you wish and I'll still pay you your cash penalty. If you are a married woman, you can surely devote a few spare hours a day. My plan is a funny one. Some of my women "partners" have actually made more than their husbands in a few hours of this pleasant, dignified work.



Get Van's Cash Agreement
I show you how to end your money worries. Just tell me how much you want—
\$15.00 in a Day Full Time?
\$3.00 in an Hour Spare Time?
and I will gladly send you my Written Agreement, legal and binding upon me. The more time you devote to this business the more money you get.

**\$25,000.00 Bond
Backs Our Guarantee**

Rush Pay Application SEND NO MONEY

It's too bad that space here is not large enough to explain all my other daring money-making offers. I would also like to tell you what Howard L. Adams wrote about the new car I gave him, and about Rev. McMurphy's letter which said I enabled him to pay the mortgage on his home. I will even show you letters from grateful widows who are now able to support their families.

I need 1100 more "partners" quick to start on my daring new Cash Pay plan. This announcement will probably "upset" the nation. Untold thousands will apply for these openings. If you delay, it may be too late. The time to act is—NOW! Tear out the Application blank below and mail it quick for this daring Cash Pay plan, offer of \$13.00 worth of my goods (retail value) and the 20 secret words that may mean a fortune to you. Send no money. **This coupon is not an order.** You do not pay anything for this offer. **Nothing will be sent C.O.D.**

Curtis W. Van De Mark, President

The Health-O Quality Products Co.

Dept. 2004-HH, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Curtis W. Van De Mark, President
The Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 2004-HH, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Dear Van: I hereby apply for opening as "partner" in my town to start on your new cash pay plan. Send your sensational offer of \$13.00 worth (retail value) of products to start me and your written guarantee. Also tell me how I can get cash pay introducing you to 10 ladies and using the 20 magic words that make fortunes. **This is not an order—send nothing C.O.D. I risk nothing.**

I want \$..... per hour.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from page 76)

A search of the baggage of the three brought some interesting bits of evidence to light. One of the eight traveling bags contained a portable typewriter, and this, it was found, had been used to fill in the blanks on The Continental Motors, Inc., checks which had been cashed. A comparison of the typewriter's type face showed also that it had been used to write a forged "sworn affidavit," in the form of a letter of introduction, bearing notary seal and signature (also forged), showing that "the bearer, Harry J. Carter, was a traveling engineer for The Continental Motors, Inc. This affidavit, Chief Murphy believed, had been used by "Carter" to gain entree into offices of business men who had cashed the spurious checks for him.

And in one of the bags was found a pad of blank checks on The Continental Motors, Inc., ready for use on other unsuspecting victims!

Other bags gave up much fine lingerie and woman's clothes, which the police believed had been purchased by means of fraudulent checks in the pilgrimage of the "Carters."

At four-fifteen o'clock in the afternoon of August 11th, almost three hours after the arrest of the "Carters" and Dayton, Chief Murphy received this telegram from Denver:

VERY ANXIOUS TO APPREHEND H. J. CARTER AND BARBARA CARTER (CURTIS) WHO WERE IN YOUR CITY TODAY TRYING TO GET A CHECK CASHED THROUGH MONTANA METALS BANK & TRUST COMPANY. ARE WANTED AT BROWN PALACE HOTEL FOR BAD CHECKS AMOUNTING TO \$208 AND ALSO WANTED BY AT LEAST TEN DIFFERENT FIRMS OF DENVER. POLICE DEPARTMENT OF DENVER SENDING YOU WIRE THIS AFTERNOON, GIVING ALL DETAILS NECESSARY. WOULD APPRECIATE IT VERY MUCH, JERRY, IF YOU WILL DO ALL YOU CAN TO APPREHEND THESE PEOPLE.

GEORGE SANDERS,
HOUSE OFFICER,
BROWN PALACE HOTEL, DENVER.

Captain Murphy immediately wired Sanders that the "Carters" already were in custody. At 11 o'clock that night, this wire came to Chief Murphy from Sanders:

FINE WORK. OLD TIMER. CHIEF REED WILL START PAPERS TO YOU TOMORROW. CARTER AND WOMAN ARE TWO BAD ONES.

At four o'clock that afternoon Captain Murphy had received a wire from Chief of Police Reed at Denver, asking the arrest of the Carters, and Reed had been informed by telegraph that the suspects already were in custody.

IN the meantime, the "Carters" were making frantic efforts to secure their freedom, by offers of restitution and through efforts of lawyers whom they had retained. Both "Carter" and "Mrs. Carter" put up a bold front, intimating that they were persons of consequence who had fallen into evil ways not as ordinary criminals, but because of necessity. In "Carter's" luggage were found membership cards in that name to a number of leading golf and automobile clubs of the country, apparently authentic, but not so authentic that they deceived Chief Murphy.

While preparations were being made to send the "Carters" to Denver to answer the bad check and forgery charges there,

Basil Wells, a Federal Secret Service man now retired, joined Chief Murphy in taking fingerprints of the "Carters." Murphy had rushed fingerprints of the pair to Chief Inspector M. J. Lahey of the New York Police Department after "Mrs. Carter" had threatened the police for the outrage perpetrated on her and told of her social connections in New York.

Wells, however, sent his set of fingerprints to Washington, D. C., in the belief that "Carter" might be the man sought for passing worthless Government checks while posing as a Navy officer in Canada. On August 18th, while "Mr. and Mrs. Carter" were on a Burlington train, in charge of a woman deputy and Deputy Elkins, on their way to Denver to answer the bad check charges there, Basil Wells received word from Washington that the fingerprints showed that "Carter" was wanted by the United States Government for passing worthless checks and for posing as a Navy officer—and that he also was wanted in Canada for murder!

Wells immediately wired to Deputy Elkins on the Denver-bound train to guard his prisoners carefully, as a murder charge faced at least one of them.

On the following morning, Chief Murphy of Butte received this wire from Chief Inspector Lahey in New York:

BARBARA CARTER AND HARRY CARTER, ARRESTED BY YOU, WANTED MONTREAL, CANADA, FOR MURDER, REWARD OFFERED. COMMUNICATE WITH THEM.

M. J. LAHEY.

Wires to the Montreal authorities brought detectives to Butte, where they looked over Dayton, held in Butte after the "Carters" had been sent to Denver. Investigation, however, showed that Dayton was not wanted by the Canadian authorities. Dayton was wanted in Trenton, New Jersey, on a charge of wife-desertion and later was sent there to stand trial.

MEANWHILE the "Carters," in custody of their guards, had reached Denver. As the handcuffed man and woman left the train and were hurried to the Denver police headquarters, the police chief glanced at the prisoners and exclaimed:

"That's the cross-eyed forger, and he and his wife are wanted in Montreal for the Bouchard murder!"

Identified later as George McDonald and Julia Palmer McDonald—two of the three who had hired Adelard Bouchard for his last drive—the pair were held, despite protestations of innocence, for extradition to Canada on the murder charge.

Their Jazz Mad Trail had led them into a morass of tragedy!

On August 24th, 1927, after the wires had been deluged with messages between Montreal and Denver, the Montreal authorities announced the positive identification of McDonald and Mrs. McDonald as suspects in the Bouchard murder. Pictures of the woman and fingerprints and pictures of McDonald had been sent from Denver to Montreal and the two had been recognized as those of two of the persons who had taken the fatal ride with the Lachine automobile operator.

While held in Denver after their identification, Julia McDonald made every ef-

fort to save the man with whom she had trod the Jazz Mad Trail. She realized that the evidence against them was overwhelming and that someone must pay the toll, so she determined that she, rather than the man she loved, should pay. She confessed to Sergeant Bert T. Clark in Denver police headquarters, but the confession never was used against her in the subsequent trial. This is the confession she made in an effort to save her lover's life:

"We had put over a bad check for two hundred dollars in Montreal and things were getting warm, so we hired the automobile and started for the American border. We intended and had planned to get rid of the driver *en route*.

"I had the straps with me to tie him and Frank (Frank Palmer, who left the McDonalds at Montreal and escaped) had a bottle to hit him on the head. I told him (Bouchard) he had a flat tire. He got out to look but Frank did not hit him. The driver started to get back into the car. Honey (George McDonald) broke the glass in the car door and the driver reached for his inside pocket. I grabbed the gun out of his (McDonald's) hand and shot at the driver four times, as we couldn't afford to be taken. Our suitcases were in the car, with all those government checks and plates in the suitcases. We then pulled him (Bouchard) out of the car to the side of the road.

"I went through his right side and took seventy-five dollars off him. I saw by the papers later where he had five hundred dollars I missed. I sure hated to miss all that money when I went through him. Frank (Palmer) the yellow cur, stood there, shaking all over, and said while I was going through him, 'Get his wrist watch.'

"I jerked the wrist watch off and threw it in Frank's face. If he had gone through with his part this would never have happened. I then changed my dress and left it there, Honey (McDonald) taking the wheel. We got in the car and started for the border, Frank and I as man and wife and Honey as the driver.

"Robie (the U. S. Customs man) stopped us at the line. We talked to him for ever an hour, trying to get across. I even tried to buy him, but could not touch him. We went back into Montreal. I gave Frank fifty dollars and told him to beat it. I never wanted to see him again, and told him that if he ever squawked one of the gang would get him.

"Honey and I then got a train and made it to New York. This was our last trip with checks, for we were going to settle down and make a home for ourselves and the baby which was to come."

(The statement about the expected baby later was found to be untrue and evidently had been made by Julia in an effort to foster sympathy.)

EXTRADITION proceedings were hurried and within a week the "forger with the cross-eyes" and the jazz-mad Julia McDonald were on their way to Montreal Prison to stand trial for the murder of Adelard Bouchard. They were held in prison through the long months until December 2nd, 1927, while the

(Continued on page 80)

GIVEN



Satisfaction Guaranteed

**ACT
Quick!**

Full Size Real QRS DeVRY Movie Projector

Everybody knows QRS DeVry for high grade Movie Machines offered on this plan. This machine is made of the best parts used on machines selling for \$1000. Compare it to the Toy Machines. This DeVRY projector has the same quality as the best in the film CLAW MOVEMENT. It is sturdy and perfectly no matter how fast you run it. It is only on the highest price machines. Has the best film firmly in position at all speeds.

Film Sources Unlimited The film used is 16MM. (Narrow Gauge) — one foot of which is equal to 2½ feet of standard film. This film being the same as that used in Home Movie Projectors, we direct you to free movie sources of film; or you can rent, buy or borrow your favorite releases.

FULLY GUARANTEED QRS DeVRY Co., one of the largest makers of Movie Projectors fully guarantees this machine. We furnish a 110 Volt 60 Watt Lamp with this machine. The lens and optical system is of the best. Machine provides for rewinding. Comes in green, crackled finish, complete, ready to plug in and operate.

MAIL COUPON for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume which sells at 15c to start, giving Perfume Novelties free. Remit and select choice of premiums as per plans in new big premium catalog.

ROBERT MORE CO., Dept. M-96 CHICAGO

**Fully
Dressed
DOLL**
Over 1½
feet tall
**WALKS
TALKS**
Has Real
Hair



Girls! This is a high grade Or-gandy dressed Doll, with un-breakable head. Given for selling only 20 bottles Liquid Perfume at 15c (Perfume Nov-elties free). We even pay pos-tage on doll and perfume.

ROBERT MORE COMPANY
DEPT. M-96 CHICAGO



Latest design Ribbon
Wrist Watch—Jeweled Movement—
Jeweled tip—Black Silk Ribbon—ster-
ling clasp—charming tonneau shape—
Graceful and adorable. Small and dainty
—Fancy engravings front and back.
Movement guaranteed ten years. Mail
coupon for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume
which sells at 15c to start, giving per-
fume novelty free with each bottle. Re-
mit and select choice of premiums as
per plans in new catalog sent with order.

ROBERT MORE COMPANY
Dept. M-96 CHICAGO

Suitable for Boys and Men—New Model—White Metal Case—10-year Guarantee Movement. Complete with latest style adjustable chromium Metal mesh band. Mail coupon for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume which sells at 15c to start, giving perfume novelties free. Remit and select gifts as per plans in new ad. Send no money. We trust you. W

ROBERT MORE CO., Dept. M-96 CHICAGO



**Watch
Guar-
anteed
10
Years
Send
No
Money**



Nationally known make licensed under RCA Patents. Quality parts are throughout. Gorgeous Cabinet, size 17x22x13 ins.—of Walnut. Regular retail price \$60.00. Safe delivery guaranteed. The greatest value of all time. Merely give away Perfume Novelties FREE with 20 bottles Perfume at 15c and we will send this marvelous Radio according to offer in catalog.

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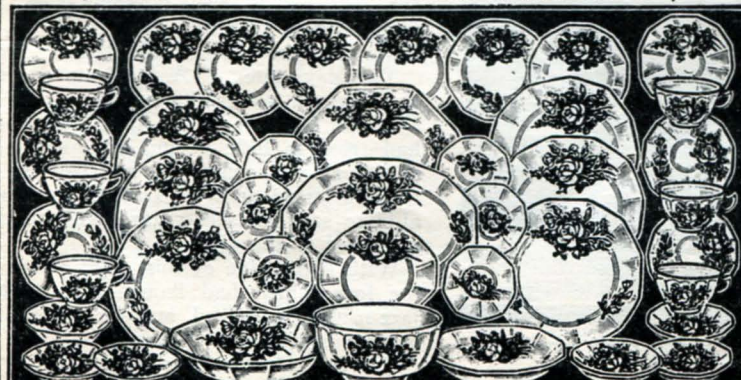


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(Continued from page 78)

Crown Prosecutors and the Dominion Police prepared the case against them.

At every opportunity McDonald and the girl exchanged messages of love and comfort. The pistols which had been slipped atop the locker in the squad room of the Butte headquarters while Policeman Roe gave the message for the return of the police dog puppy to "Mrs. Carter" proved to be the weapons which had shot the bullets through the body of Adelard Bouchard and scarred the body of his shiny Packard car! Tests made with the weapons and bullets fired from the .38 caliber revolver, compared with bullets found in Bouchard's body, proved this conclusively. The scars made on the body of the car were made by the .32 caliber automatic pistol.

The trial began on December 2nd and it was conducted with the precision which marks such proceedings in Canada. Stoically, McDonald and Julia remained close-mouthed. They made no protestations of innocence, content to allow their lawyers to choose their own means of trying to save them. At the end of two weeks there came the verdict—*both guilty of murder in the first degree*, with a recommendation of mercy for the woman.

The sentence of death was passed on both by Justice Joseph Walsh of Montreal, and the date for the executions was set for March 23rd, 1928.

Shocked by the knowledge that Julia Palmer was to meet her end on a hangman's noose, the good people of Mt. Vernon, New York, on February 6th, 1928, met a setback in efforts they already had under way to save the girl from her fate.

A defense committee, composed of people who had known Julia in her younger and happier days had raised money and enlisted powerful legal support. But Julia, still infatuated through her love for McDonald, said in her cell:

"I want nothing for myself that they cannot give to George."

But a movement of sympathy for the girl swept across the United States and Attorney Wolfgang Cribieri of Mt. Vernon prepared a plea to be presented to

the Canadian Minister of Justice, Ernest LaPointe. The plea emphasized that at the trial there had been a lack of proof that the girl had fired the shots which killed Bouchard, that the jury had recommended mercy, and that Julia McDonald was subnormal—a fact not brought out at the trial.

These evidences of efforts in her behalf brought a repudiation of the Denver confession from Julia. From her cell she cried her innocence.

"I know I've been a bad girl," she sobbed, "but I'm not a murderess. There is no blood—not a single drop—on my hands. Maybe I have not been everything I should and I never can make amends for the sorrow I have caused the good people back in Mt. Vernon, but I'm not a murderess and I want the folks who used to know me to realize that."

The cynical McDonald was silent in his cell, impervious to all efforts to make him reveal something which would tend to aid the efforts in the girl's behalf. But Julia was undergoing a regeneration. She looked back on her jazz-mad existence with remorse and self reproach. On February 11th she consented to give an interview in her cell. This girl, once the pupil of exclusive finishing schools and accepted socially in aristocratic circles, now was held in a medieval castle known as "L'Azile Sainte Darie" and was in charge of the black cowed Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd.

WHEN her interviewer reached her cell, Julia presented a strange contrast to the girl of the Jazz-Mad Trail. Now she was a tall, slender, titian-haired girl of somber appearance, clad in a modest black gown which reached to her ankles. Her deep brown eyes, which once sparkled with recklessness, now were the tolerant eyes of a woman who had loved and sorrowed deeply. The shadows under her eyes symbolized the sleepless nights and tears which had been hers.

"If I had attended church instead of wild parties, I would not be here," Julia said thoughtfully. "But, I am not afraid

to hang, if hang I must. It will be another step to a better world. No, I'm not guilty. I've passed bad checks, but I'm not a murderess."

Speaking of McDonald, the girl said simply:

"Yes, I love him as much to-day as the day I married him. It isn't what a man has done or can do; it's what he means to you that counts. He and I write to each other every day. There isn't much to say. He writes of what happens over in Bordeaux Jail. It kind of cheers us both."

By a strange coincidence, the same day Julia gave the interview, her foster mother, Mrs. Frances P. Palmer, then living in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, learned for the first time that the girl was awaiting execution of the death sentence. Mrs. Palmer had opened a sanitarium for the care of babies there and knew nothing of Julia's plight. Learning of the situation, she made plans to join immediately in the fight to save the girl.

"Why, Julia is crazy," she said hysterically. "We knew it and everybody else saw it. She never has been normal since her baby came. We should have sent her to a sanitarium, but she slipped away from me more than a year ago, and the next thing we heard she had married McDonald."

"Julia was well born, but I can trace her mental condition to the premature marriage of her parents and a broken home."

MRS. PALMER, taking with her Julia's baby, Kenneth Allen Palmer, then nearing his second birthday, went east to Mt. Vernon to lend her aid to the defense committee, and on February 17th, Lord Willingdon, Governor General of Canada, was asked formally to intercede in Julia's behalf.

Little more than a month of life now lay before Julia and George McDonald. Arthur Ellis, the high executioner of the Dominion, had moved his "perambulating gallows" to Vallyfield Prison, where Julia and McDonald were to meet their deaths. And on March 7th, Julia signed another confession, giving a third version of Bouchard's killing. She still, however, tried to shield the debonair McDonald. This was her statement:

"I am perfectly willing to die, but I do not want to die with a lie in my throat. I did not fire the shots to kill a man. I fired one to frighten McMullen (Palmer), and if the police ever get him and make him tell the truth they will know that *George and I are not guilty of the murder*. I tried to stop them. I wanted to help them steal the car, but I never thought there would be murder."

Two days later, J. A. DeGault, one of the lawyers who had defended the McDonalds, let it be known that McDonald had tried to hide behind the girl's reported Denver confession and had tried, through friends in New York to frame an alibi to save himself, regardless of what happened to the girl.

With knowledge of this, Julia's love—the love which had flamed during the jazz-mad days—wilted, and she turned on her companion of the Jazz-Mad Trail.

"George McDonald alone is guilty,"



The end of the trail for George McDonald. Photo shows his body being removed from the jail after his hanging

the girl said savagely. "It was he who fired the gun and killed Bouchard."

That shows the feeling between the sheik and the flapper on March 14th, nine days before the date set for them to mount the gallows together.

Julia's case was in the balance on March 18th—five days before the date of execution—when George McDonald, still wearing his bored air, but showing a tightening of the skin around his lips, sent word through his keepers that at last he wanted to break his silence—that he had an important announcement to make!

It was a solemn assemblage that gathered quickly in the grim cell in Bordeaux Prison occupied by McDonald.

"Gentlemen," said McDonald quietly to his visitors, "I am ready to die and I want to tell the truth. Please give me pen and paper."

It was a dramatic moment. The four witnesses stood silent as McDonald took the paper and pen which was handed to him. In a firm, strong hand, McDonald wrote:

This is to certify that my wife, Doris Palmer McDonald, now in jail in Montreal, Province of Quebec, is innocent of the murder of A. Bouchard. I swear to this by my God in Heaven. She had not one thing to do in the murder, or helped in any way, and the Denver confession is untrue.

(signed) GEORGE McDONALD.

The witnesses remained motionless as McDonald handed the statement to the prison governor.

"That is all, gentlemen," said McDonald with a half smile—then he turned away to look back on his yesterdays.

On March 21st—two days before the execution date—Lord Willingdon signed the Order in Council which commuted Julia McDonald's death sentence to life imprisonment, but confirmed the death sentence for George McDonald.

There was no farewell meeting for the man and girl who had trod the Jazz-Mad Trail together. Julia was held temporarily in Fullum Street Jail, while McDonald was moved to Valleyfield Prison. On the morning of March 23rd, the first private execution ever known there took place in the prison yard. Reporters outside the prison yard heard the voice of Father Verscheldon, McDonald's spiritual adviser in his last days, intoning, "*Jesus, Redeemer, have mercy on my soul.*" They heard a faint voice repeating the words and then—the sound of the springing trap. The black flag fluttered over the prison wall, announcing to the world that George McDonald had reached the end of the Jazz Mad Trail.

Just before he started for the scaffold McDonald had been handed this message from Julia:

"Tomorrow mass and communion will be offered and I will never cease to pray for you."

McDonald's only comment was:

"God bless her soul."

Such was the passing of George McDonald, the sleek Lothario. Behind him he left, weeping in her cell, the girl who had stepped out so gayly with him in their search for frivolity and happiness unearned. She, too, had reached the end of the Jazz Mad Trail, for less than a week later she was moved quietly to the Penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, there to pass her life in solitude.

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The Mysterious Affair on Lonesome Road

(Continued from page 64)

Bush with him to see that it was *bona fide*."

"You didn't go to see the attorney?"

"No. I didn't want to."

"Did he say he had a partner?"

"No. That was the only reason I gave him money—to keep a partner out and then Lucille could work with him. I said, 'How are you going to get by?' for I knew it cost lots of money to go into business and he told me he was going to lay the floor and had his orchestra engaged. He said he had the piano at the music house paid for and I couldn't see how he did it."

"Did you go to the music house with him?"

"No."

"Did he tell you what music house it was?"

"No. He said it was right down here. He is one of the biggest crooks I ever ran up against. Now, if there are any other questions you want to ask me, I am chock full of it. That night he came to my house—(My little niece was there before she was married) I said, 'I can't be bothered this way. John Bolton you stay away and let me alone.' He said, 'I am going to get that Earl—I am going to get him. See this gun here?'—I said, 'Go ahead and then they will fix you.' He drove up and down and I thought when he got up there he would try to get Lucille. So I sat out there with a club that long (indicating about three feet in length) waiting for that little girl, and when she came I said:

"**G**ET in here. John is out there with blood in his eye.' I finally said to him, 'I am not without police protection. Get away from here or I will call the officer.' As luck would have it, there was an officer rooming there up above and a young man went and told him and he went out and ordered him to go away. . . ."

Here, indeed, was something new. Bolton had told all of his interviewers therefore that he did not own a gun and had never had one. If his tale of robbery and murder by bandits was true there was no reason why he should try to conceal from us the fact that he had once owned a gun. Now, too, we knew that he had threatened his wife. Consequently we pressed the inquiry still deeper.

Then Deputy Sheriffs Brewster, Gray and I visited Bolton in the General Hospital. He boastfully told us that he was a dancer by profession and recently had promoted and conducted his own dance halls earning an income of \$27,000 during the last year.

He told of meeting Lucille Smith Bolton in 1926 when she was but a 16-year-old High School girl. The meeting was at a Los Angeles dance hall, he said. Late in 1928, he added, they began living together as man and wife and were married May 10th, 1929.

We questioned the 26-year-old *gigolo* more closely and finally he admitted that his mother had sent him money frequently during the last four years. Her contributions to his "income" totalled approximately \$4,000, he stated. Then Bolton acknowledged the loan he had received from Mrs. Clark a few days before the shooting. His only source of earned income came

from elderly women who paid him to act as their escort at dances, the dancer said.

Bolton reviewed the circumstances of his last ride along the Lonesome Road for the fourth time. Again he said the bandit leaned into the car and pressed the gun against Mrs. Bolton's head and fired.

I asked him what happened then.

"I raised my left arm to jerk him back, like that, and when I raised my arm is when he shot me. That is all I remember. He never fired a shot at me until I raised my left arm to pull him back. He put the gun right across in front of me. She was screaming at the top of her voice. He fired and I went to pull his hand back and he fired right through the shoulder. That is all I remember until they were gone."

This was the first time that Bolton had tried to explain the fact that the path of the bullet extended horizontally through the muscles of the left shoulder, along the muscles of the upper arm to a point at the back of the left upper arm near the elbow where the slug was lodged beneath the skin. The path of the bullet was such that the left arm must have been held out in a horizontal position at the time the shot was fired.

Our conversation finally returned to money matters. Bolton boasted of how he had obtained large sums of money from elderly women. "I have always been lucky in making money," he said. "I have four or five friends, prominent people, where I can get fifteen thousand dollars; one is a millionaire's wife, one a doctor's wife, another a lawyer's wife."

"How much money have you in the bank?" I asked.

"About five thousand dollars," Bolton answered.

Captain Bright walked into the room.

"You'd better tell us the truth," he said.

"I've sent a man down to the bank to check up on your statements."

Bolton was taken aback and remained silent for a moment. At last he spoke up and admitted that he had only a few dollars in the bank and had torn a page from his bank book, faking the entries so that he could show it to his friends and keep up a "front."

I COULDN'T resist asking Bolton more about his "income," and when I accused him of "shaking down" elderly women he denied it indignantly.

"What do you call it then, gold digging?" I asked.

"Yes," Bolton said. The admission did not seem to trouble his pride in the least.

While inquiring farther into the private affairs of the dancing master, we found that a Pasadena school teacher, whose name need not be mentioned, had been one of Bolton's victims. It developed that she had loaned him all of her ready cash and had borrowed more funds to give to Bolton to finance one of his dance halls. He used it instead for a trip east.

The couple had met in the days when Bolton was merely a dancing instructor and not a dancing capitalist. Through her dancing lessons the school teacher came to know Bolton and Lucille well

and regarded them with a mother's affection. She is still repaying the money she borrowed to help him.

But we had not yet heard the real story of the Boltons. It came from the trembling lips of Mrs. Alice Swan, Lucille's mother. She told of her struggle to protect the good name of her little girl; of how Bolton had beaten her once when she went to their apartment urging him to marry Lucille; of how Lucille had fled to her for protection time after time; and how Bolton with the vindictiveness of a fiend frequently called his mother-in-law at 3 A. M. on the telephone to tell her that he was going to kill Lucille.

And from Mrs. Swan we also learned of another drive to the beach on the night preceding the murder. Lucille had told her mother the next morning that she thought her husband had planned "something" but didn't have the nerve to carry it out.

"Lucille told us about it yesterday," Mrs. Swan said. "She said that they didn't get home until three o'clock in the morning because John got lost on the road down to the beach. But Lucille said 'I wasn't lost. I told him all the time I knew where we were and the rest of them said they were lost.' I think they tried to do something that night."

THE word picture which Mrs. Swan painted of her son-in-law was not a pleasant one. Bolton would do anything for a dollar, she said. And when dollars were few and far between he would urge Lucille to call up several of her High School boy friends and make dates with them so that he could go to them and get a little hush money from them, Mrs. Swan stated. But Lucille never would consent to this.

Yet, Bolton was insanely jealous of his wife. Whenever he suspected her of meeting any other man he would fly into a rage and tear up her clothes. Numerous witnesses told us that. Mrs. Swan said that on several occasions her daughter had come home to her with a suitcase full of clothing torn to shreds.

Time after time Lucille left Bolton and swore she would never live with him again only to be persuaded to try once more. "In a few days it would be the same thing over again," the mother sobbed. "It has just been hell for the girl since she was married. Four different times she came out home and had been crying and her eyes were swollen and her little face skinned and hands skinned where he abused her."

After listening to this story, we all felt certain that Bolton was the slayer and that his story of the robbery was a myth. Nevertheless it was our duty to check every possible angle, so we started on a still hunt for a bandit known as Woods.

Our check of Bolton's affairs revealed, as I mentioned before, that the dancing master once had a chaffeur who frequently used the name of Woods. We checked out the movements of Woods, and found that he had left town before Mrs. Bolton was killed.

Meanwhile Bolton lay on his cot in the prison hospital writing letters to his mother and sister in the East pleading with them

to send him more money. And, in an attempt to convince us that he expected to die from the superficial wound in his shoulder, the young *gigolo* wrote his last will. This document, I believe, also was intended to smooth over the feelings of his wife's aunt Ella by acknowledging the \$200 debt and perhaps thus prevent her from telling officers of anything else she may have known about Bolton's family life. The will reads:

"I, John Bolton, this day, November 11th, 1929, make my last will. I leave everything to my mother, Mrs. Josie Nichols, of Columbus, Georgia, and I want all my bills to be paid. First, Mrs. E. Clark to be paid \$200. (Two hundred dollars) and Mr. Sam Callan two hundred dollars, and that is all, and I leave two hundred dollars to a friend, Ray Fay.

"To have and hold till death.

"Everything that I own is worth about \$10,000. (Ten thousand dollars.)"

To have and hold till death! Not many months before he had taken pretty Lucille Smith as his wedded wife to have and hold till death!

Bolton was soon moved to the county jail, for his wound healed rapidly. And there the fear that Bolton had shown for a moment while being taken to the prison ward by Deputy Sheriff Brewster, crept into his letters home. Gradually it became more noticeable. Each letter bore a note of farewell and talked ever of death. And by this time he knew well that the danger of death from the wound was past. It was the fear of the gallows, that gradually shattered the youth's nerves.

The investigation thus far had brought to light a mass of circumstantial evidence, but no direct evidence of Bolton's guilt. And so we turned again to friends of the young couple hoping to find something more tangible and if not that, new circumstantial evidence which would strengthen our case.

THIS time we questioned a long list of dance hall girls who had known both of the Boltons for years. One of these girls told us that she had seen Bolton knock his wife down three flights of stairs because she insisted upon remaining at the dance hall when he was expecting one of his elderly dancing pupils.

Others told of witnessing repeated quarrels and of hearing him threaten to kill Lucille. We established beyond a shadow of doubt that Bolton had owned a .25 automatic pistol. Later he admitted that he had once owned a .38 caliber cylinder revolver, but continued to deny possession of the small automatic.

Gathering together all these odds and ends of facts, Captain Bright presented them to the grand jury which returned an indictment immediately charging Bolton with the murder of his young wife.

From this point on we cooperated closely with the District Attorney in preparing the evidence for presentation in court. Clifford Crail, an ace on District Attorney Buron Fitts' staff of prosecutors, was assigned to this case exclusively. Later on Frank Curran, another prosecutor with a long record of successful trials to his credit, was assigned to the case as Crail's aide.

There was little evidence of a surprise nature presented during the trial. The State's case rested almost entirely upon the conflict of known facts with Bolton's varied alibi stories and the fact that he frequently had threatened Lucille's life.

Had the dancer consistently told one story throughout the investigation, it would have been far more difficult to complete our case. As it was, Bolton changed his story every time we found a slight flaw in it and thereby aided the prosecution.

In outlining the case to the jury at the opening of the trial, Prosecutors Crail and Curran offered as the first point the fact that Bolton would have gained \$10,000 in insurance money from his wife's death if his crime was undiscovered. This was the motive for the crime, Crail argued.

Secondly, the physical facts proved conclusively that Bolton had not told the truth about the shooting, it was pointed out. The bullet wounds on Mrs. Bolton's head showed powder burns, indicating that the shots had been fired at very close range. Bolton first stated that the bandit stood outside the car and shot Mrs. Bolton.

Bolton altered his second story a little and said that the bandit opened the door and leaned into the car when he fired.

ANOTHER strong prosecution point was the fact that Bolton said his wife was driving the car at the time of the shooting. Yet there was no blood in the driver's seat or on the floor-boards on the left-hand side of the car. On the right-hand side of the car, the upholstery was caked with blood.

Assuming that Bolton killed his wife, Crail and Curran reconstructed the slaying thus:

Bolton, hard pressed for money, decided to kill his wife and collect the \$10,000 insurance policy which he had taken out a few weeks before. To perfect an alibi, he decided to drive to a secluded spot to commit the crime and then tell officers a story of robbery and murder by bandits.

Driving around until the early morning hours, Bolton finally forced his courage to the limit, stopped his car at a point near Las Flores Canyon, walked around to the right hand side of the car and shot his wife, who was seated near the window. The two cartridges from these two shots were ejected from the small automatic into the sand and lost.

Panic-stricken at the thought of his crime, the dancer again took the driver's seat and drove along the beach road for some distance. Coming to a place near the ocean he held out his left arm in a horizontal position so that the bullet would not be likely to strike the bone and fired another shot, wounding himself. Bolton had intended only to crease the skin but he misjudged the angle and the missile passed through the flesh.

The empty cartridge from this shot was the one found on the floor-boards of the car by investigating officers.

Bolton then threw the weapon far out into the surf where there was no chance of it being recovered by investigators. Following this, came the lonely drive along the beach road until Bolton encountered the hunters and appealed to them for aid.

In the face of all these facts the young male gold-digger fought his fate obsti-

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nately. He even sought to prove that he was under the influence of drugs given him to relieve his pain at the time he talked to us in the General Hospital and therefore not responsible for what he said.

On the witness stand Bolton fared badly. He admitted while telling his story to the jury that he had rubbed his wife's head after the shooting. His questioner pointed out that there was no blood on Bolton's hands when he stopped the four hunters.

"I wore gloves," the youth replied nervously.

When the prosecutor remarked that there was no blood on the gloves either, Bolton declared that there was no blood on his wife's head at that time—a statement that did not sound very convincing to the jury.

WHILE being cross-examined in rapid-fire manner by Crail, Bolton was trapped into making a damaging admission concerning the shooting which court at-

taches believe played a major part in his conviction.

"Where was the bandit's gun at the time he shot your wife?" Crail asked.

"Right in front of me," Bolton said.

"Right in front of you?"

"Right in front of me. I could have knocked the gun out of his hand if there had been one there!"

That last clause, "if there had been one there," became the refrain of the prosecutors' argument to the jury. After each description of the bandits and of the shooting the prosecutor would remark caustically—"if there had been one there."

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of first degree murder but recommended life imprisonment instead of death. That was on January 22nd, 1930.

Bolton was sentenced to spend the remainder of his days in San Quentin prison on January 31st by Superior Judge Emmet Wilson.

Tong War!

(Continued from page 29)

hour was almost too much for me.

One of the men made a disparaging remark about the Suey Sings, and it was with considerable difficulty that I controlled my temper.

At last, unable to stand it longer, I walked out, crossed the street, and entered the May Wah Company store, conducted by Jow Suey Hung, the President of the Hop Sing Tong.

Upon entering, I discovered that sand mats had been piled up inside the window, and at various points on the floor, to serve as a shield against the bullets of the rival highbinders. Joy Suey Hung and his wife were seated at the table eating breakfast while seven other women and two men were sitting in another part of the room talking. I approached the Tong leader, introduced myself, and was invited by him to partake of breakfast. He was a marked man, with a large reward on his head, and his life was always in danger. Nevertheless, his expression was one totally devoid of worry, and he brightened the breakfast hour by his geniality.

WE were discussing Tong problems, when abruptly the door-bell rang. An excited youth was admitted, and rushing up to the breakfast table he shouted out the warning, that the Hip Sing highbinders had crossed the dead-line at Taylor and Kearney Streets, and were coming towards our position.

The men in the store rushed to the rear of the building and locked the doors leading into a specially constructed steel-plated room. The women screamed, and scattered all over the store. I drew my pistols and ordered the women to be quiet. Instead, the moment they caught sight of my German Mausers, they screamed louder. Seeing that it was impossible to obtain order I rushed out of the store without sensing or realizing the danger which confronted me. My fighting blood was calling me, and alone, I stepped forth to do battle with the most desperate tong gunmen in San Jose.

At the corner of Cleveland Avenue and

Kearney Street, in front of the San Chong Company, stood three Hip Sing highbinders. They had seen me dash out of the May Wah Company, and were greatly surprised when I single-handedly started toward them. Jew Sueng Wah's revolvers spoke twice, but his shots went wild. Eng Nam then fired at me, as did also Tom Fong. Their marksmanship was so poor that I never hesitated in my advance. I was now within accurate shooting distance, and aiming at Jew Sueng Wah, the leader of the trio, I fired.

My first shot took effect, so did the second, and my apparent victim beat a hasty retreat. His two companions also took flight, but ran in the opposite direction. I followed the wounded arch tong killer, but even though I was only a short distance behind him, I dared not shoot, due to the number of innocent pedestrians who were in the line of fire.

The chase continued, with Jew Sueng Wah shooting intermittently at me, while I was content to await an opportunity of firing without endangering the lives of the non-combatants. He was headed for the Quong Wah Yuen Company on Sixth Street, a Hip Sing "hang-out." I knew if he gained his objective, my chances of "getting him" would be very slim. I fired three shots in rapid succession and Jew Sueng Wah, uttering a cry of pain, fell, apparently mortally wounded. He made a last effort to use his gun, but consciousness was fast leaving him, and it dropped harmlessly to the pavement.

Dead men tell no tales, and I was on the point of pouring a last volley of shots into my motionless victim when I detected the Police Car speeding towards me. In an effort to escape, I ran down an alley-way. Two officers leaped from the car and gave chase. As I ran, I looked for a hiding place, but no haven of refuge presented itself. After running about four blocks, I looked behind me, and discovered that the officers had so shortened the distance between us that they were now within pistol range.

Escape was impossible, so I decided to

abandon the flight and face the music.

My captors closed in on me with drawn guns. They searched me thoroughly, but could find no weapons. Handcuffs were snapped on my wrists, and I was unceremoniously placed in a Patrol Wagon. I lit a cigar, crossed my legs, and nonchalantly looked the "bulls" over. They appeared to be good-natured, so I proceeded to joke and "kid" with them. They, as well as myself, enjoyed the trip to the "jug."

I was brought into the office of the Chief of Police. The Chief asked me several questions, but I refused to answer them. While this was going on, several newspaper reporters came in and asked me to give them a statement. Not wishing to incriminate myself in any way, I politely refused to give them any information. I did, however, allow them to photograph me. The pestiferous reporters made a rapid exit and again the Chief and I were alone.

HE soon discovered that I wouldn't talk, and therefore I was transferred to the Bertillon Room, where my picture and finger-prints were taken. After going through the regular routine of this department, I was ushered into an adjoining room. I could hear the newsboys shouting "Extra, read all about the Tong battle." That looked bad for me, but I never worried a bit, as I knew the "law" would have trouble proving me guilty.

At one o'clock, the detectives took me to the hospital. On a cot, in a two bed ward, lay Jew Sueng Wah. Near his bed stood two nurses, an attending physician, and two strange Chinamen. The latter, I was informed, were members of the Hip Sing Tong. I was taken to the bedside of the wounded gunman. He nodded his head and said, "Yes, yes, that's him."

A court reporter was present, and all that was said was carefully taken down by him. I stood there glaring at my victim. My hands were tightly clenched. The group of officers and the Tongmen did all the talking. I kept my own counsel.

The Deputy County Attorney asked me if Yee Kong, or Yee Suey Toy was my right name. My only reply, was a wide grin.

One of the detectives said: "That Chinaman has plenty of nerve, believe me!" He then asked the Deputy District Attorney to step outside a moment.

They held a whispered conference in the hallway for a few moments, and then returned.

I was taken from the room, and in ten minutes I was back at Police Headquarters. Yee Fook, a member of my Tong, and my attorney, Mr. William E. Foley, were waiting for me. Mr. Foley was a law partner of Louie King, then Police Commissioner of the City of San Jose. Therefore he experienced no difficulty in obtaining permission to talk with his client. The first question Yee Fook asked me was if I needed any money. At the time of my arrest I had a large sum of money on hand, as the Tong seldom sent a highbinder out without giving him the necessary expenses for a get-a-way, in case of an emergency. I told him I had enough money to last me for awhile. Nevertheless, he handed me two fifty-dollar bills, which I deposited with the jailer, to my credit. My attorney whispered a few words to me and then left in company with Yee Fook.

MEANWHILE, Jew Sueng Wah was making a gallant fight for life, and the day following the pronouncement by physicians that he would live, I was brought before the Court, and arraigned on a charge of "Assault With Intent to Commit Murder."

My bail was fixed by the Court at six thousand dollars cash, which amount was furnished by my Tong, in order to effect my release. A machine was waiting outside the Police Station and I was taken to Tong Headquarters in Chinatown, where a special banquet was to be held in my honor.

With their most desperate highbinder wounded, the Hip Sings were temporarily subdued. The Chinese Peace Tribunal declared a thirty-day truce, during which period, it was hoped a reconciliation between the warring Societies could be brought to pass.

While awaiting my preliminary hearing, I was retained by the Hop Sings of San Jose to protect them from their enemies. For this service, I was paid well, and, as I was drawing my regular gunman salary from the Suey Sings, my period of inactivity and waiting was a very profitable one.

Eng Nam, Tom Fong and Jew Sueng Wah were also arrested on my complaint, and charged with "Assault With Intent to Kill." Their Tong furnished bonds, and they were released while awaiting trial. At the preliminary hearing the Hip Sings contended that I started the shooting. My attorneys sought to prove that Jew Sueng Wah fired the first shots, and made a motion to the Court that the charges against the defendant be dismissed. The prosecution presented more than ten witnesses to prove that I shot first. The preliminary ended abruptly, however, when the Court ruled that I be bound over to the Criminal Court of Santa Clara County for trial.

I was finally placed on trial, on the 14th day of January, 1918. Over eleven months had elapsed since the night of the shooting, the delay being due to a number of continuances obtained by my attorneys. Twelve men had been selected to pass judgement as to my guilt or innocence. James Sex, formerly County Attorney of Santa Clara County, was chief defense counsel, while William E. Foley assisted him. Ben Pecham was retained by the Hip Sings, to work in conjunction with the District Attorney's Office. The prosecution produced many eye witnesses to bear out their contention that I had not only started the shooting but had pursued the wounded Jew Sueng Wah and fired the shots which resulted in his falling critically wounded to the pavement. My attorneys placed four witnesses on the stand, who testified that I fired in self-defense. On the afternoon of the fourth day of the trial, the case was given to the jury. At ten o'clock that evening word was sent to the Court from the jury room that it was impossible for the jury to agree. The Court ordered that they be locked up for the night. After twenty-six hours of deliberation the jury was still dead-locked, therefore, they were discharged. March 6th, 1918, was the date set for my second trial.

I entered the court room in company with my attorneys, and as I passed down the aisle, I returned the greetings of my many friends who were present to witness my battle for freedom. The prosecution for this trial consisted of Arthur M. Free, H.



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S. Bridges, Ben Pecham and Vic Scheller. With such a formidable array of legal talent against me, my chances of acquittal were slight. Judge J. R. Welch of the Santa Clara County Criminal Court, presided. The jury-box was occupied by eight men and four women.

Wong Mow Hong, Fong Loy, Wong Chuey, Yee Ye, Chan Kee and the officers who arrested me testified for the State. Wong Non, Fong Chung and Gin Toy testified for the Defense. The Hip Sings con-nived in every way possible to send me over the road. Eng Nam and Tom Fong, the two confederates of Jew Sueng Wah, were called as rebuttal witnesses by the prosecution.

MY attorneys attempted to prove that I shot in self-defense, while the State contended that I shot with intent to commit murder. The tangle evidence produced against me consisted of five empty cartridges found near a telegraph pole. The State claimed that they were the shells ejected from my pistols, which were of German make, and worked automatically. Upon the completion of testimony, the District Attorney addressed the Jury.

The scene was one I shall long remember. The judge was sitting at his bench, my attorneys were gathered around the counsel table, and the prosecutors were seated at their table. Seemingly, everyone had their eyes fixed on me. I was not in the least worried, or self-conscious, and I smilingly met the glances and stares of friend as well as foe. The Jury filed into the Jury Box, and Judge Welch asked D. J. Farris, the Jury foreman, if they had reached a decision. Mr. Farris replied in the affirmative, and handed Judge Welch the sealed verdict. The judge opened and read the document, and then handed it to the Court Clerk for announcement. Silence reigned supreme in the court-room as the following was read.

We, the Jury in the above entitled indictment, find the defendant, Yee Kong, sometimes known as Yee Suey Toy, guilty as charged in the information.

As the clerk of the Court spoke the word "Guilty" members of the Hip Sing Tong clapped their hands in applause of the verdict, and in derision of me. I cursed them in my own language, and also a white spectator who apparently was in favor of the verdict, and who had joined in the applause. The rival Tong celebrated their victory with a banquet, while the chiefs of my Tong called a special meeting, in order to appropriate sufficient funds to appeal my case to a higher court. I was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff, and locked up in tank five, in the County Jail.

The following day the leaders of the Suey Sing Tong came to visit me. They informed me that \$1,000.00 had been appropriated to appeal my case. I thanked them for their kindness, but opined that it was useless to attempt an appeal, and if the money was to be spent on my behalf, it would be wiser to give it to me so that I could use it later in gathering evidence which would secure executive clemency, on my behalf.

After some discussion it was finally decided that my suggestion was a logical one, and that the money should be given to me to use as I saw fit. The Tong arranged with the Saint James Hotel for meals to be sent to me, while I was

awaiting sentence. On the 8th day of March, 1918, I was arraigned for sentence.

My career as a highbinder ended on that March day when the Superior Court of Santa Clara County sentenced me to the California State Prison at San Quentin, to serve a term of fourteen years. The Tong was notified on the eve of my departure for the State Penitentiary and arranged for a band to meet me at the railroad depot of the Southern Pacific Lines. The band began playing "Until We Meet Again," the moment I arrived at the Station, accompanied of course by two deputy sheriffs. As they played, my head fell to my breast. Tears filled the eyes of my Tong comrades. I spoke briefly to them, admonishing them to brace up, that all there was to do was to face the ordeal bravely, and that some day we would all meet again.

I boarded the train, waved to the crowd, and shouted the Suey Sing War Cry.

I was delivered to Warden James A. Johnston at ten-thirty on the morning of March 9th, 1918.

I underwent all the usual prison routine, consisted of being finger-printed, and photographed. The prison barber gave me a close haircut. I donned my prison garb, was given a number, and was assigned to the prison yard temporarily, until suitable employment was found for me. At the time of my incarceration, there were more than fifty Chinese inmates, serving life sentences. Thirteen of them were members of my Tong, the Suey Sings. They greeted me joyously, and immediately after lunch, we managed to find a place where we could talk privately. It was on a Saturday, the men only worked half a day, so we were permitted to get together. We laughed and cried as we recalled past experiences.

Such was my initiation into San Quentin. I shall never forget that day. I was led away from my friends and loved ones, in order that my debt to Society might be paid. I had fulfilled my duty to my Tong, and lived up to the only code that I knew.

Finally, the lone wolf of the Suey Sing Tong, was confined behind the gray walls of the Penitentiary, his checkered career, as a notorious gunman, was ended.

WHILE serving my sentence in the California State Prison, I held an excellent position, being assigned to the Warden's laundry, outside the walls by the Captain of the Prison Yard, the late Samuel Randolph. During the first year of my sentence, my deportment was excellent; I behaved like an angel. Thereafter, I got hard-boiled, engaged in knife and fist fights, and violated nearly all the prison rules and regulations. I gained the nick name of "Tuffy," due to my conduct, or rather misconduct. I was amply supplied with money, receiving all I needed from my Tong, and from my parents. The gambling concessions were operated by me, and though never caught at it, nevertheless, the Py-gow games I ran were often raided by the prison guards, who had been tipped off by stool pigeons. The latter I threw the fear of God into, by slugging a number of them with my prison made "sap." Towards the end of my incarceration, no one dared to "squawk" on me. I also operated a pawn shop, the inmates hocking their new shirts, shoes, coats, and "shives" (knives.) I made good at this racket, and netted myself many dollars. Duke's Mix-

ture, or "Weed," as it was commonly called, was used as money. Eighteen sacks of tobacco, was the equivalent of one dollar. The Suey Sing Tong allowed each of their convicted Tongmen, forty dollars a month for spending money and two thousand dollars annually as compensation, for services rendered. My Highbinder Society also supplied me with four daily newspapers, and six magazines a month. Every four months, the Tongmen from San Francisco, California, came to visit me.

There were, during my term of sentence fifty-two highbinders "serving time," for tong killings. We organized a Chinese Baseball team, to which I was elected Captain.

Occasionally I craved excitement when I was tired of working, and would slug some rival highbinder. The punishment for such an offense was fifteen days on bread and water in the "hole," dungeon.

I worked six hours a day in the Warden's laundry, the balance of my time being spent in gambling and trapping Seagulls for supper. I was allowed to prepare my food outside the walls, at the laundry. Mrs. Johnston, was a kind-hearted woman, and showed great sympathy for me, often giving me rice and sugar and many other provisions to cook my suppers with. She was the Warden's wife, and I did all the ironing for her family.

DURING Chinese New Year, the Warden permitted the Chinese to send out for provisions, to celebrate their National Holiday. Barbecued pork, chicken, oranges, bananas, cakes, Chop Suey, and candies, Le-chee nuts, and many other delicious foods were included in the menu. We invited the office staff, and the members of the prison band, to join us in the celebration. After the holiday, we still had enough "grub" stored away in our cells, to last us for two months. Every Tong appropriated \$20.00, so each highbinder could buy his New Year's dinner. The men would then "pool" their money, and send out for the necessary provisions.

The prison rules were strict, but I maintained a defiant attitude, even when caught "red handed" with contrabands, or gambling. The climate was very disagreeable, the entire prison being often enveloped by a fog that affected me like "iced bean soup" does. I lived in the old cell during the first year. It was known as China Alley, due to the fact that it housed hardly anyone but Chinese. Each man had a separate cell in this old cell block. I was transferred to the new cell house for fighting with Yee Yum, a Sen Suey Ying gunman, who had "fallen" from Monterey County for murder. I had ten fights in one week with him, once striking him violently over the head with my "sap," because he poisoned my two pet Canary birds, with lime.

One afternoon, just before lock-up, he attempted to sneak behind me and hit me over the head with a stool. I was prepared for him, and swinging around like lightning, I pulled out a "shive" and made a dash for him. A guard witnessed the whole affair, and took us both before Sam Randolph, for judgment. I was able to talk myself out of it, while Yee Yum had to explain through an interpreter. In order to separate us, the Captain placed me in the new cell house while Yee Yum remained in the old cell house.

MEANWHILE, the leaders of my tong, were frantically working to have me released through executive clemency. They used every political influence, and spent large sums of money for the retention of the best attorneys, to handle my cause. No action was taken on my behalf the first two years, but the third year things began to look more hopeful. By this time my behavior had improved, and I seldom engaged in fights, or infringed the prison rules in any way.

I was taking my afternoon nap one day, under a table in the prison laundry, when a "runner" from the Captain's office came and awakened me. I was handed a red slip which read: "Report to the yard office immediately."

The runner being a friend of mine, I asked him what was wrong. He replied "nothing, but you had better hurry, as it's very important."

Two hours previous, I had been caught with a pound of butter on my person, and the red slip looked like trouble. I headed for the yard office, with my mind occupied with thoughts of fifteen days in the dungeon, on a bread and water diet. As it was only a few days until Christmas, I contemplated the prospect of spending Christmas in the "Hole."

I arrived at the yard office, and was told by the convicts in attendance, to sit down and make myself comfortable. I waited nearly half an hour, before I was ushered into the Captain's private office.

In all the three years I had spent in the yard, I never was so heartily greeted by the Captain. I was surprised to see a smile on his face, and when he extended his right hand for a hand-shake, I almost dropped dead from shock. The reason for this reaction I experienced, was no doubt due to the fact that the Chinese inmates had nicknamed the Captain, "Shee Gong Barn," which translated means "The Judge of Hell."

These were the words he spoke to me, and never was such music so sweet to anyone's ears. "Ye Kong, the Board of Pardons and Paroles, commuted your sentence at their last session, and your term of imprisonment expires today, the papers are here, and you are a free man." I couldn't believe my ears. I was a free man. The Warden signed the release papers a few hours later, and as I marched out through the main gates, I waved a last farewell to my fellow countrymen, and my many white friends. Intermingled tears of sympathy and joy, coursed down my cheeks, as the great iron gates opened, admitting me to freedom, while my former associates were locked inside, where the endless, monotonous, drab, prison routine must continue for them.

WHEN the Ferry Boat *Sausalito* docked at her pier, I went ashore. Imagine my surprise, when, as I emerged at the Ferry entrance, I was greeted by a great throng of Suey Sing tongmen. They had been notified of my home-coming by my attorney, and had planned a celebration in my honor. I was taken directly to Tong Headquarters in a limousine, and upon arriving there, found a sumptuous banquet already prepared. An orchestra had been engaged to play, and they played by my request a selection entitled, "All The World Will Be Jealous of Me."

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the moment, and climbed onto the table shouting the Suey Sing War Cry. The crowd cheered, and above their plaudits I shouted out, "Until we meet again, and today we are met again."

The Tong Chief with tears running down his cheeks gripped my hand, and continued to hold it, as he introduced me, the lone wolf, to the new members who had entered the Tong, while I was in prison. It was the happiest moment I ever experienced—I was free again.

With my compensation money, and the gifts I received from wealthy members of the Tong, I went into business. I was sole owner of a large gambling house, and after enjoying a year of prosperity, I sold out to a fellow member of the Tong.

Later, I bought an interest in a fashionable café at 172 Ellis Street, in San Francisco. I made up my mind to settle down to private life, and devote every minute of my time to business interests. Before long, by following this program, things began to look prosperous for me. I had a large income each month from the profits of the café, and in addition, my pension from the Suey Sings. The flappers and belles of Chinatown held no allurements for me. Marriage without love did not appeal to me, so I decided to wait until the right girl came along.

Tom Jark, the President of the Suey Sing Tong, died very suddenly while attending a meeting at Tong Headquarters in Portland, Oregon. Jung Doo Hing being Vice President was automatically declared the succeeding President of the Suey Sings.

The new leader was despised by the fighting men because of his radicalism. He made his own laws, and sought to rule the Tong with an iron hand. He also persecuted many innocent fishermen by taking their shrimp fishery concessions from them. Being Chief of the Suey Sings, he was under the impression that he could do as he pleased, and that no one would dare oppose him in any way.

ABOUT the middle of July, 1922, Jung Doo Hing, the erstwhile Suey Sing President was assassinated by gunmen in the employ of the Chew Yee Society. His death again threw the entire West Coast District into a turmoil. The people were terrified, and most fearful of another Tong War. With Tom Jark dead, and Jung Doo Hing murdered, a new leader must be selected to direct the fighting men, and fulfill the traditions of the Suey Sings. The Tong was again face to face with the issue of declaring war against the Chew Yees, in order to avenge the death of their former leader. An election was ordered, at which a president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer were to be elected. I was the manager and the largest stock holder in the restaurant which I operated. The day of the Jung Doo Hing killing, I was busy directing the preparation of a special banquet for a downtown business club. At 4 P.M. I received a telephone call from Headquarters, and was informed of the tragedy. I did not reach Headquarters until an hour later, and I found the place besieged with police officers, who were

present to prevent further bloodshed—if possible.

I was unarmed. Two detectives of the San Francisco Police Department, with whom I was acquainted, greeted me as I entered. They informed me that five rival tongmen were being held as suspects.

Every branch of the Suey Sing Tong had been notified of the murder, by telephone. The instructions given to them were not to retaliate, but to mark time until they received further instructions. The directors were present at Headquarters, and they called for an election. Ballots were distributed to all branches of the Tong throughout the Pacific Coast, and voting was soon in progress.

The Chin Lain—Yee Kong ticket was elected to lead the tong. All other contestants for office were virtually "snowed under." Chin Lain was made President, while I was chosen Secretary. The position to which I was elected was, and still is, the most important office held by a tong official.

When the news of the election was made public, there were numerous protests made against my holding office. In electing me, so my enemies said, the Suey Sings would be continually engaged in warfare, as I was a veteran highbinder. The following afternoon I took office. I was sworn in before the war-god. I took the oath of my Society, and pledged myself to live up to the traditions of the Tong, and to execute the affairs of the Suey Sings, without fear or favor. The heavy burden of the Tong was thrown on my young shoulders. The responsibility of fulfilling the "Unwritten Law of the Tong" rested with me.

Because of the death of Jung Doo Hing, war was imminent. At this troublesome hour I must decide what policy my Society would follow—that of peace or war.

As secretary, it was my place to collect the protection money from the various illegitimate businesses of the Society. I endeavored to raise the standards of my office by interviewing all press reporters, and giving them authentic information. My salary was \$400.00 a month, and that, together with "extra" money paid to me by the owners of various "rackets," gave me a most tidy income. The tong allowed me the use of a high-powered automobile, and all expenses when travelling. The annual expense budget for my office was \$15,000, and I managed to lower running expenses by reducing the gunmen pay-roll. It was also my duty to handle all the legal business for the Tong, to pay property taxes, issue membership certificates, initiate newcomers, and to keep tab on all the highbinders employed by the Tong. All complaints against the Suey Sings were adjusted through my department, and any inter-Tong arguments were left up to me to settle.

ON the 2nd day of August, 1922, I was cited to appear before the Chinese Peace Tribunal, to represent the Suey Sings. The matter under consideration was the murder of Jung Doo Hing, our former leader. The constituency of the Suey

Sing Tong demanded justice, and I was authorized by the eighteen members of the Board of Directors to settle the matter in my own way.

The Peace Tribunal Hall was filled to capacity, long before I arrived. Shortly after the meeting was opened, the Chairman of the Tribunal introduced me to the delegates and visitors.

I arose, and delivered the following speech: "Gentlemen and Fellow Countrymen, I am representing the Suey Sing Tong at this Peace Tribunal meeting, and I have been cited to appear here, in order that our case might be presented to your Honorable Tribunal, for the general purpose of effecting a lasting and genuine peace. I have only a few remarks to make, and I trust that they will meet with your complete approbation. The 'Unwritten Law of the Tongs' ought not to be carried out in this case. Retaliation has heretofore been our only recourse, but gentlemen I say to you, that bloodshed must cease. The Suey Sing Tong, if indemnified in the amount of eighteen thousand dollars, will allow the death of Jung Doo Hing to go unavenged."

As I finished, spontaneous applause burst out all over the hall. As the applause subsided, the delegate of the Chew Yee Tong, a man much older than myself, arose and said, "Sonny, we will meet those terms, without delay."

He then proceeded to write me a check for the full amount. Thus the quarrel between the two tongs was settled for the first time, without bloodshed.

The assembled tongmen were amazed to see a veteran highbinder settle the dispute for money. The members of my Society who were unable to gain admittance to the Peace Tribunal Hall were awaiting my arrival at Headquarters. Check in my hand I marched triumphantly into the directors' room. The only remark I made was "settled." The directors were more than satisfied with the indemnity, which I had secured for the life of Jung Doo Hing. Despite my reputation as a gunman, I had made an amiable settlement, and prevented warfare. Such a war would have resulted in the loss of many lives, and the expenditure of thousands of dollars.

I WAS elected three consecutive terms as Secretary of the Suey Sing Tong, and served one term as Vice President. Incidentally, I still hold an important position in the Tong. I am the sole survivor of the Suey Sing Legion of Honor, which was originally composed of seven men. Ong Mon Foo was executed at San Quentin, on December 3rd, 1920; Lew Fat paid his debt to society on the 24th day of November, 1922; Jung Sam was executed on August 3rd, 1923; Chin San Ben died of natural causes in 1926; Lee Soon and Lee Won were killed in a Tong War—dying with their boots on.

I am still on the pension list, under the rating of a veteran gunman.

I shall never forget those days when I was active in Tong warfare. For the cause of the Suey Sings, and Americanism, I was born to live and die like a man. May the Suey Sings forever reign supreme.

Eight Lives for \$300

(Continued from page 41)

none had taken particular notice of the three bandits.

The bandits had not been sitting exactly together. One had sat on the left-hand side about half way down the car. Another had sat on the same side near the rear while the third had been seated on the right-hand side about two thirds of the way toward the rear. The men had been dressed in clothes that did not attract attention, being neither gaudy or slovenly.

At this time we did not know how many had taken part in the crime. There were at least four; the three in the trolley and the one that drove the automobile that carried them away.

While at headquarters Harold Johnson, of 141 North Railroad Avenue, Mount Vernon, walked into the police station. He told us that he had been standing at the top of the hill waiting for the trolley. He had just come from a residence in the vicinity.

As the bandits had passed him, he said, one of them had fired a shot at him. Due to the high speed of the lurching automobile the bullet had gone wild. Johnson had seen the flash from the revolver and had heard the bullet whine past his head.

Johnson told us that there were at least five men in the automobile. Two were in the front seat and three were in the back. The shot had been fired at him by one of the men in the back seat, he said. Our informant said that the bandit's machine had swerved into South Columbus Avenue on two wheels and had just missed being wrecked at this point.

With five bandits accounted for, the capture of the guilty appeared hard as we well knew that the men would separate and that the trail already undoubtedly led in five different directions.

No clues were found in the death trolley, my men reported. There was little but the wrecked automobile to work on. A careful search of that revealed nothing. I had ordered a search for fingerprints but we had little hope of any, for this crime appeared to be the work of hardened criminals and that type, we well knew, had enough sense to keep gloves on their hands even in July.

Lieutenant Mattes had the license number of the automobile looked up and we found that the plates had been issued to a Miss Edna Baltimore, at 210 East 114th Street in New York City.

At about this juncture we decided to enlist the aid of the New York police and hurried to the headquarters of the detective bureau. Detectives Thomas J. Martin and Stephen Donohue, a famous pair, were assigned to help us.

Our next move was to go to see the owner of the automobile. Arriving at the house we met the owner. We were greeted cordially and she was surprised to hear that her automobile had been wrecked. She said it must have been stolen or borrowed from the garage where she kept it, for she had not had it out for several days.

Believing that the woman knew nothing of the crime we left and started for the garage. Before we reached there Detective Martin suddenly said, fairly shouting, "Why I know that woman. She is the wife of John Marino. He's done time."



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THE thoughts in the detective's mind came fast. He said that Marino had done time in Sing Sing for burglary and was known to New York's underworld as "Johnnie the Dope" and "Little Johnnie."

Forgetting the garage for the time being we headed back toward the 114th Street residence. The gangster's wife was still there. She had a visitor who had arrived just after we left. The New York detectives recognized her at once. She was Marian Mooney, the wife of another ex-convict and a sweetheart of one Frankie Daley, also an ex-convict.

Both women denied any knowledge of the crime. Marino's wife admitted her real identity and insisted that she had not seen her husband for more than a week. The other woman refused to admit that she was a former convict's wife and almost screamed that she was ignorant of any

Marian Mooney would not divulge a thing.

During the questioning we received word from New York about the garage that we had been heading for when Detective Martin remembered Marino's wife. A detective had been told that the machine had been taken out on Sunday afternoon at about four o'clock. The garage men could not positively remember but thought that Mr. Baltimore had taken the machine.

Different men often went to the garage and took the automobile, so little attention was paid to who took it. The driver always had the right keys, the detective had been told.

Marino's wife would say nothing more than she said during our first talk and we now felt that she was not telling us everything she knew. We again turned our questions to Miss Mooney. She said, after finally decided to talk, that her husband, Joseph J. Ryan, a chauffeur and dance hall instructor, positively knew nothing of the hold-up or any other crime. She begged "Don't drag him into this mess."

Once we got her to talk at all we decided to keep at her. At last she admitted that she knew Frankie Daley. She finally admitted that she was more than a friend; she was one of his sweethearts. She said she had not seen Daley for about five days and that so far as she knew he was going straight as Marino's wife insisted her husband was. The woman said she had not been living with Ryan, her real husband.

Nothing we could say would make the woman change her story. We came to the conclusion that she knew nothing of the

over to us. The bandits had apparently kept dropping bags of the coins as they fled because of their great weight.

The trolley company officials told us that as near as they could determine the dead inspector had had a little over \$1,700 with him. This left approximately \$300 unaccounted for that the bandits had got away with.

On the second day after the hold-up the trolley motorman died in the Mount Vernon Hospital. He passed away without being able to tell us anything about the shooting. Little hope had been held for his recovery but for about thirty-six hours he had held his own. Then a relapse came and he sank fast, dying without regaining consciousness.

After more than a week had passed and the solution of the crime was no nearer than it had been since we arrested the two women there were many who began to lose hope and said that we would never catch the murderers. Frankly, it began to look that way.

We had not stopped our investigation, however, and one day through the channels of the underworld that the police must maintain to solve many of the crimes committed we learned that a woman named Elsie Towne, known to be the sweetheart of several underworld characters, was in the Kings County Hospital being treated for a serious disease.

Our informer told us that Elsie Towne had been sent there by "Johnnie the Dope" and that he had been keeping her in an apartment prior to the time she became ill.

Arrangements were made at once to go to the hospital. When we arrived we were told that no visitors were allowed. The woman had been there several weeks, we were told, and frequently received letters. Wondering who these were from we made arrangements to have them intercepted.

Two days later a letter addressed to the woman was turned over to us. It was signed "J." The letter itself said little other than to hope for a speedy recovery and telling of a business trip to an unnamed destination. The letter was postmarked at Cleveland, Ohio.

We obtained specimens of Marino's handwriting from his wife's apartment. A comparison of the two sent our hopes soaring high. In many respects they were identical. We found a letter "J" that was exactly the same as the one signed as a signature.

By this time I had prepared a circular asking for the arrest of Marino that had been given a wide circulation. We immediately forwarded a number to Cleveland and also sent the Cleveland police the information we had obtained from the postmark.

Almost praying that the police of the lake city would be able to locate the fugitive our hopes were given a rude shock when another letter was intercepted at the hospital from Marino. This, like the other, was useless to us so far as its contents was concerned. Marino just wrote to again express his sorrow for his sweetheart's plight. The only value this letter had was that it was postmarked at Toledo, Ohio. These letters were resealed and then given to the sick woman.

Marino was slowly moving further west. We asked ourselves, "Could he have learned that the chase was getting hot and that

(Continued on page 92)



David De Maio, the "bootleg king" of New Rochelle, who planned the hold-up. The scene at De Maio's death was a pitiful one—especially for his wife

crime. She said she had just come over to see Miss Baltimore to talk to her about some dress material.

Questioning for ten minutes failed to bring any admission so I decided to place both under arrest and hold them as material witnesses. The fact that Mrs. Marino owned the bandits' car was enough to hold her for awhile and we felt that Marian Mooney's association with criminals was sufficient to hold her. A visit so early in the morning, it still being only about 9:30 A.M., to talk about dress material didn't ring true, particularly in view of the terrible crime that had been committed but a few hours before.

We brought both women here to Mount Vernon and placed them in separate cells far from each other so that they could not talk. Later they were arraigned in the local city court before City Judge Jacob Bernstein and ordered held in \$10,000 bail each.

After being returned to their cells we began hours and hours of questioning. Edna Baltimore did not waver from her story that she had not seen her husband for many days. She said he had keys to her machine and often took it out, but insisted that he had "gone straight" since his last visit at Sing Sing and was working somewhere in New York as a taxi driver.



Joe Mazzo, member of the bandit gang who murdered Inspector Schumacher, and who escaped the police net. He is now on the "wanted" list

hold-up before it occurred but we could not convince ourselves that she did not learn of it soon after and that the knowledge of it had prompted her early morning visit to her friend's home. We continued to question both women for the next few days without results.

DURING the day following the hold-up persons searching in the woods found more and more of the missing money. In all about \$1,400 was located and turned



Miss Mildred Robinson, occupant of the apartment directly below the room where Cooley was attacked, and an important witness in the case.

Who Killed "Vic" Cooley?

The Inside Story of Pasadena's
Notorious Love-Murder
A California Newspaper Man
Reveals the Entire Truth



Mrs. Pearl Cooley, the victim's estranged wife, who watched at his bedside for four days and then gave the police an important bit of information.

TWO women—beautiful, charming women—watched anxiously near the hospital bedside of "Vic" Cooley in Pasadena, California, during his four day losing battle with death following the visit of a midnight assassin to the bachelor apartment which he shared with John Lee Howard, his business partner.

In the hospital, close by the man whose personal fortune she had helped to build before they became estranged, Cooley's vivacious and talented young wife watched with anguished eyes as the doctors and nurses ministered to the wounded man. In a costly apartment adjacent to the institution, the "other woman," Mrs. Everett Merritt Hanan, divorcee and daughter of one of the West's outstanding mining men, received frequent bulletins from the bedside via Cooley's nineteen year old son, Clyde.

While the police sought vainly for a tangible clue the victim's partner waited attendance on Mrs. Cooley.

He had discovered the attack when he reached the apartment at midnight. He found Cooley, he said, slumped on the bed with his head badly battered. Blood flecked the walls and ceiling and lay in pools on the floor. His wallet—which at dinner time had contained \$1,800 in cash and a certified check—lay open and empty on the bed. And that was the scene as the police found it when they entered the case. All Pasadena awaited the outcome, eager for each detail, for the Cooleys were prominent and well liked.

Yet when the break in this tangled case did come, when the police announced that they had the confession of the wielder of the fatal hammer the public was aghast for they learned—but let Jack Carberry of the Los Angeles *Evening Express* tell you the story just as it happened. His complete, inside account of the police work involved appears in **THE MASTER DETECTIVE** for August.

In The August Issue, Read

BLUNDERS THAT HAVE SOLVED NOTORIOUS CRIMES—THE STRANGE DEATH OF JAKE HAMON, OKLAHOMA'S POLITICAL CZAR—WISCONSIN'S STRANGEST CRIME—PASADENA'S LOVE MURDER—THE PHANTOM AND THE HORROR MASK—THE RED CLAY RIDDLE—SMASHING THE PLOT TO KILL MARSHALL FOCH—THE CLUE OF THE BURIED BULLET—CLEVELAND'S CRIMSON MYSTERY—MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN THE GREAT WAR—VICTIMS OF KILLERS—THE ASTONISHING FATE OF MRS. MOWRY.

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(Continued from page 90)

the police of Cleveland were searching everywhere in that city for him?"

We hurriedly telegraphed to the police of Toledo. We told them of our search and gave them a description of the hunted murderer. A printed description and picture followed immediately.

BY this time we were wondering where Marino would turn up next. Would it be Detroit? Chicago? Or some other city further west. Descriptions and pictures of the man were sent to dozens of cities.

As we saw visions of capturing Marino, the trolley company offered a \$1,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. A few days later a New York newspaper offered another \$1,000 and then came an additional reward of \$5,000 that was offered by Westchester County for the capture of the men.

Seven thousand dollars seemed a lucrative reward for the apprehension of the criminals outside the desire to bring to justice the men who had committed the most cold-blooded crime I had ever known of.

Everything, however, appeared to go against us. We were seeking five men. Only two of them were known to us and we were not certain that they had committed the murders. We had no idea who the other three men might be. We had only a faint idea of where one man was and he was keeping a jump ahead of us. Should his letters stop coming to his sick sweetheart, we realized, our trail would be lost entirely.

We kept in constant touch with the police of both Toledo and Cleveland but the efforts of their best detectives brought no further trace of Marino. Then came a heart-breaking blow.

Through the same underworld connection that had led us to the hospital we learned that a syndicate of gangsters had supplied Marino with a large amount of money with which to make his escape. There was sufficient money, we were told, to make it unnecessary for the man to tackle a single job. All he had to do was just to keep going. The underworld was protecting its own.

One day passed and then another without any results. All this time we and our New York detective allies were doing everything possible to get a line on either Daley or the three unknown men.

We continued to question the two women still in custody because they had been unable to raise the heavy bail. Their stories never changed. We became convinced that it was useless to hold them any longer. We had come to the conclusion that possibly they would do us more good outside jail than in.

Both were taken before the local court and their bail was reduced to \$500. Mrs. Marino quickly obtained the money and was released. Miss Mooney was held when she failed to get a bondsman.

ANOTHER week passed and things began to really look black. Another letter was received from Marino in which he said, "I'll see you soon."

Again our hopes soared. Was Marino coming back? Would he dare to come back to New York? This letter came from Cleveland.

It was tough to have to wait while we vainly tried to pick up a good clue out of many we received, most of which proved false and useless when finally traced down.

Our first good break in many days came on August 10th when I again received a tip from my underworld connection. I was told that Marino had been seen in New York.

Our detective friends from that city were told of this information, which if true, was the most encouraging thing we had heard since the day after the murders. Could it be true, we asked ourselves, that Marino, with a price on his head, had come back as he had intimated in the last letter to his sweetheart?

The next day Elsie Towne received another letter. This was postmarked at a post office in Washington Heights. It was signed with the familiar "J." In this letter an address was mentioned. Marino had become either careless or daring. He was back in New York.

Two days later, after Mattes and I and our New York detective friends had kept a constant vigil for nearly forty-eight hours in relays at the house mentioned in the letter Marino was caught.

He was arrested as he stepped from the home of Joe Laturza at 767 East 149th Street, in the Bronx. He readily admitted his identity. No one had seen him go into the house and for some time later we wondered if the man had ever really left New York.



John Marino, who figured prominently in the case, and was the first of the gang to be captured

The bandit was taken to headquarters and Lieutenant Mattes and I left at once for New York. Marino said little for about an hour, we were told, proving to be very sullen.

Finally, after a severe grilling Marino broke down. "I didn't fire the shots. I want to talk to the district attorney," he said.

We communicated with District Attorney Arthur C. Rowland, of Yonkers, then district attorney of Westchester County, and he left for New York at once arriving within an hour. By this time Marino's attitude had changed and he was ready to talk.

"I'll tell you the whole thing," he said

to the District Attorney, "if you promise to let me off easy. I didn't fire the shots that killed those fellows. I was driving the car."

The District Attorney thought for a moment and asked, "Marino, do you want to turn State's evidence and act as a witness for the State?"

The bandit said he did and the District Attorney then said, "All right, if I find through the entire proceedings that you did not fire the shots that resulted in these murders I will do my best to see that you are not prosecuted for murder in the first degree, providing of course, that you aid us in the capture and prosecution of the others."

Marino then proceeded to tell us of the entire affair. He said that David DeMaio, of New Rochelle, known as the "bootleg king" of that city, had been the tipster and had told the gang of the large sums of money carried every night on "The Owl". Being a resident of the city where the trolley started its run early each morning the information came to him easily.

AT first Marino said the gang met in The Daylight Bakery at 2093 Third Avenue in New York City. This place was run by an Ernest Friedrick. It was here that DeMaio suggested the hold-up of the paymaster of the Kelly Construction Company that at the time was constructing a large addition to the Pelham Memorial High School at Wolf's Lane and East Sixth Street in Pelham Manor.

It was about in front of this school that the bandits' automobile had been standing when "The Owl" passed it on the fatal ride.

The arrangements for the hold-up of the paymaster were completed and the stick-up was supposed to come off about five weeks before the hold-up of "The Owl." The high school job was less than a half mile from the scene of the crime.

The paymaster of the construction company failed to show up on schedule and the bandits, becoming more and more nervous as they waited, finally abandoned the hold-up about five minutes before the paymaster did arrive, we learned later.

After that failure, Marino told us, the gang met again one night in the bakery and DeMaio told of the Owl's morning trip. He said that the trolley carried, on the Monday morning trip after extra heavy fares of Sunday from lines running to beaches on Long Island Sound, about \$3,500. The gang felt that this would be a haul worth while and began to lay their plans for the hold-up.

It was decided that Frankie Daley, a fearless gangster, was to board the trolley somewhere in New Rochelle, accompanied by Jimmie Lipso, another gangster and ex-convict, and Joe Mazza, another denizen of New York's underworld and a man with a long prison record.

Marino, accompanied by Salvatore Mileto, a gangster known as Solly Cheesecake, were to be in the automobile. This was to be parked on East Sixth Street, near the high school, to wait for the trolley.

When the car passed, the automobile was to follow, and as soon thereafter as possible the trio in the trolley were to hold up the trolley men and then jump into the

waiting automobile and make their escape.

DeMaio, because of the fact that he was a resident of this part of the county, was to wait in New York for the other five where the spoils were to be split. The gang was afraid that with DeMaio along someone might see him and recognize him, Marino told us.

MARINO said that the trolley came along on schedule and that as it passed, Daley gave him and Mileto the signal to follow by raising his newspaper. None of the passengers on the trolley, that we questioned, had seen this move. The automobile followed the trolley but a few feet in the rear.

The gang had not expected that there would be any killing and realized a few seconds after the hold-up that a bad mistake had been made, according to Marino. Our prisoner was asked about the firing of the shot at Johnson who was standing waiting for the trolley at the top of the hill.

Marino told us that Daley thought Johnson was a policeman and took a pot shot at him as a parting shot and gesture of his daring recklessness.

Our prisoner said that their automobile, as Johnson had said, almost crashed as it swung from East Sixth Street into South Columbus Avenue, just missing a large tree as it grazed the curbstone. From that point, Marino said, he drove the automobile at from fifty to seventy miles an hour until it was close to the point where it was wrecked.

He said he became confused at this point because of the darkness and as the machine was traveling at about fifty-five miles an hour decided to swing north into South Third Avenue. He said he jammed on his brakes but could not prevent the machine from hitting the curb and it came to an abrupt stop as the steel bridgework was hit.

Marino said he tried to back the machine up but it would not move. The bandits at first did not realize that a wheel had been smashed. All five then grabbed a few of the heavy money bags and took to the woods planning to meet at their New York rendezvous as soon as possible.

Daley was with Marino and before they had gone more than a few feet realized they were lost. Daley said that they had better hide until morning.

A few minutes later at Roslyn Avenue, near East Sixth Street, they found a hole in the street that had been excavated for a sewer. The two bandits crawled into the hole and stayed there until about ten o'clock the next morning.

They left one revolver in the hole and calmly climbed out and walked to a nearby station on the New York, Westchester and Boston where they took a train for New York. Marino said that their clothes were covered with mud from the sewer hole and they thought that certainly they would be stopped and questioned. They were not, he said and they arrived in New York a short time later.

Marino said that for many hours after they had crawled into the sewer hole they could hear searchers from the posse moving around near them, often but a few feet away. When daylight came, from their position they could actually see the feet and legs of the searchers, but no one ever thought to look in their sewer hole, he said.

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The prisoner told us that he had received a small sum of money from some friends to allow him to make his get-away and that he had immediately headed for the middle west. This information bore out the tip we had received about the time Marino started sending letters to his sweetheart in the Kings County Hospital.

Marino told us that his funds had run low and that he decided to take a chance and come back to New York to raise some more money with which to get out of the country. He said he was arrested just as he was trying to negotiate a loan so that he could escape to Havana, Cuba.

AFTER hearing the story we took Marino to Mount Vernon for formal arraignment. The news of his capture leaked out and so fast did it spread that when we reached police headquarters several hundred people had assembled to get a look at the man.

The crowd appeared disappointed when they saw the diminutive bandit who didn't really look like the desperate character they had seen pictured in the newspapers.

Our hearts sunk when we realized that the news was out. We feared that all the others would hide away so that it would be impossible to find them. With only Marino in custody our work was just starting, we felt.

Marino was taken into court before Judge Bernstein and ordered held without bail on a charge of murder. He was detained for the time being in the Mount Vernon jail.

The great problem that confronted us was the capture of the others, particularly Daley, the killer. With more than three weeks already passed the task of capturing the men seemed almost impossible. Marino insisted that he had no idea where the others had gone as all had separated.

He said he had not seen Daley since they parted in New York upon leaving the train. He said he had not seen Lipso, Mazzo or Mileto after the automobile was wrecked and had not seen DeMaio since the night before the hold-up.

That information was not much consolation; yet, we at least had Marino and usually after the first one is caught the other captures come much easier. We were now spurred on to keep up our search.

Our second big piece of luck came two days later on August 16th when New Rochelle detectives after a watch of two days at the home of DeMaio at 229 Union Avenue in that city arrested him as he was stepping into his automobile. DeMaio had heard of Marino's capture but did not think he would squeal and had been in and around New Rochelle as though nothing had happened.

He was dumbfounded when placed under arrest and told he was wanted for the murder of the two trolley men. He protested his innocence and said that he had a perfect alibi. DeMaio said that he could easily prove he was nowhere near the scene of the crime at the time it had happened.

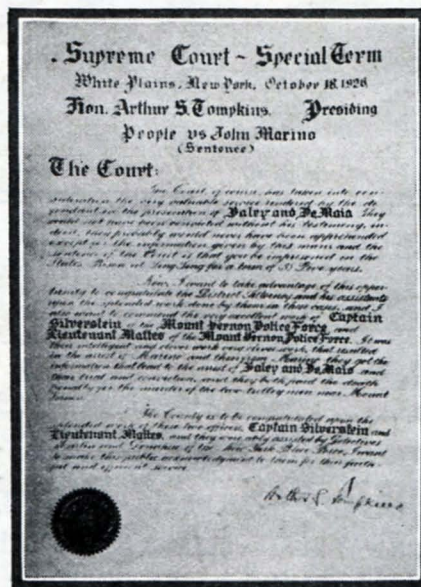
This was true enough. He was somewhere between Harlem and Mount Vernon when the shots had been fired, but with the information given us by Marino, he might just as well have been in Halifax. He was as much a murderer in the eyes of the law as though he had fired the fatal shots.

De Maio was taken before Judge

Bernstein and also ordered held without bail on a murder charge. He was held in the Mount Vernon jail, but not near Marino, being kept on a different tier so that they could not converse.

Within two days DeMaio confessed and admitted his part in the murder. While Lieutenant Mattes and I were questioning him he told us that he could have been picked up easily a few minutes after the hold-up if a policeman had only felt like holding him.

DeMaio said he was nervous while waiting in New York for the hold-up to take place and at about 2:20 A. M. had left in



Framed testimonial presented to Captain Silverstein, highly commending the Captain and Lieutenant Mattes for their great work in solving the "Owl Murders" case. This testimonial is one of the valued possessions at detective headquarters in New Rochelle, and is a well-deserved tribute on a tough case

his own automobile to come to Mount Vernon and see if he could find his friends.

The prisoner said he drove up the Boston Post Road and turned into South Columbus Avenue. He said his heart almost stopped when he saw Marino's machine wrecked. DeMaio told us a policeman was by the car. This was Patrolman Charles Schultz who was ringing a police box a short distance away when the bandits' car crashed.

The officer had just reached the wrecked car when DeMaio came along. DeMaio had just missed, by about a minute, reaching the scene in time to rescue his fellow bandits. The officer called to DeMaio and asked him to drive back to the police box and summon assistance.

DeMaio went back to the box and returned a few minutes later. He told the officer that no one answered the telephone, and then drove off. DeMaio told us he had made no attempt to telephone, not desiring to get the police on the trail of his friends or himself any sooner than the natural course of events would bring about.

The man could give us no information concerning the whereabouts of the others. He said he had not seen them since the night before the hold-up.

Things moved fast for us, however, for on the next morning I received word through an underworld tip telling where Daley might be found. I can't disclose where these tips came from because if it ever got out there would be a few more shootings. It's enough to say that we never get these tips from high society.

I called Lieutenant Mattes into my office and said, "Herman, I think we'll take a trip up into Connecticut this afternoon and see if we can locate the place where Daley is supposed to be staying."

He called Detectives Donohue and Martin and asked them to be in Mount Vernon at two o'clock and then made arrangements with a friend of ours to get a high powered automobile carrying New Jersey license plates. There was every reason for using all precautions to insure secrecy.

It would be to our advantage if none of our movements were learned by anyone and by using a machine with New Jersey plates the chances of anyone seeing us would be lessened. We planned to pose as ordinary tourists.

Our New York detective friends arrived on time and a few minutes later the four of us left, heading south as though we might be intending to go to New Jersey where the license plates might indicate. Once out of Mount Vernon we headed for the Boston Post Road and then east for Connecticut.

It took us a little more than an hour to reach Westport, a small village near the Sound between South Norwalk and Bridgeport. We went to the nearby barracks of the state police and explained our mission. We asked assistance and Sergeant Walter Linahan and three other officers were assigned to help us.

Sergeant Linahan proved to be an ideal man. He was well versed in police matters and knew every inch of the country for miles around. The place we sought was about five miles out into the country to the northeast in the unincorporated limits of the township of Weston.

We would have undoubtedly searched for hours without success if it had not been for Sergeant Linahan, due to the many miles of winding narrow country dirt roads that forked off in all directions.

We got within a half mile of the farm house where we hoped to find Daley and then decided to talk matters over before going any further. Night was fast approaching and unless we went to the house at once we would have to work in the dark which would be decidedly to our disadvantage.

THE thought naturally ran through our minds that Daley would undoubtedly be continually looking for strangers and might see us approaching the house. The farm house, the police said, unfortunately was back from the roadway and set on a piece of ground that was higher than the road. There were few trees near the building, the sergeant said, which offered little opportunity to sneak up on the place unseen.

We talked over the idea of trying to effect a capture at night. If this was tried we realized that a gun fight would undoubtedly result in Daley having all the advantages. Being a killer we well knew he would fight and wouldn't be at all particular where his steel slugs went. Besides, it would be rather easy for him

to get through the cordon that we might attempt to throw around the farm house.

Nearby toward the rear there were wooded sections and once into them at night the hunted man, if he ever reached them, would most likely make his escape easily as only Sergeant Linahan really knew the surrounding country. While debating what procedure to follow, dusk came on rapidly and before we realized it, night had arrived. We then decided to wait until morning.

By waiting until morning we would be able to possibly surprise Daley while in bed and get him without gun play. Also, we concluded, he might be sleepy and might be captured before he realized what was taking place. Then, too, if Daley should get out of the building we would be able to see our man.

It was a long night. We took cat-naps in turns with always one staying awake just on general principles. The hours dragged like weeks. You see we were not certain that Daley was in the farm house although I knew my tip had said that he had been there a few days before.

ALONG about four o'clock the first streaks of dawn began to show over the horizon. By five o'clock it was fairly light. We again quickly discussed the situation and decided that it was now or never. We hurried up the road toward the entrance to the farm.

Two of us went to the door with drawn guns while the others waited outside posting themselves close to the building out of sight of any windows but so that no one could get out without being seen at once.

I knocked on the front door. There was no answer so I knocked again. After repeating this several times I heard a movement inside and a few seconds later heard the door bolt being slipped over.

The door opened and there stood a man with a shotgun in his hands. Before he could say anything I spoke. "Put that gun down. We are police officers and want to talk to you."

I spoke in whispered tones. "We are looking for a man named Daley who is wanted for murder in New York."

The farmer said that he had a boarder who was asleep upstairs but that his name wasn't Daley. "He came here a couple of weeks ago with a friend and said he was looking for a place to rest. His friend didn't stay. He went away the same day," he whispered.

We were now certain that the man we sought was upstairs. I asked the farmer to point out the door to the man's room and told him to get out of the way as there might be some shooting. By this time the farmer's wife had appeared and although badly frightened when told of our mission, pointed out the room.

Mattes and I crept upstairs to the doorway, making no noise. Not even a creak from the stairs could be heard. I put my ear to the door and listened. I could faintly hear the sound of a person breathing.

We did not know whether the door was locked or not and agreed to try to turn the door knob noiselessly and then throw our weight against the door to break it down if it did not give way readily.

I turned the knob and with a slight squeak the door opened. Mattes and I with our revolvers in our hands burst into the

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room. As we did a man lying in a bed awoke with a start. It was Daley.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I guess you know what we want you for Daley, don't you?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "you've got me. It happened just about a month ago."

"Get up and get dressed. You are under arrest and we are taking you back to Mount Vernon," I told him. Daley dressed within a few minutes and made no gesture or attempt to escape, submitting to our orders without complaint.

We extended our sincerest apologies to the farmer and his wife for our abrupt entry into their home and pointed out that under the circumstances we had to work as we did to prevent Daley from learning that we were there. A man such as Daley, we pointed out, accused of killing two men in cold blood was a desperate character.

Daley was handcuffed to Lieutenant Mattes and we started for Westport. During the drive back to the village Daley



Salvatore Melito, *alias* "Solly Cheesecake." For two years he escaped the police drag-net, then an innocent eleven-year-old school girl had to die, that this gangster might be captured—an accident in the exchange of shots

did not show much inclination to talk. He would not admit that he was responsible for the deaths of the two trolley men.

Several times he said he had not fired the shots but admitted he had been mixed in the hold-up. Twice he asked how we had learned of his whereabouts but we did not tell him.

Back in Westport we ate breakfast and once Daley had something to eat his attitude changed. Without much coaxing he agreed to waive extradition which saved us considerable trouble. Had he insisted upon this formality we might not have been able to take our prisoner back into New York state for several weeks.

During the ride back to Mount Vernon Daley made a complete confession. He talked of his own volition and told us of his part in the affair from start to finish.

"After we passed the car I knew we had to pull the job soon before we got much further as we would soon be in the center of Mount Vernon where there would be plenty of cops around," he said.



Jimmie Lipso. He was captured by the police in 1929, in Salerno, Italy, where he had fled after the murders. Due to the death of Marino, the State's principal witness, he was not prosecuted

"We walked to the front of the car just as it started up the hill. I poked my gat in the old man's ribs and told him to stick 'em up. He didn't move at first and I told him again. This time he started to put his hands in his hip pocket. I thought he was drawing a rod so I let him have it," the killer went on.

"The motorman didn't seem to know what it was all about. I pushed my gat at him and told him to stop the car and hurry up about it. He asks what for so I let him have it, too.

"The car stopped and I grabbed the old man's three bags and we hopped out. Dopey had the Caddy right along side and we all jumped in and beat it. The whole thing happened in less than a minute."

IT didn't take us very long to reach Mount Vernon. After we booked our prisoner he was taken before Judge Bernstein and formally arraigned, charged with murder in the first degree. He was taken to jail and locked up under heavy guard.

Things had certainly broken fine for us. But two weeks before our case appeared hopeless. We were getting all sorts of false tips and leads that were discouraging and for awhile it looked as though we never would get on the right track. I almost admitted to myself several times that it had begun to look as though the murders would never stand trial.

Then, we started to have some luck and within two weeks we had captured the three most important characters involved in the case. There were but three more to get and if the luck kept running I felt that we would also get them.

That afternoon Inspector Coughlin, of the New York force came to Mount Vernon after word had reached him that Daley had been captured. We talked over the case as it now stood and as he was leaving he turned to me and said, "Captain your department is to be congratulated. You now have the tipster, the man who drove the car and the man who did the killing. The rest of the gang can be caught. That

is splendid work. It is a fine record for Mount Vernon. I congratulate you."

MARINO and DeMaio had been taken to the county jail in White Plains and just before Daley was to go there I was talking to him and I asked, "Suppose any of the passengers had moved. What would you have done?"

"I'd have shot them too," he said, showing his heartless nature.

"I guess you know what this means," I said.

"Sure I know. The chair. I'm not afraid to face what others have faced," he answered with a sneer on his lips.

A few weeks later both Daley and DeMaio were indicted by the Grand Jury for murder in the first degree and speedy trials were planned. About this time the two murders led to further tragedies. Marino's parents were found dead in their New York City home. They killed themselves by inhaling illuminating gas. The disgrace of their son had been too much to bear, friends said.

Daley was tried first before Supreme Court Justice Arthur S. Tomkins. The trial came to a hasty termination once the jury had the case for deliberation. Marino had been the State's principal witness. A verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned and the killer was a few days later sentenced to death.

A short time later DeMaio went to trial. His case was also rather quickly disposed of with Marino again the State's star witness. DeMaio believed he would get off with a jail sentence as he had not been at the scene. His wife and her small children presented a pitiful sight, but the jury returned the first degree murder verdict sought by the State and DeMaio was sentenced to death.

Marino's trial was delayed. He was indicted but no attempt was made to hurry the trial. In the meantime we did not let down in our efforts to locate the three uncaptured bandits.

Finally the time came for Daley's death. The Court of Appeals refused to interfere and he was led through the little oak door that shuts off the death chair room from the rest of the death house at Sing Sing.

Daley went to his death without a protest. In fact, he held his nerve to the very end. He was only twenty-two years old.

A few months later the time neared for the execution of the sentence on DeMaio. He became very nervous and irritable. He paced his cell by the hour mumbling to himself. The vision of the death chair just a few feet away played on his mind. He presented a much different picture than had Daley during his last days.

DeMaio seldom spoke to anyone. He ran to the front of his cell each time he heard a guard or keeper enter the death house. "Is there any news?" he would ask and then when told that there was none would turn away without saying anything more.

Finally the day before the death sentence was to be carried out arrived. DeMaio had but twenty-four hours to live. The Court of Appeals had not yet handed down its decision. The looked-for decision came that day. The Court of Appeals ruled, as it had done in Daley's appeal, that DeMaio had been given a fair trial and upheld the conviction. DeMaio's great array of lawyers had but one more

opportunity; an appeal to Governor Alfred E. Smith.

The Governor, DeMaio was told early the next morning, had refused to commute his sentence saying that he would not interfere in the case as the Court of Appeals had given the trial a thorough review.

A most pitiful scene was enacted during the early afternoon when DeMaio's wife and their three oldest children came to visit him for the last time. The husband and wife talked in whispers between sobs. The children were told that "father is going on a long journey."

At last a guard came and told the heart-broken wife that the time had come when she must leave. The woman had to be taken away by force. With her three youngsters clinging to her she took one last look at her husband and left—never to see him again, alive.

A short time later the condemned man was prepared for the execution. He was terribly nervous and appeared ready to completely break down at any minute. He still had hopes that Governor Smith would intervene.

At two minutes after eleven o'clock that night DeMaio was told for the last time that all hope was gone. He was taken from his cell and held by two strong guards. They guided him through the little oak door to the death chamber. A Roman Catholic priest, the Reverend Father James J. McCaffrey, walked by the man offering prayers for his soul. DeMaio kept his eyes fixed on a crucifix held by the priest.

As he entered the room where the electric chair sat he cried, "I can't see why I have to die! Frank Daley said I was innocent. That should have been enough. At least I should have been given another trial to prove I'm not guilty so I could live for my wife and kids." Then he broke down.

DeMaio was quickly strapped in the chair; the black hood adjusted and the first surge of current entered his body at 11:08 P.M. The man, who thought so much of his wife and children only after he had planned a robbery that cost the lives of two defenseless men, was pronounced dead ten minutes later.

The State, while not satisfied, had taken a life for a life; two murdered—two electrocuted. Also, two others dead by suicide.

The saddest part of DeMaio's death was the fact that he left a devoted wife with six small children, and all for about \$300, of which he was to receive but ten per cent or \$30—and he never got that.

The next part of the case was Marino's trial which occurred several months later. He stood trial before the same judge that had presided over the trials of Daley and DeMaio. It had been freely predicted that Marino would escape the chair due to the very valuable service he had given the State.

THE man had been indicted for murder in the first degree by the grand jury but the fact that he had turned State's evidence led most of us to believe that a plea of leniency would be heeded by Justice Tompkins. I had not asked the district attorney, but heard that a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree would be accepted thereby saving the State the cost of an expensive trial.

Marino, accompanied by his attorney, Frank A. Saparito, of Mount Vernon, was taken into court for the trial. When taken before the bar the district attorney turned to Marino and said, "You have been indicted for murder in the first degree. How do you plead?"

Before Marino could answer his attorney spoke. "We plead not guilty to the charge, but we offer to plead guilty to a charge of manslaughter."

Justice Tompkins looked at the district attorney and the latter said, "That is acceptable to the State."

The man was brought back for sentence several days later. Standing before the bar, Marino's attorney addressed the court, "Your honor, we have pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the first degree. We have saved the State the expense of a long trial. My client deserves leniency. Were it not for him the State could not have convicted those who committed the murders. My client should be rewarded. I ask the court to reward him as he would a servant who had given honest and faithful service."

"The court, of course," Justice Tompkins said, "has taken into consideration the very valuable service rendered by the defendant in the prosecution of Daley and DeMaio. They could not have been convicted without his testimony; indeed, they probably would never have been apprehended except for the information given by this man; and the sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the state prison at Sing Sing for a term of five years."

Mrs. Marino was in court. Several times while the court was speaking she shot encouraging glances at her husband. Once Marino tried to smile but quickly turned his head back and faced the court. As the actual sentence was pronounced, the

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Notice is hereby given to all who have submitted stories that the same must be ORIGINAL and TRUE.

prisoner's wife lost her false courage and began to weep.

Justice Tompkins continued to speak, "Now, I want to take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate the District Attorney and his assistants and also want to commend the very excellent work of Captain Silverstein of the Mount Vernon force and Lieutenant Mattes of the Mount Vernon force, also. It was their intelligent and clever work that resulted in the arrest of Marino and then from Marino they got information that led to the arrest of Daley and DeMaio and then their trial and conviction and they both paid the penalty of death for the murder of the two trolley men in Mount Vernon."

The court went on to say, "The county is to be congratulated on the splendid work of these two officers, Captain Silverstein and Lieutenant Mattes, and they were ably assisted by Detectives Martin and Donohue of the New York force. I want to make public acknowledgement to them for their faithful and efficient work."

Marino was led away after he and his attorney had thanked the court, to await his transfer to Sing Sing to serve his sentence. The man was taken to the famous prison on the Hudson the following day.

While Marino was serving the first year of his short sentence, which he never completed because death overtook him, another of the bandits was unexpectedly captured.

WE had been unable to pick up the trails of Lipso and Mazzo who Marino had said were in the trolley with Daley or Mileto who had been in the automobile with Marino. All three had completely vanished. The search continued but after awhile I received word that the trio had made their escape from the country and at least one was believed to be in Italy.

The capture of the fourth man, Mileto or Solly Cheesecake, happened on August 18, 1927, more than two years after the crime had been committed. The sorry part of the capture was that an eleven-year-old school girl died as it took place. She became the eighth person to die as a direct or indirect result of the murders on "The Owl."

Detective Dan Cavone, of the New York police, was walking along Mulberry Street

on the morning Mileto was captured. He had no thoughts of this case. He was working on another matter that the New York police were trying to clear up.

Mileto happened to come out of a house about a hundred feet from where the detective was walking. The gangster knew the detective, having had dealings with him before.

Mileto jumped back into the doorway. He became panic stricken. Dozens of questions shot through his mind. He believed that at last the police had got on his trail. At last he was going to answer for his part in the trolley murders.

The detective was but a few feet away. There were a number of people on the street and he had not seen the bandit before he jumped back into the doorway. Just as the detective came about even with the door he apparently moved toward it. This movement was made as he stepped around a small child on the sidewalk.

Mileto saw the move. He lost his head. He leaped at the unsuspecting detective and let go with both fists. The detective fell to the sidewalk. For a second he was dazed by the unexpected attack.

The gangster started running up the street. Detective Cavone pulled his service revolver and gave chase. As the detective gained on his man he called to him to halt. As an answer Mileto drew a gun and fired. For a few seconds that followed there was a running gun battle.

Suddenly Mileto stopped, stumbled and fell. He had been hit in the leg. The detective pounced on his man a second later and quickly subdued him.

Then it was discovered that a little girl, Ruby Gianietto, on her way to school, was lying on the sidewalk. She was dead. A stray bullet from the fight had gone through her head.

The bandit was brought back here to Westchester for trial. He was indicted for murder in the first degree by the grand jury in October and went to trial the following month. He was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to prison for from twenty years to life.

During the trial it was brought out that Mileto went over the ground the night before the hold-up and that he was to pull the trolley pole from the overhead electric

feed wire in the event that the car did not stop. Daley's quickness with his gun eliminated the necessity of Mileto's part in the hold-up.

Shortly after he was taken away to start his sentence we received word that Marino was dying in prison. He was suffering from hasty consumption, we learned.

GOVERNOR SMITH was petitioned to pardon the man and when the State's chief executive learned from prison physicians that the star witness in the case had but a short time to live, he signed the pardon. Marino was released and had been out of Sing Sing but a few months when the prediction of the physicians came true. He died in New York.

From that point on until last Summer the case closed. The terrible murders on "The Owl" had resulted in eight deaths. The bandits received about \$300, as was pointed out before, and eight persons died. That means a death for each \$40 or less.

Last Summer word was received from Italy that Lipso had been arrested there and was being held on our charge of murder. Because of an Italian law a citizen of Italy can not be extradited for a crime in another country. It is possible, however, to go there and prosecute the criminal in the Italian courts.

At first we began to make preparations for the trial. District Attorney Frank Coyne, who has succeeded Arthur S. Rowland, was to sail when the plans were suddenly changed and the trip abandoned. It was realized that with Marino, the state's chief witness, dead, that it would be difficult to obtain a conviction.

The Italian authorities were informed of the decision and the matter dropped. We later learned that Lipso was tried on a charge originating there that caused his arrest and was sentenced to a long term in prison which he is now serving. If he ever gets out and should return to this country the case may be reopened.

The sixth member of the bandit gang has never been caught or even heard from since the crime. It is believed that he too, may be in some foreign country. This man is Mazzo. We still hope to get him and I feel that someday the arm of the law will reach out and bring this fugitive to justice.

The Riddle of the Woman and the Butcher Boy

(Continued from page 47)

in his last moments with indifference.

Kelley soon adapted himself to prison routine and rapidly became an unprotesting cog in the great machine of penitentiary life, known officially only by a number. But as the day for his scheduled end drew near, he was removed to the death cell. Other men also were sentenced to die and, one by one, he watched them file past his cell on their way to the thirteen steps. One by one he called a "So long, old pal!" to them and waited breathless, for word of their passing. For tradition decrees that no one on his way to the execution chamber shall be told "Good-bye." Nothing shall be done or said to destroy the faint hope that still lingers of a last-minute change in the stern attitude of Fate, which would snatch them from death.

CONDEMNED men, placed in one of the death cells of condemned row and left to a solitary meditation upon their approaching doom, are given everything possible to ameliorate the rigors of their situation. Food that no other set of convicts enjoys is provided for them, phonographs or other musical instruments are permitted them, books, magazines and writing materials are furnished them—every privilege possible is extended them.

Kelley entered upon his last stretch of visible life with an outwardly brave spirit, an affected unconcern, but the guards noticed that he spent much time in meditation and that when they came upon him unawares he frequently was found staring into vacancy, his countenance wearing a deeply troubled expression. The dread

specter of approaching doom darkened his horizon more and more deeply.

Thirteen days before the time set for his end the Supreme Court acted. As suddenly as the great tragedy that enveloped him, he was saved from the frowning gibbet that stood grimly waiting for him.

The court declared the jury that tried Kelley had erred in finding him guilty of murder in the first degree, because there had been no satisfactory showing of premeditation or even of motive, and that he should have been found guilty of manslaughter. It ordered that he be returned to Los Angeles and resentenced, the lower court being directed to impose on him the penalty provided by law for manslaughter.

The punishment for that crime in California is from one to ten years. All sen-

tences under the present law are indeterminate, the trial judge merely ordering the convicted one imprisoned "as provided by law." When the person thus sentenced has served the minimum time involved in the term of punishment, in the case of a manslaughter charge one year, the state prison board considers the evidence adduced at the trial, the prisoner's history, his conduct in the penitentiary and other pertinent facts and fixes the actual term of imprisonment.

Within two weeks Kelley again was at the scene of his great romance, which so suddenly had turned to tragedy.

When he stood once more at the bar of justice to receive a new meed for his alleged offense, his attorneys electrified the courtroom with a startling announcement.

"Your Honor," one of them began, "we ask that this case be reopened. We are prepared to prove our client innocent. We have the evidence at hand. We have a large group of witnesses, the testimony of almost any one of whom is sufficient to establish our claim.

"Two of these witnesses are brothers of the slain woman. They are convinced, and have been for a long time, that Leo Kelley is not guilty of the monstrous crime that has been fastened upon him. We demand the privilege of giving the truth to the world and to this defendant the chance for the freedom that so long has been denied him."

Kelley by this time had spent more than a year in the state penitentiary at San Quentin. During that time, his attorneys informed him, the brothers of the murdered woman, Clark B. and George M. Lewis, together with Kelley's own brother, "Bill" Kelley, a policeman, had waged a relentless war on the mystery that enshrouded the case. The result of their tireless efforts, the attorneys said, was ready to be spread before the court.

The court, Superior Judge William T. Aggeler, continued the case to await the arrival of certain necessary papers from San Quentin and in the meantime seized the opportunity to ponder the new situation that had developed and to decide on a course of action.

The defense counsel wasted none of the intervening time. They announced they had fifteen witnesses ready to go before the court and "rip the case wide open." The testimony of some of them, they asserted, had been barred in the original trial as "too scandalous."

They persuaded the district attorney's office to question most of these witnesses, who unhesitatingly declared their belief that Kelley had been an innocent victim of false swearing, with the result that an announcement came from that office that the investigation of two witnesses at Kelley's trial, with a view to possible perjury charges, was being considered.

ONE of the witnesses, Mrs. Johanna Sullivan, told deputies of the district attorney that she saw a man enter the Mellus home the afternoon of the murder, two hours before the body of Mrs. Mellus was found stretched across the bed of her luxurious boudoir.

Mrs. Grace Brown, colored maid of the slain woman, appealed to the district attorney, Buron Fitts, to afford her protection for her life, asserting she had received a death threat.

Mrs. Brown said a man called her on the telephone and told her he would kill her if she made any statements as a new witness in the Mellus case.

Defense attorneys demanded that the district attorney's office re-question detectives and policemen who testified at the trial regarding blood smears found in the Mellus home. Their testimony had been to the effect that they found marks of blood in the bathroom but were unable to identify them as fingerprints.

They asked that Maggie Ferris, another Negro maid of the Mellus household, be re-examined. She it was who testified previously that she served the last "love breakfast" to Kelley and his inamorata on the Sunday morning preceding the tragedy.

Then, abruptly, the district attorney's office announced that it washed its hands of the whole case. Deputy District Attorney Wayne Jordan declared, coincidentally with the decision of Judge Aggeler, that no further investigation would be made and that any new developments must be placed before the governor, Clement C. Young, or the state prison board, the body which hears applications for parole.

Judge Aggeler ruled that he had no power to reopen the case for evidence, as it had been sent to him by the supreme court merely for the purpose of re-sentencing the defendant and that anything outside of this feature was beyond the scope of his authority.

Kelley was returned to San Quentin prison and took his place again among the convicts, but in a far different frame of mind than when he first went there more than a year before.

Before he left Los Angeles his attorneys said to him:

"Everything is all right. You go back to San Quentin and say nothing. Don't try to appeal from the decision of the Los Angeles court refusing you permission to reopen the case. Just keep quiet, sit tight and wait. We'll get you out on parole soon. We'll present all of this evidence, which we have been denied the privilege of presenting now, to the parole board. We'll have you out soon. We have the evidence to clear you. Don't worry."

The Lewis brothers (brothers of Mrs. Mellus) added the weight of their similar opinion to the words of the attorneys. They have known and been friendly with him since long before the murder, Kelley says.

"After we have you out on parole, if we succeed in that endeavor," said Clark Lewis, "the fireworks will start."

No one connected with the case will explain what is meant by the "fireworks," but it is believed to refer to possible perjury charges against former witnesses, as well as further developments that may fasten the crime on another.

BUT before Kelley's application for parole can be considered another point must be settled. No prisoner is eligible for parole until he has served the minimum term involved in his sentence, which in a manslaughter case is one year.

Kelley has been in prison more than a year. But has he served a year of his present term? On this question depends his immediate fate. His attorneys contend that his thirteen months in the penitentiary are a part of his present term of punishment, because it all is related to the same



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offense. This viewpoint is under discussion.

Others declare Kelley has been convicted of a new charge, by direction of the Supreme Court, of course, and that since his previous confinement was on a murder charge it cannot apply on this entirely different one. The whole question has been submitted to the State Attorney General for decision.

In the meantime, Kelley sits in his cell at San Quentin prison, or paces its floor, impatient to be free, like a hound straining at the leash or an old fire-horse champing at the bit as he hears the thrilling fire alarm.

What are his thoughts as he eagerly waits for his fetters to be stricken off? Does he face the future with clear conscience and unafraid? Does he long for freedom in order to clear up the mystery

of the murder of Myrtle Mellus? Does he look forward to beginning life again with a clean slate, confident of vindication?

Or will he be content to be at liberty, merely breathing a sigh of relief at his escape from the noose and from prison bars? Will he be glad to hide his identity in the obscurity of a distant spot, where he is little, if at all, known?

And what about his past? Does he think of it at all, or does he avoid it, shrinking from its hideous image, quailing before its accusing finger? Does he look it squarely in the eye, serene in the knowledge that it contains no menace, no sense of unforgettable shame for him? Or does he hurl it from him and stamp upon it and bid it begone?

The Supreme Court of the State of California, in ordering Kelley saved from

the gallows and sentenced for manslaughter, declared it was not reversing in the least the judgment of the jury as to his guilt. It said the evidence showed he committed the crime. In its opinion it was merely the degree of guilt, the nature of the offense, in which the court and the jury had erred.

And the prisoner? In his heart of hearts, as he slowly moves about the prison confines, what does the former butcher-boy really think of it all?

And when the sun has dropped behind the wall that hides the Golden Gate and the blue waters of the Pacific beyond, when darkness has wrapped the great prison colony in shadow, and slumber has closed its inmates' eyelids, of what stuff are the dreams of Pat Kelley made? Who can say?

The Former Mrs. Frank Silby's Own Story

(Continued from page 53)

nation, dodging the police of St. Louis and other cities and spending the money he provided.

After a time I obtained a divorce from Frank and embarked on my third marriage, this time to Louis Rose, of St. Louis, professional bondsman, who also has served a term in prison.

I have paid dearly for the life I have lived and I am still paying, but I do not feel that I have failed completely, for, through the medium of my experiences, I have gained the opportunity to observe and study civilization's worst cancer—lawlessness—and in the material I shall spread for inspection upon the printed page there should be much to stir serious thought and consideration.

—o—

WHEN I was a little girl my grandfather owned a score of fine fox hounds. Puppies were plentiful and I can well remember that some of the saddest days of my life were occasioned by the drowning of the disappointments in each litter. In retrospection, I have often wondered if my father, mother and grandparents, who doted on heritage and tradition, would have taken me down to the brook along with the unfortunate puppies if they could have looked into the future to see the life I was to lead. There is just enough ego in me to believe that had this been done my family would have been spared disgrace, but the world would have lost the story of my experiences, thereby preventing many persons from obtaining the warning that such stories afford.

I speak of my girlhood because I believe my baby days, childhood, first love, marriage and motherhood are important in relation to subsequent events. They provide the background against which my adult activities stand in strange relief. Even in my wildest dreams, and my vivid imagination brought many of them, I had no thought of being the family skeleton.

Many are the stories I have heard of my precocity in childhood, and, of course, a listener to these tall tales would believe that I was able to drive to town at the age of six months, and was a Latin scholar when one year old. Be this as it may, my early childhood was character-

ized by rare indulgences and by a continual shifting of scene and environment.

From early childhood I heard of the respectability of our family. I would mockingly chide my grandmother about our family traditions. She would scold me and say, "One has only one family."

I used to live in the hope that some day I would find a skeleton in our family closet. But fate had decreed that the only skeleton in the closet was to be myself.

WITH my parents I traveled about the country a great deal. Perhaps it was from this early moving about that I acquired the desire to "go places, ring door-bells and see people."

Don't take this to mean that my parents, or grandparents, are in any way responsible for my subsequent actions. They corrected me, taught me the ways of righteousness, and spanked me when I needed it just as millions of adoring parents have spanked their wayward offspring. One of these first spankings was in connection with the gift to me of my first mamadoll, and I received the chastisement on Christmas Day.

Just one hour after I discovered the doll under a lovely Christmas tree, I decided to perform a surgical operation in the hope of ascertaining what made it say "mama." Other little girls have done that to other dolls. In the hope of finding out what made the doll's eyes open and shut, I next found it necessary to open her head. I received a spanking for that. Curiosity dominated my life then as it has ever since.

Questions I asked were a source of continual embarrassment to my elders. I wanted to *know*, and this desire, more than anything else, is responsible for the life which I have lived. Boredom was, and is, a deadly foe. I disliked quiet games. Soldier, robber, cowboy, anything with color or action, intrigued me. I played in deadly earnest. Dead soldiers were actually dead in my mind's eyes; captives were slaves; robbers had to be locked in the hen house.

I loved horses and I also delighted in riding a bicycle and always insisted on racing. But my greatest pleasure came in giving full play to my imagination. From

an early age I have enjoyed lying in bed and filling the darkness with fanciful people and creations. Even as a tot I hated a light in my bedroom, and could not go to sleep until it was extinguished. Then, as now, I lived in the land of my dreams.

ROMANCE came into my life at an early period. From childhood I had adored Stanley, the boy next door. At fourteen I looked upon him with large eyes, and at sixteen was madly in love with him.

Stanley was, and is, a dear. He was lovable, and gentle to a fault. He was the son of a southern minister, a splendid man whose church was known as "The Church Beautiful."

I can see Stanley's father as he stands in his pulpit and hear him saying: "*The church of the living God is the most beneficent force in the world. Through it the Almighty is pleased to make known His goodness and grace to the children of men. It stands at once for the best there is for man, and for the uplift of humanity everywhere.*"

I would love to hear that voice again, but I know that, come what may, I shall never pass through the door of that house of worship; never again see the beautiful Thorwaldsen font, nor the glory of the altar, or the colorful memorial windows on which words are inscribed that I shall never forget—*Whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give shall never thirst; the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*

As I have said, marriage intrigued me and Stanley and I became engaged. I wanted to elope and we did so. Our parents forgave that hasty act, and we lived in peace and happiness for a time.

But even on our honeymoon, strange voices were whispering to me. I still dreamed dreams and lived in a world of fairy castles. One would believe that, with the coming of our first baby, a little girl, all this would have been forgotten; but the voices continued to whisper. Then came the second child, a boy. I love them both with all of my heart.

Never a night passes but that my children come to me in fancy and

I actually seem to feel their arms about my neck, I taste their warm kisses, and feel the tenderness of their little bodies. Each night I wonder if they think of their unhappy mother who, because she has decided it is for their own best interests, shall never see them again!

In my state of restless dissatisfaction with my husband and everyone about me, I thought of divorce, of running away and, yes, of suicide. My father died and after the funeral I announced my intention of filing a suit for divorce. Stanley was heartbroken and his father suffered deep anguish. My family was distracted, but in my headstrong way I threatened to disgrace everyone around me if I were opposed, and in the end I overcame all opposition and obtained a divorce.

Now I would live and learn the ways of the world! New York beckoned and I packed my trunks and bade good-by to all family ties. Let me say one word to soften the harshness of my act—I took my babies with me.

Across the path ahead, which I had determined to explore, were to lie the bodies of men shot to death in law-breaking enterprises. At frequent intervals would be heard the pistols of the underworld in conflict with those of the law. A path literally leading to hell. Fate and my eager curiosity about life pulled me onward, and I took the train to New York.

Husbands may doubt it, but most wives, no matter how loyal and true, at some time or other have heard voices whispering within and felt a temptation to chuck overboard everything pertaining to the drudgery of household and domestic duties.

Lives there a woman who, at some moment in her life, has not stood before her mirror and pictured herself as a grand lady or a star of screen or stage? The principal difference between these women and myself is that I yielded to my mental restlessness.

Within a few days after my arrival in New York with my two babies, I began making the rounds of theatrical booking offices. Face, figure, youth, a fair voice and some knowledge of dancing were the assets on which I relied. On the first day I learned of the obstacles encountered by a young woman seeking a theatrical career. I had several offers of employment, but to each there was an undesirable string. I declined all offers. I had sufficient money with which to pay expenses for several months. But what of the young women who were not so fortunate?

I have met many men in all walks of life, but I saw more leering faces and listened to more insults during the six weeks in which I haunted the theatrical booking agencies than I encountered in ten years of contact with the underworld.

After a long period of disappointment, fortune smiled and I obtained a small part in a musical production. We worked hard for three weeks in rehearsal only to see the show close on its fourth night. I caught on again with another budding "hit", which died limply after playing to empty houses for two weeks. Better luck followed and I got a rôle in a vaudeville sketch. But the stage was rapidly becoming a disappointment and the voices were whispering again. I had made few

friends and, to be quite frank, was generally disliked by my fellow workers.

My vocabulary, which had not yet been scorched by contacts with life among criminals, helped me to get a reputation for being "ritzy". I was too eager to return home each night to my waiting babies to consider invitations to go on wild parties.

At a time when, through necessity, I was planning to leave New York with a musical comedy, I learned that my father's will had provided me with a sum of money that would last me some time, and I decided to forget the stage and study art in earnest. I leased rooms in Greenwich Village and this action was the turning point in my career. The path from my Washington Square apartment led almost directly to the underworld, and the descent was rapid.

Because the larder in my place was never empty and the latch string of my residence was always out, many persons, including budding artists and writers and strange creatures from all corners of the earth, most of them hungry, came to see me. I learned many things from them. When talk grew dull and my spirit of curiosity became whetted, we took excursions to forbidden places, such as opium dens, wine rooms, gang hangouts and night courts. I saw life in the raw and came to know the water-front dives, Chinatown, the Bowery, the Harlem "black belt" and, in fact, the entire city, from the Battery to the Bronx.

It was on one of these excursions that I met "Dippy the Rat," who was steeped in sin. From him I gleaned just enough information about the underworld to further increase my curiosity and to determine to learn all I could about it.

His stories set the voices within me to whispering, "What is this underworld?" and then came the answer, "Find out for yourself."

My introduction to gangland came on an occasion when several of us were in an Italian garden on the lower East Side. A man in our party interrupted a conversation to exclaim: "Look, there's Dippy, the Rat. He's going to be snuffed out one of these nights."

I inquired what that meant and he explained that Dippy had been marked for death because he had given certain information to the police. "Do you know him?" I asked, and when my friend said he did, I requested that Dippy be brought over to our table.

He came and was introduced. To the amazement of everyone I asked him to call at my studio the next day and he smilingly accepted. The voices were whispering loudly to me that night and I experienced difficulty in going to sleep.

The next morning Dippy came to call. He was a queer little chap, one generation removed from the steppes of Russia. The lower East Side had produced him and Elmira's reform school and Ossining's prison had tutored him. He was called Dippy because he did strange things and folks thought he was "dippy." His black, beady eyes and furtive manner supplied the "rat" part of his cognomen. He had killed two men and was marked for assassination by the friends of his victims. I told him I merely wanted to know something of his life and the experiences re-

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sponsible for his career in the underworld.

"Listen lady," he began, "I never had a chance like other kids. My old man died when I was a kid and I quit school to hustle papers. I got a 'bum rap' from the cops and the judge sent me to Elmira. My old lady died while I was up there. I learned plenty in that place that a kid shouldn't hear about. When I got out I was 'knocked off' by the cops and did four years in Sing Sing. This time when I got out the cops were on me all the time and every time I got a good position and was working, they got the boss to fire me. They stopped me from trying to work honestly and I've done plenty of things since, but none of it has paid.

"I'll get mine pretty soon, but I didn't squawk to the police like I'm accused of doing. I know who did the mouthing, but I ain't squealing."

I doubted Dippy's statement that crime could not be made to pay dividends. I attributed his failure to ignorance and I began to feel inwardly that crime could be made to pay. But I know better now.

A few nights later Dippy the Rat paid his penalty and I witnessed the tragedy, the first of many I was to see. I was with a crowd in what was known as "The Old Rathskellar" in Irving Place. Dippy was at a table a few yards away. I beckoned to him to come over, but he smiled wistfully and shook his head in refusal. His derby hat was on the table, at his right, and a napkin covered something near his left hand. He was sipping a beverage from a glass, his long, white fingers twitching nervously and his eyes riveted on the entrance to the place. This was in the days before men who were marked for death were "taken for a ride" in black-curtained automobiles. There was an air of expectancy and an atmosphere that boded something unpleasant hung over the place. My friends suggested that we leave, but I refused. If anything was presaged by the strange uneasiness among the men and women in the place, I wanted to see what would happen.

We did not have long to wait. In a matter of seconds four men came through the front door and Dippy the Rat jumped to his feet, a six-shooter in each hand, snatched from concealment under the napkin on the table. Both of his guns were spitting fire and bullets as he rose and one of the four strangers collapsed upon a table while a second man in the group of hasty entrants slumped to the floor.

All of a sudden, there was a surprised look on the face of Dippy and both pistols fell from his hands as he crumpled to the floor, dead. The lights flashed out and we all ran to an elevator which took us to the fourth floor of the building, where we crawled through a window and crossed the roof of an adjoining building, thence down a short fire escape to another roof, until we reached an old Jewish theater, the fire escape of which we descended to reach the street.

THE swift moving fate that had staged this tragedy for me in my blind quest of excitement was dragging me along still farther and faster, and within a matter of hours I was to meet "Jimmy" Kelley, the leader of "Kelley's Killers." A few days later, Kelley's men were to clash with the Hudson "Dusters" while I looked on as an eyewitness.

Jimmie Kelley was a killer, a graduate of the same lower East Side gang which had produced "Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie" and other notorious gunmen who murdered for cash and who were electrocuted for the killing of the gambler Herman Rosenthal. When I met Jimmie he was the titular head of Kelley's Killers.

"I know all about you," he began, "you were over on Irving Place the other night and saw Dippy the Rat killed. Say, you got a lot of nerve and I could use you in my mob. Believe me, you can carry my gat for me any time."

This was at a time when the gunman's "moll" had begun to carry the firearms for her sweetheart. Some of the women concealed these weapons in pockets of coats or dresses. Others carried them in handbags or, in winter time, in their fur muffs. Such tactics were just beginning to puzzle the police.

Strange as it may sound, I was flattered by Jimmie's offer of membership in his mob. I told him that while I had no idea of becoming anybody's moll, I would like to see him again and to meet some of his friends. He expressed a quick eagerness to accommodate me and personally escorted me around underworld dives where I came to know "Peedy," "Bat," "Clubfoot," "The Croaker" and their girls.

My curiosity constantly on edge, I was rapidly learning about life among social outcasts and something about the vast business of crime.

Once when Jimmie was in a talkative mood, he told me how he sat on the elevated platform of a railroad station at Ossining, New York, on a cold winter morning and watched the lights fade in Sing Sing Prison as his former pals were electrocuted for the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler.

Yet this experience and the thoughts of what he might eventually come to in a life of crime had not deterred him and he continued to live desperately and in conflict with the law.

During this period I was living a strange life, indeed. By day I romped with my two children in my Washington Square studio; by night I prowled the underworld, listening, observing and trying to record my conflicting impressions.

To a kindly detective who warned me of the character of my associates I declared that I was gathering material for a novel. He told me I was treading a dangerous path and if I had heeded his advice I would not now be a creature and product of the lawless underworld; a warning to others against such a life.

Gradually I found myself caring less about my Greenwich Village friends and spending more time with the men and women of the dark places. Their lives, emotions, passions, ambitions and philosophy intrigued me. I listened spellbound to their dissertations on life and people and things in general.

KELLEY'S KILLERS were engaged in a feud with "Billy" Houston's "Dusters." Kelley and his crowd had invaded Houston's sacred territory and staged huge loft robberies on several occasions, and this started the feud. Only a few days after my introduction to Kelley's crowd, "Clubfoot" had been assassinated by the "Dusters." A few nights later I was in Johnny Bull's Oyster House on Baxter

Street with Jimmie. About 1 A. M. we were joined by "Bat" and "Peedy," who were in rare good humor.

"We just shook down —" Peedy told Kelley as he named a saloonkeeper in the district ruled by the "Dusters."

Kelley inquired what they had obtained and Bat invited us to go out in front of the oyster house and see. We went, and saw an expensive automobile parked at the curb.

"Look," exclaimed Peedy, "here's a bill of sale I got with the car. The consideration was a dollar and other valuable considerations. I didn't even give him the dollar."

Some minutes later we were joined by other members of the gang and their girls, and at 2 A. M. it was suggested that we go to a church on Duane Street where service was said at 2:15 A. M. for morning newspaper printers. This we did and then returned to Johnny Bull's where we were eating clams when a stranger entered and whispered to Jimmie, who turned to me calmly and said, "There's going to be trouble here in a few minutes and you had better go home." I declined because I was curious to see what would happen.

The front door was locked and the lights dimmed. In a flash there was a crash of glass and the "Dusters," led by Billy Houston, began piling in through a window. Shots were fired and a man staggered across the room and fell at my feet. Peedy slumped to the floor with a bullet through his throat. Kelley's strong arms grabbed me and dragged me to a back door while bullets whistled and whizzed in all directions. I found myself in a dark alley, down which a motor car roared toward Kelley and myself. In it was Bat and the machine was the one he had obtained by extortion from its owner. Kelley pushed me into the rear seat and swung onto the running board. The "Dusters" in another automobile opened fire on us as we turned into Baxter Street.

Bullets riddled our automobile and in a flying hail of lead Kelley coolly stood on the running board of our car and shot the driver of the other machine which crashed over the curbstone and into the stairway of a tenement as we speeded away to safety.

We drove to a ferry and crossed into New Jersey to hide out until the affair cooled down. Only gangsters had been shot in the battle and we knew the police would look upon the affair as a good night's work that someone did for them.

Bat was back in New York with the big automobile in a week. Tiring of it, he made a deal with a motorman on a Broadway surface car to crash into it. This was done early one morning. Bat collected \$2,500 from the company and split the money with the motorman.

It was soon after this that I met Frank Silsby.

IMET Frank Silsby, the bandit, in the Black Cat Cafe in Greenwich Village. He was introduced to me by his companion, a young lawyer of my acquaintance. Silsby was quiet, polite and well dressed. I thought that he, too, was a lawyer. On the evening of our first meeting he seemed very moody, and had little to say, but he became interested in the conversation when I began telling with some show of authority of my impressions

of underworld characters whom I had met and studied.

"Women," he said laconically, "are like little children; they must get blistered before they can be convinced that to play with fire is to get burned."

There followed an argument in which I defended the average crook as a victim of circumstances. This he denied, asserting that ninety-nine out of one hundred are criminals through choice.

He smiled when I told him that his words made it plain he knew nothing of the underworld, and therefore could not speak authoritatively on that subject.

Frank called at the studio the next day, and for several days thereafter we had many interesting discussions. His boyhood and my early marriage were topics of conversation. He told me he was studying law but, until he obtained his degree, was operating a very successful collection agency.

That was a fine bit of irony in the light of what I have learned since! Most of his "collecting," probably, was being done under cover of darkness at the point of a gun. But I was not to learn of this until a much later date.

Our friendship ripened and Frank asked me to marry him. At first I refused, telling him in all sincerity that it would interfere with my study of life in the underworld.

He looked at me with a faint smile and said: "Your marriage to me will not handicap your studies; in fact, it will help you to make first hand observations."

We were married and no husband ever treated his wife with more consideration. He was kind and thoughtful and seemed to live for me and my two children. He did everything to make us happy. Like myself, he had an innate curiosity.

THREE weeks after our marriage Frank received a telegram and told me that he had to go west for a few days in connection with his collection business. He packed, kissed us good-bye and took a cab to the Pennsylvania Station. He was gone four days. When he returned he brought expensive presents for me and the children, new dresses, fur coats, toys, and gave a big dinner party for friends.

Weeks passed and there came another telegram. Again Frank kissed us good-bye and a week passed before his return. This time I knew that whatever business he had been engaged in had been profitable for while he was unpacking I saw packages of currency in his suitcases.

"Where did you get that money?" I asked him.

"Part of my collection," he answered. "I didn't have time to put the cash in the bank."

Once again there was gift buying, but this time Frank was not so jovial. He seemed greatly worried, and talked of another out-of-town trip which he would have to make within a few days.

When the time came there were good-bye kisses again and he departed saying he would return soon.

A week passed and I heard nothing from him. Ten days dragged by and then I received a telegram from him from Minneapolis, saying that it was necessary for him to make a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Weeks went by and then months and I heard nothing from him. I was mysti-

fied and fearful. Where had he gone or what had happened to him? The question grew larger in my mind each hour and I rapidly was becoming nervous and ill. In this state of mental and physical distraction I rushed to open the door in response to a knock one day, satisfied that at last my husband had returned. I flung the door ajar and beheld a strange man.

"Is this Mrs. Silsby?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I have a message for you from Frank."

"Where is he?"

"He is in the Minnesota State Penitentiary at Stillwater, where he has just begun serving a forty-five year sentence for robbery."

I gripped a chair and steadied myself.

"Where is the message you brought—is it written?" I asked.

"Yes, here it is," he responded, handing me a note and departing as he did so.

For the first and only time in my life, I fainted. When consciousness returned I held in my hand the letter from Frank and tore open the envelope and read these words:

Dearest Freeda: I write this to beg forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you. If I could have foreseen what was to happen I never would have asked you to marry me, though I would have gone on loving you, always. But I believed I was one of the few who could beat the game, for a time, and I had great plans for our future. I knew that when the time came for me to tell you of my past that you would understand and forgive me, but of course I could not foresee what has happened. Oddly enough, I am paying the penalty for a crime I did not commit but circumstances were such that I had no hope of beating the case. Freeda, you must forget me, and Freeda, dear, forget your plans to study the life of the underworld.

Your brief contact with me has caused you great suffering; further contact will mean additional agony. You are young, and will find great happiness. Forget me, for I am lost to you. Obtain a divorce at once. Kiss the children for me. Good-by, Frank.

Could I do this thing which he requested? No, a thousand times no! He was my husband and, convict or honest man, I would stand by him.

That night I took a train for Stillwater, with my mind made up. I was determined to get Frank out of prison or die in the attempt!

Will this young and beautiful adventuress succeed in her bold effort to free her husband? Can she tear down the gray walls of Stillwater Prison and allow Frank Silsby to walk out into the world—a free man? Mrs. Silsby will reveal startling details of her life with the master criminal—facts which even he did not care to mention! Don't miss the second instalment of this startling story of a woman's life of crime in September **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**, on all news stands August 15th.



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"And there's Bill Cook who used to live next door only a few years ago. But you don't see him in this neighborhood any more, do you? Oh, no—your friend Bill had gumption enough to study something or other and now look at him with a fine fur coat for his wife and a home of his own and they are able to go places and enjoy life."

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(Continued from page 19)



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During 1928, probation figures in the Bay State showed that of 1,000 persons convicted, about 500 were fined, 224 put in the care of probation officers and 79 sent to institutions. Out of 31,000 prisoners convicted, about 10,000 were sent to institutions. Eighty-two out of every 100 prisoners placed on probation went through their probation and were discharged; the proportion committed because of their failure was 8 per cent.

Five years ago, a survey was made of persons who had been on probation eight or nine years previously. Of adult

criminal offenders who had committed serious offenses, 76 per cent had not been in court again during this period. A total of only 3 per cent were sent to penal institutions *leaving a total of 97 per cent who had not been sentenced subsequently to any institution.*

Such figures speak for themselves!

Although a number of states say that a man who has served a sentence in a penal institution must not be placed on probation, Massachusetts does not feel that serving time in a penal institution renders a man unfit for probation.

Some years ago, a prisoner came before a certain judge in the Boston Municipal Court. He was convicted. When his record was produced it was found to be a long one with a varied list of offenses that covered a course of years.

"You seem to have had about everything done for you," observed the judge to the man who stood before him. "You have served time in the houses of correction. You have been fined. You have had your case filed, but there is one thing which has not yet been done. You have never been placed on probation. We will try that."

For a moment the man stood unbelieving. And then his expression changed.

A door of hope had opened.

Society gained a respectable convert, for this man has not been in court since.

To Newspapermen; Police Officials and Detectives

If you have in mind any fact case, with actual photographs, deemed suitable for publication in this magazine, please address the Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and ask for our "Letter of Suggestions," covering full information relative to writing the accounts of fact crime cases for this magazine.

"Baby-Face" Doody— Chicago's Two-Gun Terror!

(Continued from page 59)

a building for hours, a weather-beaten two-story stone structure. Finally he approached the ground floor door and tried the knob. Instantly someone within turned the knob and Cotter pushed.

The door opened slightly as the other person resisted, and Cotter saw an old man glaring at him. The lieutenant showed his badge, thrust the old man aside and searched the house.

In a rear room on the second floor he found a worn newspaper clipping of the shooting of Postal Inspector Jackson and a clip from a .45 automatic pistol. It was Doody's nest sure, Cotter believed—but the bird had flown.

SEVEN times Cotter got the trail again, one leading him to a basement resort of criminals. Still the veteran lieutenant worked on despite the disappointment of having the elusive Doody slip from his grasp again and again.

Then came the word that he had been praying for, striving for, hoping for, night and day.

Doody's located!

"Information received!" The trail had led to one who had kept in touch with Doody's rapid moves. Doody was *not* a myth, a mere will-o'-the-wisp—he still existed in flesh and blood within Chicago's limits, hunted from May 25th to July 31st by thousands!

Cotter, on July 31st, listened for the whisper. "Doody—he's in the big building at Fifty-fifth and Jackson—out west. Yeh, sure—northwest corner. There's a woman there. Yeh. Don't say nothing, get me?" came the mysterious tip.

Cotter smiled. At last! Positively located. The lieutenant reconnoitered immediately, driving past the corner of Lotus Avenue and Jackson Boulevard, where he saw a three-story apartment building with U-shaped courts at the front, on the northwest corner, numbered from 5500 to 5512.

Doody, the Valley hoodlum, had taken up residence in one of the West Side's better residential sections, just east of beautiful Columbus Park!

Cotter realized his work had just begun. Lest the lives of several policemen be endangered, Doody must be located definitely within the building before an attempt at capture could be made. The bird must not be flushed from cover too quickly, and Doody was infinitely wary as well as infinitely quick on the trigger, Cotter told himself.

AGAIN that day the lieutenant cupped his ear for a repetition of the whisper—the underworld yielded more words: "Doody—yeh—he's goin' to have a plane. Yeah! A moll is getting one, pay down now, more later if she got it. It's coming in at Argo. Willie's going to lam—fly right out of the jam O. K.?"

Fast work necessary! Cotter detailed a regular guard at the building and then appeared with two men, and hurried into the basement.

"Telephone men," said the lieutenant to

the janitor. "We got a lot of work to do—new wires, phones out of order." Cotter's companions got busy with wire and instruments. They were telephone experts skilled in wire tapping.

The pair knew their job. It was to tap, one by one, every telephone in the building until one yielded a clue to Doody's hiding place, and there were forty apartments.

Cotter clamped on headphones and listened eagerly as the first tap was made. A woman's voice prattled on.

"Hello, John. This is Lovings. You got down town all right? Why, of course you did, or I wouldn't be talking to you, would I? Ha. John, I just wanted to hear your voice again. Come home real early? Please, John. And say, John, won't you bring a pound of that salt water taffy?"

The lieutenant grinned at a telephone man. "That isn't the one—his name's Willie."

Then more hours of tense waiting. Lieutenant Cotter wanted to hear a voice he knew in the harsh, low speech of the Valley, but the day's work did not yield that result.

The next evening a telephone man seemed very busy atop a pole in the rear of 5500-5512 Jackson Boulevard. He was working with pliers and had headphones. Nearby in shadow in the alley was Lieutenant Cotter awaiting a signal.

Day after day Cotter and his two aides worked on telephone wires. At the end of the first week fifteen apartments' connections had been tapped, and after long waits, they had yielded words that had no connection with the hunt for Willie Doody.

AS the second week's work began Lieutenant Cotter agilely clambered over the roof of the big building, followed by the telephone men. Again "leads" of wires were followed and links joined to headphones were attached. Huddled behind the parapet, the police official and the aides listened to the recital of troubles and joys of more families, of lovers' quarrels and reconciliations, of family bickerings and orders to the corner grocer.

Tired, but with never-failing patience, Cotter put on the headphones for the thirty-ninth tap, early in the morning of August 13th. Only two apartments untapped! He feared he had been duped, that Doody was not there after all.

For ten minutes there was no sound on the wire. Cotter was shivering slightly in a suddenly chill breeze from Columbus Park. Then he heard a voice, low, tense.

"Hello—yeh—"

"Get me—it's J. How's ever'thing?"

"O. K.—say, what ya hear? See the old man? I'm set—easy—"

"All jake so far. Stick tight. The dicks still playing statue down east. There may be some bucks, you know. Say, call Mac—you better stick close in, yeh, until—you know."

A third voice sounded. "Waddya want this time? Get some dough and don't

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talk so d—— much. Go pull a job! The Babe says—never mind, go to hell! Yeh. Frank's here too. Sure the Babe will stick tight and the woman's o. k.—Frank and I're going to blow for a couple days."

The receiver clicked.

Doody!

The first answering awoke recognition in Cotter's memory. It was Willie Doody's! Cotter's jaws tightened. And the tenor of the talk made him doubly certain. Doody, the killer, was somewhere just below the roof on which Cotter was crouching.

COTTER signalled to the nearest telephone man.

"Got it!" he whispered. "It's the third floor front at 5504," the telephone man replied.

Raising his hand to warn for silence, Cotter crept across the roof, leading the pair to a rear approach. The lieutenant raced to Austin Station in his automobile. He telephoned to Chief of Detectives John Egan at the bureau.

"Chief, I want a couple of squads right away," said Cotter. "Send 'em out quick!"

Egan queried: "What have you got?"

"I got Doody, all ready to put it on him."

Egan laughed. "Doody's at four places right now, according to four calls I just got. Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure and I need men. Jesse James was a selling plater compared to this guy Doody."

While Lieutenant Cotter summoned his district roving squad, two bureau squad cars raced to Austin Station. The big yellow cars halted at the station and a dozen big men with bulges at the hips entered the office of the lieutenant.

"We're ready for the job, Lieutenant," said Lieutenants Walter Storms and Al Booth, squad leaders, and Supervisor Richard Barry.

Cotter coolly laid out the plan of warfare.

"It's a tough place to get into," he said. "And we'll need plenty of advantage in numbers. Two other 'hoods' were in there, but I got word they'll be out, by the time we get there. Here's a map of the building. We're going to make this pinch without any danger to our men from crossfire. If there's shooting, police bullets won't hit policemen. Say, there's a woman, too."

"But we'll try to stick a rod in Doody's ear before he knows what year this is. We'll just knock him loose."

The plat showed the front court and rear stairways. There was a dot for the position of guards outside. The squad leaders designated men for these posts.

Cotter directed the deploying of the detectives. Lieutenant Storms, Lieutenant Booth and Lieutenant Joe Mooney asked for the job of entering the apartment, and got it.

THREE cars racing to the apartment brought a formidable force. In addition to the leaders were Gerald Lynch, John Nolan, Frank Morrell, Philip Breitzke, John Dalton, Harry Newman, Peter Polcarter, Albert Hanson, William T. McCarthy, George Gainer, Rudolph Boedecker, Walter Green, Paul Drendul, John Dawe, A. Schneider and T. Donnelly.

The cars stopped 100 yards from the apartment building. Detectives, in twos, with guns drawn, ran to posts outside, covering all sides of the building. Schneider and Lynch, crack shots, ran up a rear stairway and clambered to the roof, carrying shotguns and pistols.

Lieutenant Storms, pistol in hand, followed by two men with short riot guns, entered the front door and scurried upstairs to the third floor hallway. Lieutenant Booth and three aids hurried through the rear yard, hugging the wall, and softly crept up a winding stairway that led to the rear door of the Doody lair.

The trap was set. Booth's trigger finger was ready on his .38 as he crept nearer and nearer to the door. Another detective at his heels held a riot gun close and ready for instant use. Had Doody seen them in the courtyard? wondered the creeping detectives. And was he ready, waiting for them?

A screen door formed an outer barrier. Within was another door a few feet distant. A button for a buzzer or bell was at the screen. Finding the screen door fastened, Booth cautiously jerked the door until the hook within ripped out.

Not a sound came from within. Booth signalled back and one of his aids gently pushed the buzzer. Booth flattened himself against the wall.

The door opened a few inches and a woman's face appeared, wreathed in a mass of black hair. Booth's hand shot out and clamped over the woman's mouth. He jammed his pistol into her side.

INSTANTLY the other detectives seized her. Booth, agile as a cat, swiftly crossed the kitchen, stepped across a short hallway and into a doorway, finger on trigger.

"Stick 'em up!" he snapped.

There was Doody.

Brown eyes flashing in helpless fury; brown hair falling about his face, covered with beard stubble. An animal at bay, snarling impotently before the hunter's gun! Worse—he was a gunman without a gun. For in Doody's right hand, that had so often clasped the rubber grip of a .38 was a black sock!

One foot was bare. He had leaned over to draw on the sock when Booth faced him.

Doody sprang. Away from the gun, he leaped toward a window. There stood a board, a potential bridge across the narrow court to another apartment. The window was partly open. But in Doody's eyes flashed the sight of two men with shotguns at shoulders, pointed directly at him from the edge of the roof opposite.

He turned, swinging back, his eyes darting toward a chair in the far corner of the room. Then he saw other police guns at the door.

"Up with 'em, d—— quick!" snapped Booth. Doody made a decision instantly. He raised his hands high and nearly fell into Booth's arms—a scant forty seconds after Booth covered him.

"Baby Face" Willie Doody captured! Not a shot fired, and handcuffs were on Doody's wrists! The word was spread to the other detectives and through the neighborhood.

Police swarmed into the apartment. Harry Newman and Phil Breitzke lifted the cushion of the chair as Doody glared at them.

Under the cushion was a .38 Smith and Wesson, fully loaded, and a .32 automatic. In the drawer of a cupboard were two more .38s. In a pocket of trousers in a closet was a loaded .45 automatic! The killer had an arsenal, but it had proved useless.

DOODY glared helplessly at the circle of police about him. Then he smiled bitterly.

"Why didn't you bring a few more bulls?" he muttered.

"Pretty soft for Doody here," remarked a voice from among the circle of police.

So it seemed. A rich rug was on the floor and a handsome dining table nearby. In an adjoining room was a costly radio set and expensive overstuffed chairs.

Squad cars raced east in Jackson Boulevard and soon Willie Doody, with "bracelets" on, marched between two detectives into the office of Deputy Commissioner Stege, and was followed by Mrs. Lillian Kahler, the black-haired young woman from the apartment.

There Mrs. Kahler, a divorcee, twenty-six and pretty, with brown eyes and a pleasing smile, calmly faced a grilling by Stege.

"Willie Doody? Why I thought his name was John Mason. He applied to my home for room and board and I took him in. Harboring a criminal? Who, me? Why of course not. I knew Arthur Doody—and Arthur brought this man to me. He lived in the apartment just a little over two weeks."

She smoothed her white satin dress and smiled sweetly at the deputy commissioner.

"And of course I didn't go out with him. He was nothing to me—just a boarder. Yes, sir."

WHILE Commissioner Stege congratulated the police leaders for the capture of Doody, he began plans to obtain a conviction. Postal Inspector Jackson, nearly fully recovered, faced Doody at the bureau.

"Sure, I shot you," said Doody. "But it was a mistake."

Questioned about the slaying of Police Chief Levy, Doody would not utter a word.

The State Attorney's office promptly placed a charge of murder against Doody, for the slaying of Levy. Assistant State's Attorney Harry S. Ditchburne began plans for a courtroom fight as it became apparent that Doody was ready to combat the charge.

The trial opened October 14th before Judge Otto Kerner in Criminal Court of Cook County, and testimony was begun October 18th.

On October 21st the family of one of the jurors, Henry Jonassen, received a letter warning that if Jonassen were not instructed to "do right by Doody" something "would happen."

A police guard was thrown about the Jonassen home. The trial progressed, Inspector Jackson again naming Doody as his assailant; then the State hit a snag

when Eddie Mack was placed on the stand.

While Doody, all dressed up, his shock of wavy hair glistening, grinned, Eddie Mack denied he had named Doody as the killer of Levy.

"The fellow who was with me and shot Levy was named Dowdy," said Mack. "D-O-W-D-Y—and I never saw this defendant before. I don't know him."

But the same day Sergeant Soldat took the stand. "There's the man who shot Chief Levy!" said Soldat, pointing to Doody. That point of the trial marked the collapse of Doody's attitude of confidence and defiance. Under the accusing finger of the Berwyn policeman, who recounted the tragic death of Chief Levy, the gunman wilted. He became a cowed, impotent figure, scarcely daring to face the jury.

A BRUNETTE young woman was brought in from the witness' room.

"Mrs. Lillian Kahler," she responded as she rested back in the witness' chair. There was a hum through the courtroom. Doody, lumped in his chair, sat up. The State had called the defendant's companion of weeks!

She had been reported as vanished and State and Defense alike had hunted for her.

Doody seemed unperturbed as Ditchburne questioned her. Hadn't she told a "safe" story to police?

Attractive in white, Mrs. Kahler was calm and poised, smiling a little as she answered. "Yes, Doody rented a room from me," she said.

"Did you discuss with him the murder of Police Chief Levy?" asked Ditchburne, loudly, turning slightly to watch the jury. Spectators leaned forward.

"Yes." The young woman nodded her head vigorously.

"He told me he did it. He told me he had to do it. He said he didn't know then that the man he shot was Chief Levy. He—"

A shriek, shrill as if in agony, came from the front row of spectators. A woman in black rose. "He did it!" she screamed. "I knew he did it! I knew he shot Charles!"

Bailiffs rushed to the woman. She was the widow of the slain police chief.

"He shot him! He killed him!" Her screams grew louder as bailiffs vainly tried to lead her forth. The judge shouted instructions. Other bailiffs opened doors and the jury slowly filed out.

Doody's nonchalance had vanished. His eyes moved nervously, he gripped the table. He looked swiftly about him as if seeking an avenue of escape.

THE jury returned, cautioned against permitting the widow's tears to influence them; the trial went on. But Doody seemed to realize then that the State of Illinois was very effectively striving to clamp electrodes upon his head.

The Defense essayed an alibi attempt. A woman witness, who swore that Doody was in her home on the lower West Side a few minutes before the time of the shooting of Levy, was charged with perjury when it was shown her testimony was false.

By the time the case went to the jury at 10:05 P. M., October 25th, Doody had

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lost all his bravado. He seemed to realize his fate, to realize that there was a possibility of his life being taken to satisfy for Levy's.

In slightly less than two hours the jury reached a decision. Foreman Holden L. Gooch read the verdict.

Guilt!

Death in the electric chair! Doody, the Valley terror, standing to hear the verdict, clutched at a bench rail to keep himself erect.

ON November 19th Judge Kerner denied the motion for a new trial. Doody must die in the electric chair Friday, December 13th, the judge decreed.

Still fighting for his life, Doody, through his counsel, appealed to the

Illinois Supreme Court on December 10th for a writ of supersedeas to stay the execution, and for a review of the case and for a possible new trial.

The stay was granted and at the time this story goes to press Doody paces back and forth in his narrow cell in Cook County Jail awaiting the pleasure of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Meanwhile the Federal Government holds over his head a charge of attempting to kill a Federal officer.

Nearly simultaneously, the Police Department Bulletin published a notice of creditable mention for Lieutenant Sylvester Cotter for trapping "Baby Face" Willie Doody—and ridding Chicago of the menace of the two-gun terror of the Valley.

Dead Man's Shoes

(Continued from page 66)

any unusual ability, but a pair of keen eyes and lots of energy. The appeal he sent out up and down the Pacific Coast and throughout the West to "find the man with the bunion," was probably the occasion for many a good laugh in the detective departments of the big city forces. But he who laughs last, laughs best.

I saw Ben Hall nearly every day during that search for "the man with the bunion," and every time I saw him, he had a tale to tell.

But all the time he kept repeating over and over to me: "Shoes, shoes, shoes—that fellow has on a pair of shoes that have been cut like the old pair we found at the creek—cut to keep his bunion from hurting. And sooner or later, somebody is bound to notice them." But nobody did—that is nobody in any of the big detective departments.

Ben Hall talked to Weiss' daughters about the kind of shoes the father wore. He talked to the shoemaker who made Weiss' shoes—until he had a mental picture of the death shoes indelibly fixed in his mind.

HE talked shoes, he dreamt shoes, he sent out circulars about shoes, he wrote letters about shoes, and he had his eyes constantly earthward. He drove over country roads stopping tramps and hoboes, looking at shoes.

About two weeks after the finding of Weiss, a miner by name John Rainey, stood before a mirror in his tent shack at Wilkensen, Washington, shaving. Wilkensen is some seventy miles from Gate, where Weiss was killed.

A slit in the tent, made with a dull knife, a single shot in the back of the head as in the Weiss case, and Rainey lay dead on the floor of the shack. The thief-murderer rifled the pockets of the dead man, and took his watch. There were no other clues.

Officer Gerry stood near the entrance of a Tacoma pawnshop patiently awaiting the time when the murderer of Rainey would show up to dispose of the watch he had stolen. Three days after the murder his patience was rewarded when the "Uncle" who ran the shop signaled that the fellow who had just left had pawned a watch.

Gerry overhauled the miscreant, as he thought, and took him to the police station for questioning, and the afternoon

papers carried a story that the killer of Rainey had been apprehended through the quick work of the Tacoma Department.

However, the papers of the next day carried another story that the suspect was to be released, as the watch had proven to be not the one taken from Rainey. Neither was it the Weiss watch.

But Ben Hall hadn't seen this fellow's shoes—so he hurried to Tacoma, took a quick look at the suspect, mostly at his shoes, and exclaimed "That's the man that killed Fred Weiss," only to be informed by Officer Gerry that he, Hall, "was off his nut."

But Hall insisted and persisted, and finally Gerry agreed to hold the suspect, who gave his name as Joe Parrott, until Hall could take the shoes to Olympia in an attempt to have them identified.

The wife of the murdered man, the daughters and the son, were very positive in their identification, but Max Deisner, the shoemaker, was most positive of all.

"One heel is a little higher than the other," he said. "Like that I always make them for Fred. Also, between the soles you will find a thin loose piece of fine leather, so the shoes won't squeak. Like that I make them for Fred."

The soles were opened and found to be exactly as described.

On this showing Prosecutor Yantis filed an information against Parrott. But the watch was not that of Weiss, and Parrott quite likely had an explanation for his possession of the shoes. Yantis was not at all sure he could prove his case.

The case came up for trial at the August term of the Thurston County Court. The court room was filled to overflowing to hear the new prosecutor try his mysterious murder case. The newspapers were poking a bit of fun at Ben Hall's finding "the man with the bunion."

C. E. Collier, of Olympia, had been appointed by the court to defend Parrott, who now sat like a stoic in the prisoner's dock, and who answered most of the questions put by the prosecutor with an "I dunno."

To everyone in the court room it seemed apparent that Yantis was building his entire case around the fact that Parrott had on Weiss' shoes at the time of his arrest, and that the shoes had been cut like the pair found at the creek, to protect a bunion.

About the only evidence Yantis introduced with the exception of the identification of the shoes was an old Barlow knife, which had been found on Parrott when he was arrested in Tacoma. Parrott admitted ownership of the knife.

Attorney Collier placed Parrott on the stand, and step by step built an alibi that seemed sure to clear his client. Parrott told how he had been working for a stevedoring company at Aberdeen, Washington, late in May, and recited in detail that he had been paid off at the dock in gold. He said that while in Aberdeen he had stayed at the "Our House Hotel," Room 7. He denied that the shoes belonged to Weiss, and said he had had them repaired at a certain shoe shop in Aberdeen, on a date prior to the murder.

HE tried to prove his presence at Everett, Washington, by the landlady of a rooming house, on the day following that fixed as the date of the murder—but he gave no plausible explanation of his movements on June 1st, and in answer to all of Prosecutor Yantis's questions relative to that date he answered, "I dunno."

Yantis's last act, prior to the defense testimony, was to "try on" Parrott's feet the button shoes found at the creek. They were a perfect fit—bunion hole and all.

The great strength of the prosecution lay in the splendid rebuttal to the Parrott alibi, a rebuttal made possible through the quick thinking of a quaint Pierce County Sheriff, one Bob Longmire. This man had come out of the mountains to the city of Tacoma to take the sheriff's job without any great experience in catching criminals, but his work in beating Parrott's alibi would stand with the most clever in the land.

Bob Longmire took Joe Parrott to the scene of the murder and from among twenty other men, W. H. Brown, the one man who came out over the trail on June 1st, fixed Parrott as having been at Gate on that date.

Longmire took Joe into his confidence, and told him that unless he had a strong alibi he would go to prison sure. Parrott then unfolded to Longmire the alibi which he afterwards told on the witness stand, and Longmire told the story to Yantis. The prosecutor thus had an opportunity to check the alibi prior to hearing it at the trial.

In rebuttal the manager of the Aberdeen stevedoring company swore that they never paid in gold, only by check, and that they never paid at the dock.

The manager of the "Our House Hotel" swore that Room 7 of his hotel was a storeroom and had never been occupied by a guest.

The shoemaker in Aberdeen swore that he had never repaired the shoes because he had never had nails of that kind in his shop.

AND in rebuttal to the Parrott statement that he had not been at Gate on June 1st, Yantis placed on the stand the man Brown, whose information he had carefully guarded through the weeks intervening after the murder, although Brown had told him the story on that afternoon of June 10th, when the body was found.

The man Brown came out over the trail to Gate on the morning of June 1st in time to catch the nine o'clock train for Olympia. Brown had quite a bit of gold on his person and several checks which he was to cash for men at Camp 4. When he got to Gate the train was late, and as he sat on an express truck on the platform, a short, stocky Austrian came over and sat beside him.

The Austrian, who fitted the description of the prisoner, asked many questions, among them the hour when Brown meant to return from Olympia. Brown told his questioner he would be back on the 3 o'clock train that same afternoon—and that was the train that Weiss took. Brown stayed over in Olympia.

As Brown stood at the station window buying his ticket the strange Austrian came up and peered over Brown's shoulder as though he was trying to see what was in Brown's pocketbook. As Brown and the Austrian sat together on the express truck, swinging their feet too and fro, Brown was attracted by the stranger's feet. He had on a pair of low-cut button shoes—and they had been slashed with a knife so that they would be more comfortable.

Prosecutor Yantis in reconstructing his case argued that Brown was the intended victim of Parrott, but that when Brown stayed in Olympia the murderer followed Weiss up the trail and shot him from the rear. Parrott then dragged the murdered man off the trail some twenty feet, cut the straps on the suitcase, robbed the body,

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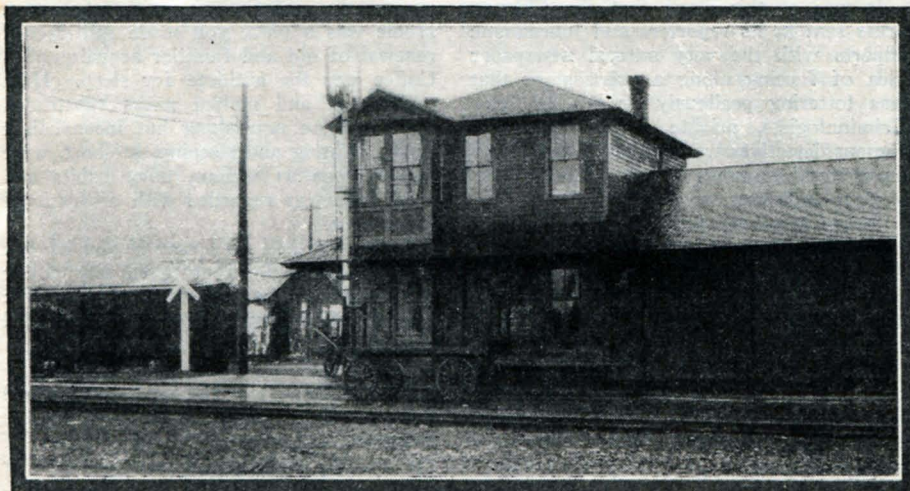
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took out the pint of whisky, cut some brush and stuck it in the ground to hide the point where the body had been dragged away, took Weiss' shoes, went over into the brush and cleaned the gun and then leisurely sauntered down the trail.

At the little stream he paused to change shoes, finished the pint of whisky, threw his old shoes away, put on the Weiss shoes, went down to Gate, which is a railway junction point, and left on a freight for Everett.

The defense laid great stress on the unreliability of circumstantial evidence—and the alibi.

Then Yantis in closing sprung his trump card. He asked the jury to consider carefully the Barlow knife which he introduced rather casually as evidence. To notice the nick in the blade, to examine the slashed suitcase straps, the brush that had been stuck in the ground at the side of the trail, and the cuts in the two pair of shoes.

Guy C. Winstanley, now dead, of Olympia, was foreman of the jury which brought

in a verdict of guilty on the very first ballot. He said afterwards:

"The nick in that knife was conclusive evidence. Parrott acknowledged ownership of the Barlow, and the nick fitted exactly peculiar abrasions made on the suitcase straps, the brush, and the shoes."

PARROTT was sentenced to life imprisonment at Walla Walla State Penitentiary.

Some years after his incarceration he feigned insanity and was transferred to the hospital for the criminally insane at Medical Lake, Washington.

When he had been there but a short time he managed to escape, and for several days eluded every attempt at capture.

The country through which he was trying to make his way was very mountainous, and his shoes wore out. He sneaked into a logging camp and while trying to steal a pair of shoes from a bunk-house was recaptured and sent back to Walla Walla, where he is now incarcerated.

Inside Facts on the Leopold-Loeb Crime

(Continued from page 38)

investigation, however, fell through and the personnel of the school were wholly absolved of guilt and released within a few hours after being taken into custody.

THEIR release knocked every pillar of support from under the police case with the result that the kidnapping mystery became deeper and more baffling than before. In truth, the ace investigators and the veteran detectives, with scores of solved kidnapping cases to their credit, were forced to admit that they were stumped—simply confronted with a big blank wall, and nothing on the other side. They were not even able to establish a motive.

Why, asked commentators in the press, would the kidnapers abduct a 15-year-old boy for the \$10,000 ransom, when by selecting a boy five or six years old, they would eliminate the possibility of being identified by their captor? While this served to clear the atmosphere a little, it also contradicted every previous theory and depreciated immeasurably the value of the few clues that the police had succeeded in obtaining.

It was at this stage that the Chicago press sent in its reporters and journalistic experts with the very natural newspaper idea of forcing along a great story that was tottering perilously on its last legs. Criminologists, private investigators and famous detectives were hired by the dozens to write discussions of the case and to analyze each new development.

Police reporters were paired with their colleagues who did the writing while the "beat" man did the investigating. Working hours for the night men soon overlapped the hours of the day men until at one time there were as many as 150 reporters working on the case together. The competition was keen and it was not long before the whole group sensed the individual intentions of each member to get the scoop. Frequently, their paths crossed with unkind words and verbal fisticuffs as a consequence. There was no time for physical combat, much as these functionaries might have wanted to indulge. The

prize would come only to the swift and the sure.

IN contrast to this, of course, the attitude of Mr. Ryan of High Park was in gross violation of every newspaper principle of news gathering. Concerted efforts on the part of several of his friends to wake Mr. Ryan from his alcoholic dreams were pathetically futile.

"Big shtory?" Mr. Ryan would repeat, quirked his brow with great labor. "Big shtory? Shay, I been right here for the lasht shirty-shix owish. Don't kid me, boysh. Life ish too short—too short."

And in a voice laden with pathos Mr. Ryan would tell of the vision in which he saw his old, gray-haired mother scrubbing and washing a path to her lonely grave, and dragging a heavy, cumbersome coffin behind her. After this he would subside, take another swig at an almost empty bottle and fall asleep.

But Mr. Ryan's conduct was far from typical. Indeed, it was quite the exception. Industry of the most fervent and dynamic quality characterized every other newspaperman's associations with the case. Home was a place you made split-second renewal of old and familiar acquaintances. Coffee was the antidote for sleep. Ham sandwiches and malted milks substituted for the more nourishing but inconvenient foods. Eating and sleeping, in short, were looked upon as vicious, alien habits and indulgence was regarded with professional abhorrence.

"What the hell do I care if you haven't eaten?" declared an outraged city editor in answer to a reporter's gastronomic prayer. "The only thing that's getting fed around here is the press."

BY the time the legion of reporters had run down various sets of clues and published their stories, certain angles of the official investigation were promising important developments. Relentless house-to-house canvassing and questioning established to the satisfaction of Captain William Shoemaker, of the Chicago Detective

Bureau, that Robert Franks had been kidnapped in broad daylight at the corner of 49th Street and Ellis Avenue. Close upon the heels of this came the statement of a servant working in a home located at the corner that she had barely seen the figure of a boy stepping into a machine. A peculiar angle of vision prevented her from seeing what type of a car it was or from noting the size or age of the boy, she said. Her disclosure gave rise to the assumption that Robert had been lured away by some one who knew him and whom the boy knew as well.

Out of every human chaos, wrote a sage many years ago, rises a genius to be the valiant hero of the situation. Whether it's a national conflict or a crisis at an Irish wake, Xerxes or Officer Moriarity will surely appear in the guise of the Goddess of Victory or Peace and bring solid order out of hopeless chaos. Such a genius was sorely needed in this, the most trying hour of the investigation into the terrifying kidnapping of a rich man's son. He came; or rather they did in the persons of an Irish and a Jewish cub reporter on the staff of the Chicago Daily News.

SITTING—plain ornery sitting—was chiefly life's purpose for these two cubs previous to the discovery of the Crime of the Century. Usually it was sitting on the edge of a desk. When they were inspired to do bigger things, on the other hand, the city editor told them they could sit on the desk's middle. Rarely did duty ever impose more than this, for James Mulroy and Alvin Goldstein were cubs, beginners, freshies.

But the Algeric opportunity was sneaking up on them from behind. Mulroy and Goldstein were following the newspaper accounts of the Franks case with wolfish

eyes. They devoured every item of the story and added in their imaginations what they thought would make it complete. Hence, they did not miss the significance of an incidental report from the coroner's office that the nude body of a boy had been found in a swamp in Hegewisch, an unsettled territory fringing on Chicago's southern extremities, May 22nd.

"Boss," Mulroy gulped, "Goldstein and I got a whale of an idea on this Franks case. Will you assign us? I'm almost sure we can produce."

"That's a large order, Mulroy," answered the city editor. "At least half of a dozen of your seniors here would get the preference. Give me the tip, anyway, and we'll have it checked up."

"Say, boss," interposed Goldstein, a natural genius at bargaining, "if you knew that what we had would solve the Franks case would you assign us?"

"Well, now," the man drawled, "if that's the way you feel about it I suppose I have no choice in the matter."

"O. K.," shouted Mulroy and Goldstein, seizing their collegiate hats and dashing out the door.

"O'CONNOR & GOLDBERG," as the two cubs were henceforth addressed, hailed a cab and directed the driver to the home of Mr. Franks' brother-in-law. In a few moments the relative was riding beside them on the way to an undertaking establishment in South Chicago.

"You think the body is that of Robert?" asked the brother of Mrs. Franks.

"The police description of Robert and the coroner's description of the body tally so well that we can't get it off our minds," responded Mulroy.

It was a forbidding scene in the dismal undertaker's morgue. Gathered around a

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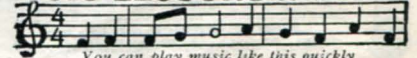
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cloth-covered form stretched on a slab, were the two reporters, nervous with excitement; the uncle of Robert Franks, fearful, apprehensive, and the policeman and undertaker.

The sheet was thrown back to reveal a spectacle that caused every watcher to gasp and shudder. The body was caked with hard mud and the face was all but distinguishable. The uncle peered ino it, caught his breath and buried his face in his hands, murmuring:

"It's Robert."

Over and over he spoke the name until the sheet was once again laid over the form of Robert Franks, and the party retired to the front room.

MULROY seized a telephone:

"Dearborn one-one-one-one," he called. Then: "City editor. Hello, this is Mulroy. Robert Franks has been found. He was murdered and the body was officially identified. Boss, this is a scoop on every paper in town."

At precisely the same hour, the father of Robert Franks was waiting beside the telephone in his home. In his hands he held a sealed cigar box containing \$10,000 in bills of \$50 and \$20 denominations. Mr. Johnson would call any moment now with the directions for delivering the ransom money and obtaining the stolen boy.

The phone rang, Mr. Ettelson grabbed it up.

"Hello."

"This is Mr. Johnson," said the voice. "In five minutes a Yellow Cab will come to your door. The driver has been instructed as to your destination. Goodbye."

A click told that the speaker had hung up, but not quite soon enough. They were tapped wires over which he had been speaking. Telephone authorities traced the call to the original exchange office.

But they were not able to pick up any more than that the call had come from a drug store in the neighborhood of 63rd Street and Cottage Grove Avenue.

Exactly five minutes afterward a Yellow Cab drew up at the curb before the Franks' mansion. Mr. Ettelson went out in response and before talking to the driver made a mental note of the cab's number which he later said was either 1492 or 1942.

"Who sent you here?" the official asked. "Branch office over at Cottage Grove Avenue," answered the driver. "Supposed to pick up Mr. Franks."

"Where were you ordered to take him?"

"I dunno," responded the driver. "Them's all the orders I got."

AT this juncture Mr. Ettelson was called into the house by a servant to answer a telephone summons. Mr. Ettelson had informed the servants they were not to call Mr. Franks to answer the telephone or doorbell. It was the wish of the friend that the father have as little to worry him as possible. Although Mr. Franks had not expressly acceded to any such agreement, he seemed willing to refrain from these duties, so great had been the strain of the terrific ordeal.

"It was the grace of God," Mr. Ettelson told a friend later, "that Mr. Franks did not answer this particular phone call."

Its message cut like a sword and shattered forever the one faint hope that must

have been lifted to heaven more than often in the quiet of a bedchamber where a father and mother never slept.

It stirred a home from its anxious loneliness only to pitch it deeper into the undying sorrows of death which no amount of ransom money would dispel or ever allay. Even as the dread words came over the instrument into the friend's ears he could see the tidily wrapped cigar box with its puny, meaningless \$10,000. The irresistible force, Futility, was riding down the seemingly immovable object, Hope. What a clash!

The news of Robert's death was correspondingly horrible in its significance and feeble in its effect upon the boy's parents. The source of their emotions had long since been drained through hope and then despair.

On being told of the fate of his son, Mr. Franks merely shook and then bowed his head. Not a sob escaped from his lips; not a sound betrayed the presence of the anguish that must have seized him. Fearful relatives postponed telling the mother. She was still seriously ill.

SUDDENLY reminded of his interview with the taxi-driver, Mr. Ettelson hurried outside, but the cab was nowhere in sight. He turned back into the house and telephoned detective headquarters.

Discovery of the murder of Robert Franks startled the whole world. Associated Press dispatches flashed the sensational news to all civilization and the newspapers headlined them on the front page with monstrous captions. Reports too reached the ears of Mr. Ryan of High Park. Although in the throes of a murderous hangover, he managed to struggle to a telephone and call his city editor. On being connected, he was sharply informed that no such person as Mr. Ryan worked for the City Press and that if he came into the office the city editor would be obliged to kick him down the stairs.

Others, however, were leaving off where Mr. Ryan had just begun. Scores of them were racing to the scene of the finding of the boy's mutilated body while an almost equal number of photographers followed on their trail.

Mulroy and Goldstein had already been upon the scene and were interrogating a handful of curious spectators who had happened by when a railroad laborer espied the dead body. The present theater of events constituted no more than a wide expanse of swamp and weed which could only be approached from the beaten path by way of a railroad embankment. There was a small path which led from the rails to a wood culvert stretched across a small stream. The body of Robert had been stuffed under the culvert. The finder of the body stated that it was so lodged that half of the body which was not submerged in the water was jammed securely against the culvert's bottom at the point where the culvert joined the stream's bank. So inaccessible was the place and so well hidden was the body that all who were gathered there agreed that its finding was some determined act of Providence.

The two reporters lost no time in joining detectives from the nearest police station in a minute examination of the territory for possible clues. Sleuth-inclined spectators also lent a hand so that a fair-sized congregation of policemen, civilians

and reporters were engaged in the hunt.

One civilian, Paul Korff, caught sight of a gleaming object lying in the mud under the culvert. Mulroy was standing near when Korff leaned down to study the object. Both recognized it as a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, whereupon Mulroy judiciously took charge of them explaining that he was a newspaper reporter and that if anything developed he would let Korff know. The police were not told.

MULROY hurriedly informed his colleague of the find and while Korff had been given to understand that "something *might* come of these glasses" Mulroy pocketed the spectacles and renewed the search for further clues.

Meanwhile, Doctor Joseph Springer, physician for the Coroner of Cook County, arrived accompanied by a horde of news-hungry reporters and picture-starved photographers. He had made his cursory examination of the body and wanted a final study of the culvert spot. Plainly, the doctor was puzzled.

"I haven't even determined the cause of death yet," he told reporters. "There is a small abrasion on the head in front and an apparent laceration at the base of the skull. The wounds do not appear to be serious enough to have caused death. On the other hand, there is a light sepia stain about the mouth. It is possible that he was poisoned although I did not detect the presence of any poison in the stomach."

Doctor Springer also disclosed that the face had been burned as if by an acid solution. The physician then proceeded to question Tony Mink, the laborer who came upon the body, after which he made a close examination of the culvert spot. While thus engaged, he was accosted by a young man bearing a metal bar, eight inches long.

"Found it just beyond the culvert," announced the youth carelessly.

Doctor Springer took it gingerly, produced a handkerchief and laid the bar in it. Wound about one end was a batch of adhesive tape. The covering was fairly clean, indicating that it had not lain in the swampy ground for long.

"I believe," declared Doctor Springer, turning to the waiting reporters, "that this was the instrument that killed Robert Franks."

GOLDSTEIN and Mulroy waited no longer. Jumping into the cab they had kept waiting, they were off towards the city, the precious glasses safe in their possession. They had two anxieties: the glasses and the unspeakable amount of the cab bill.

Public re-action to press reports that Robert Franks had been murdered and the body found were unstinted. People of all races and ages were roused as a crime had never roused them before. The gruesome grave; the brutal circumstances of his apparent death, and the savage act of the kidnapers in leading the father to believe that he was ransoming his son—his son who was already dead—stirred the heart of every newspaper reader. Prominent men spoke their feelings freely. Detectives and investigators pledged themselves to solve the crime and bring the perpetrators to justice, swiftly and surely. Deeper indignation followed substantial reports to the effect that the body had been attacked.

The police were spurred to a frenzy of activity and the State's Attorney was assigning his best assistants to the investigation. Science was consulted in the person of criminologists, psychologists and chemists, the latter being given all such objects and articles for analysis as might yield valuable clues. A "question and answer" symposium of the opinions of Chicago's best detectives on the circumstances of the kidnapping and murder of the Franks boy was something like this:

Q.—Who killed Robert Franks? A.—A kidnapper seeking ransom or a moron.

Q.—What killed him? A.—After making every possible examination, the coroner's physician says it must have been caused by suffocation.

Q.—Why suffocation? A.—The boy had not been choked or strangled; he had not been poisoned; he had been hit on the head with a blunt instrument, but not hard enough to cause death; he was found in two feet of water, and although his lungs were copper-colored he had not been drowned. Suffocation seems the only possible way in which he could have come to his death.

Q.—How was he suffocated? A.—Probably by a handkerchief or a hand pressed to his nose and mouth for a period of about two minutes.

Q.—Why was the boy killed? A.—This is a debatable question. If he was killed by a moron, or several of them, he probably was killed accidentally while in a struggle with them, a struggle which induced hemorrhages of the lungs, from which he died. Or they may have killed him to cover up their crime, to keep the boy from telling.

Q.—What if he was killed by kidnapers? A.—Then also probably in a struggle with his captors and from a hemorrhage of the lungs induced by a hand pressed over the mouth and nose. Indications are that kidnapers would not deliberately have killed the boy so quickly, at least not until negotiations showed signs of failing and they must make a getaway.

Q.—When was Robert killed? A.—Probably within a few minutes after he was abducted or lured away, while he was struggling for his freedom.

Q.—Where was he killed? A.—Probably in an automobile in the three-block stretch between his school and his home. The theory is that he could not have been kidnapped or lured away on foot without some of his companions becoming aware of it.

Q.—What sort of a person must the police seek in the murder? A.—A scholarly person, a master of English; none but such a person could have written the famous letter received by Mr. Franks; its grammar was faultless.

Q.—Was there any peculiarity in the letter? A.—Yes, spelling of the word "kidnaped." The strictly English version of the word includes two p's.

Q.—If the boy was killed by kidnapers, why did they persist in their demands for ransom long after the boy was dead and his unidentified body recovered? A.—They did not know the body had been recovered and attempted to obtain the ransom money, despite his murder.

Q.—If a moron, or several of them killed the boy, why the telephone messages and letter demanding kidnapper's ransom? A.—To cover up the real motive of the

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crime, to throw detectives off the track, possibly to obtain money for a desperate attempt to get away.

Q.—Which is the more likely theory, murder by kidnapers or murder by morons? A.—No attempt is made to answer this yet; only the remarkable letter and suspicions of Mr. Ettelson lend a basis to the moron theory.

Q.—Was the boy attacked? A.—Coroner's physicians say he probably was not, although it is difficult to determine this. Attempts to attack him might have been made, and some forms of attacks accomplished without leaving external evidence of violence.

Q.—Was the writer of the erudite letter a good typist? A.—Not according to the findings of Mr. Sutton, the typewriter expert.

Q.—Did the addressing of the envelope in printed letters in ink indicate anything concerning the writer? A.—Yes, it indicated the writer might have known something of cartooning or that he was at least familiar with mechanical drawing and lettering.

Q.—Is it possible that a woman was involved in the slaying? A.—It is; the pair of eyeglasses, found near the culvert, seemed to be a woman's.

Q.—Is there any other evidence to indicate a woman's hand in the crime? A.—Nothing; everything else points to it as the work of a man or men.

WHILE this summary clarified the atmosphere on several issues, it only served to further complicate any conception of a motive for the crime or of the character of the guilty person or persons. The Crime of the Century was defying solution!

Mulroy and Goldstein had meanwhile secured the Assistant State's Attorney Joseph Savage and were imploring him to do something about the glasses. At the suggestion of the two reporters, Prosecutor Savage went with them on a canvass of optical firms in Chicago. The first two concerns flatly declared they had no way of tracing the glasses. The next stop was the firm of Almer, Coe & Company. Here a Mr. Weinstein went over the spectacles thoroughly.

"This is a peculiar pair of glasses," he

informed the men. "They have a special hinge device which has been patented by a New York firm. The frame possibly was made in New York, and it is altogether likely the lenses were bought here. This company is an agent for that firm."

Mr. Weinstein then took the glasses' measurements. These he scribbled on a piece of paper which was handed in turn to a second clerk. In a moment the latter had returned and Mr. Weinstein was reading his notation:

"The lenses for these glasses were purchased by a Nathan Leopold, 4754 Greenwood Avenue."

"That's a swell address," said Goldstein, nudging his partner.

"I wonder," answered Mulroy, "if that's the Leopold I knew at the University of Chicago?"

"Well," broke in the other, "let's go see."

THE two cubs arrived at the Leopold home, accompanied by Detective Sergeants Edward Anderson and Hugh Byrnes of the State's Attorney's office who had instructions to arrest Nathan Leopold.

In response to their knock a maid came to the door. She greeted them:

"How do you do?"

"Is Nathan Leopold home?"

"Why, yes, will you wait 'till I get him?"

"No, thanks, lady. We'll step right inside. We're detectives. Where's his room?"

Frightened, the maid pointed to a door on the second floor near the stairs. They bounded up just in time to meet Nathan Leopold coming out of his room. He was taken back by the abruptness of his callers, and by apparently nothing more.

His curious gaze spoke for an explanation of the strange intrusion.

"Nathan Leopold?" asked Sergeant Anderson.

"Yes," was the calm answer.

"You're under arrest. You'll have to come with me."

"Well, wh-why?"

"I can't talk about that now. Will you come along?"

Leopold indicated that he would. Whereupon he donned his topcoat and hat and left in the company of the detectives. As

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their car pulled away, a second car drew up and Captain Shoemaker and his squad got out. Without any delay they took what seemed to be complete possession of the house. One herded the servants into a single room. A second went out to the garage. A third covered the rooms upstairs.

CAPTAIN SHOEMAKER took charge of the questioning of the servants. From them he sought detailed information of the life, habits and acquaintances of Nathan Leopold. He heard, at any rate, of a unique person. Although not twenty-one, Nathan Leopold already had a Ph.B. degree from the University of Chicago, was a fluent speaker of fifteen languages, author of several brilliant monographs on ornithology and a medical student of the University of Michigan. In short, an academic genius. His most intimate friend was Richard Loeb, whose home was pointed out from the room's window as within stone's throw. Captain Shoemaker dispatched a man to Loeb's residence.

The aide returned in a short time with a fairly good-looking young man.

"Where were you yesterday?" asked the Captain addressing Loeb.

"That's a long story," returned the youth, smiling.

"Yea?" cut in Captain Shoemaker to whom as a grizzled police veteran all suspects were smart alecks whether they had college degrees or not. "Well, we'll see. You can tell it all to the State's Attorney."

Issuing a final warning to the servants that they were not to discuss the incident with anyone but policemen, Captain Shoemaker ordered a retreat and in a moment the squad car with Richard Loeb inside was speeding towards the Loop. The destination was the Drake Hotel which State's Attorney Robert Crowe had appointed as headquarters for the investigation into the Crime of the Century.

WHEN the Shoemaker party arrived, Crowe was questioning Nathan Leopold. Leopold was seated at a table across from the former and seemed to be the most self-possessed person in the room.

"Leopold," Crowe was asking, "are these your glasses?"

The young man leaned forward to study them.

"Yes, sir, they are."

"How do you account for the fact that they were found in a prairie at 122nd Street and the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks?"

"Oh, there?"

"Yes, there!"

"I suppose I lost them."

"No doubt. But I think you lost them under circumstances that make things very serious for you."

"I don't see how. If I recall correctly, I've been to that spot at least half a dozen times."

State's Attorney Crowe was obviously surprised.

"For what?"

"For field work."

"What kind of field work?"

"Why, in connection with my ornithological studies. I've gone there frequently to catch moth and butterfly specimens."

"Sure of that?"

"I'm sure my professor will vouch for it."

It was evident that Leopold was not getting the worst of it.

"Specifically, when was the last time you were there?"

"About five days ago. Let's see, this is Friday. It was last Saturday, more than five days."

"Do you know these glasses are exceptionally clean after lying in a swampy prairie five days?"

"It is possible they were handled. It hasn't rained since then."

STATE'S ATTORNEY CROWE switched the subject and produced the ransom letter received by Mr. Franks which he asked Leopold to read.

"Could you write a letter like that?" Crowe asked when the other had finished.

"Yes, I could easily duplicate it if I couldn't write a better one."

"Are you a Phi Beta Kappa member?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you all day Wednesday?"

"Well, I didn't leave the house until eleven o'clock in the morning. Then I went over to Dick Loeb's and we decided to go for an automobile ride. He came back home with me and I got my Willys-Knight. We rode all afternoon."

"Just the two of you?"

"Well, later on we picked up a couple of girls."

"Then where did you go?"

"We drove through Lincoln Park, parked out near the lake and did a little loving."

"Can you say where you were at five o'clock?"

"I believe I can. Let's see—yes, that's the time we were in Lincoln Park."

"Then where did you go?"

"We stayed there for a couple of hours and then got something to eat and bought a few drinks. Then we took another ride and dumped the girls off and went home."

"Who were the girls?"

"Never saw them before."

"Didn't they tell you their names?"

"No, sir, and we didn't ask."

AT this point in the proceedings Captain Shoemaker made a hurried departure which an aide later explained to Crowe as part of an important mission.

Questioned by Assistant State's Attorney Savage, Loeb substantiated nearly all of his friend's statements. He did not have the self-confidence that Leopold did, however. If he had, perhaps—

The State's Attorney was not satisfied with the outcome of the questioning. In fact, he was beginning to believe that Loeb and Leopold were victims of an unusual chain of circumstances. He hinted that he would release them perhaps in the morning. For the time being they could stay in the hotel as technical prisoners, he said.

The inseparable Mulroy and Goldstein were not letting any grass grow under their feet. Again they were riding in cabs (with fearful eyes on the meter) this time in quest of the drug store from which "Mr. Johnson" had phoned the Franks home concerning directions for the delivery of the ransom money. The process was fatiguing. From all appearances the particular drug store was not in the immediate vicinity, for queries in several drug stores thereabouts yielded nothing. The two proceeded further east on 63rd Street. They paused before the establishment of



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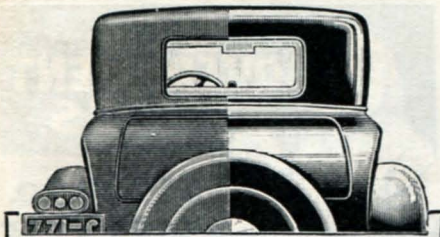


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C. M. Ross, 1465 East 63rd Street. To go in or not to go in, that was the question.

"I think we've played this thing out," said the tired Goldstein.

"Well, let's give it one more turn," answered Mulroy, a little hopefully, whereupon the two entered more in the spirit of adventure than business. They sought out Mr. Ross himself.

"Yes, Mr. Ross is here. I'll call him," said a clerk.

THE proprietor appeared in the person of a short, thick-set, middle-aged man. He beamed upon his callers:

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"We're newspaper reporters," Mulroy began. "We're trying to trace a telephone call to some drug store in the neighborhood in connection with the Franks murder. Do you have any information that might help us?"

"The Franks murder?" asked the startled druggist, following it up with the question: "Do you think somebody called from here?"

"It's just possible. You see, it might be that a message was left here with a clerk or someone to be given to a well-dressed man or something like that. Could you say?"

The proprietor stroked his chin in thought. Then his eyes opened wide. He tried to speak, but in his excitement could only stutter over unintelligible consonants. In a moment he had gone to the cashier's desk and was back again bearing a sealed envelope.

"This 1-1-letter," he stammered. "Left here for a man. They said the man would ask for it. He'd have a cigar box in his hands."

Mulroy tore open the envelope with nervous fingers and found a single sheet of plain stationery upon which was typed the following message:

Go direct from here to the Illinois Central depot on 63rd street. Ticket agent there will hand you a ticket on the Michigan Central which will arrive twenty minutes after you get in the depot. Board the south bound train. Your seat will be on the right hand side, as specified on the ticket.

There was no signature and no further details.

"Much obliged to you," said Mulroy. "These are the instructions to Mr. Franks for the delivery of the ransom money for his son. You've helped us a great deal, and probably the State's Attorney too. Do you know who brought this note in?"

"Why, it was a young boy," replied Ross. "I never saw him before. He simply said a man would stop in for the note and that he'd have a cigar box in his hand. That's all I know about it."

"Well, it's something anyway," put in Goldstein. "Let's be off, Jim. The State's Attorney'll want that note and we have to check up on that typewriter stuff yet."

Another letter intended for Mr. Franks containing specific information as to the disposal of the ransom money was later discovered on the train which the father of the murdered boy was directed to take. An exact copy of this letter is shown on page 35.

Early the next morning, State's Attor-

ney Crowe renewed his questioning of Leopold, who had slept apart from Loeb in a room guarded all night by the State's Attorney's detectives. Once more Leopold was seated at a table opposite his quizzier.

"Have you ever owned a typewriter?" queried the prosecutor.

"Yes, I have," was the answer. The voice today was not so re-assuring. Perhaps some of the self-confidence had deserted young Leopold.

"What kind?"

"A Hamilton portable."

"Sure of that?"

"Well, I've had it for a long time—long enough to know."

"Where is it now?"

"At home—in my room."

"Let's go get it then," said the State's Attorney rising and taking his coat.

In a few minutes Leopold was back in his home, but under far different circumstances than ever before. The suspected genius led the police party up to his room and they watched him while he went about the business of producing the Hamilton typewriter.

"It seems to have been taken," Leopold announced after looking vainly through closets and shelves. "It was here, I know."

"You're lying," Crowe cut in. "You never had a Hamilton. The truth is you had an Underwood! Where is it, Leopold?"

The youth registered displeasure at this outburst.

"I am telling the truth. I'm trying to help you. If someone has taken the typewriter, what am I to do?"

Cross-examined further on the possible destiny of the typewriter, Leopold suddenly remembered that he had loaned it to a fellow student on May 15th. The borrower, he stated, took it with him to Ann Arbor, Michigan. It was a matter of moments for detectives to check up on the truth of the statement. They reported back that the parents of this student had taken their son to an Ann Arbor-bound train on May 11th.

Crowe then charged Leopold point blank with having destroyed or buried the writing machine. Leopold denied it.

HHEADQUARTERS of the investigating authorities were moved back to the Criminal Court Building on Chicago's near north side and here Loeb and Leopold were brought for what State's Attorney termed a "final showdown." He had certain evidence in his possession, he said, which neither of the youths could explain away to his satisfaction. Pending very imminent results from investigation along other lines, he would continue to hold them in custody.

By nightfall of May 25th, three days after the murder of Robert Franks, the shadow of that ghost, *habeas corpus*, which haunts every detective's dreams, was hovering over the Criminal Court Building. The parents of Loeb and Leopold had retained the eminent lawyer, Clarence Darrow, and he served notice upon the State's Attorney that unless his clients were booked or released he would institute *habeas corpus* proceedings. Insofar as Crowe was confident that no judge would grant bail to Loeb and Leopold in view of the murder charge, he was not frightened by Mr. Darrow's threat, but it served to spur his aides to great activity.

With the passing hours, the old court

structure buzzed more and more with life and action. Investigators were bringing in tips, possible witnesses, suspects, samples of clothing, old typewriters, fake license plates and what not. Other detectives were reporting what they had heard, found or checked upon while reporters dived in and out among them, cursing the reticence of some and the talkativeness of others.

TOWARDS midnight it was rumored about the court building that Loeb and Leopold were getting a final grilling. Captain Shoemaker had made a mighty score, it was said, when he obtained from Sven Englund, chauffeur for Leopold, the damning statement that Leopold's red Willys-Knight had not been out of the garage on the day of the murder from 2 P. M. to 10 P. M.

In an outer room of the State's Attorney's office a large and curious throng had gathered. They were reporters, policemen, prominent citizens and workers in the building. Their eyes and ears were concentrated on the inner office where Loeb and Leopold were getting everything Crowe could pack into English. None other than Mulroy and Goldstein did the unspeakable thing of exploding the tension that had held all others spellbound. Wild-eyed, nearly panting and very much bent upon seeing the State's Attorney in person, they burst upon the scene. The clumsy situation was not without its humor. Rival reporters hurled sarcastic greetings:

"Well—if it ain't O'Connor & Goldberg!"

"The Gold Dust Twins!"

Undaunted, the cubs made their way to the sanctum sanctorum and were admitted. Then to the State's Attorney they unfolded the results of their chase which had taken them over some 200

miles of city streets—by cab. *With them they carried typewritten theses written by Leopold while he was at the University of Chicago on the identical machine that turned out the famous ransom letter!*

The State's Attorney assured his prisoners there was little more for them to do except confess. With the hope of achieving this, he and Assistant State's Attorney John Sbarboro renewed questioning of Leopold in one room while Chief of Detectives Hughes and Assistant Prosecutor Savage examined Loeb in another.

The latter's cock-sure, flip-in-the-face attitude had deserted him entirely. Dickie Loeb was quaking and evinced a carelessness of being caught in one lie after another. Both, according to estimates of the State's Attorney, gave their confessions at the same time, though they were in different rooms.

COMPLETELY broken, Loeb and Leopold were confronted with one another for the last time while their statements were made known to each.

Leopold was silent, sullen. Loeb seemed sick at heart and batted not so much as a rebellious eyelash. His was an attitude of abject surrender.

On hearing the other's statement, these two who had been inseparable friends in high school, university and college glowered with hatred at one another as they sat across the table, listening with disgust to the confessions that had been wrung from them word for word.

Theirs was the original perfect murder plot, conceived in the aura of the superman to whom everything but self-desire and perfection are nothing. Theirs was—or rather was to be—the world's first perfect crime, execution of which would make the names of Loeb and Leo-

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34x4	3.50	31x5.25	3.10
32x4 1/2	3.20	30x5.77	3.20
33x4 1/2	3.20	32x6.00	3.20
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pold awful and glorious to hear a thousand years in the future. Unfortunately, all that was to be, was not. The stark realities of human living were breaking into the great dream. A boy had been murdered. Society knew no supermen. It demanded retribution.

As early as November, 1923, according to their confession, Loeb and Leopold conceived the plan for a crime which would never be solved and with which they would never be charged. Both agreed at the outset that they would kidnap and murder their victim who oddly enough was selected just two minutes before the killing was actually done!

The scheme was one of the most elaborate in the history of criminal annals. Provision for escape was as well guarded as the design of the murder. To begin with, Leopold spent several nights in the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, for the express purpose of registering under a false name and establishing a dual identity. He did this again in the Trenier Hotel and in hotels in Peoria and Morris (Illinois), awarding the unusual scheme a finishing touch by opening savings accounts in several banks under a name other than his own. Thus, on being hard-pressed by pursuers, if any, he said, they would have refuge in the hotel while the savings in the several banks would be a sort of contingent fund.

TWO months before being dispatched, the ransom letter was written—by Leopold. At the time neither had the slightest conception of who would play the part of victim in this unparalleled drama of murder conspiracy. Leopold admitted composing the letter, which, as anticipated by the police, he based upon the character of the ransom letter published in a detective story magazine. In corroboration of this, Captain Shoemaker produced the particular issue of the magazine which was found in a drawer of the chiffonier in Leopold's room.

In the next step the two youths procured the tools necessary to the actual murder. Loeb went to a hardware store and purchased an eight-inch chisel, one end of which he wrapped with adhesive tape taken from the medicine cabinet in his home. The wisdom of using a padded chisel lay in the fact that on being applied to the victim's head with discreet blows it would inflict concussion of the brain and serve the double purpose of confusing the cause of death and bewildering the coroner's physician. In accordance with the plans Loeb also purchased a quantity of hydrochloric acid which was to be poured upon the victim's face with the view of frustrating identification.

ONE week before the day of the kidnapping, Loeb and Leopold drove about the neighborhood of the Harvard School where Robert Franks was a pupil and selected from the number of pupils they knew several likely victims. One was Robert, another was a son of Julius Rosenwald, nationally known philanthropist and member of the directorate of Sears-Roebuck mail-order house, and a third was the son of a wealthy furniture dealer. With this decision, they arranged for the rental of a Dodge touring car from a Hertz-Drive-it-Yourself station.

The selection of the culvert spot for the disposal of the victim's body was the child of Leopold's ingenious brain. He knew the territory thoroughly having been there, as he said, on many expeditions as an ornithologist.

"On Wednesday at four o'clock in the afternoon," Leopold confessed, "we went to the rental station and obtained the car, which we said we wanted for two days."

"Dick Loeb did the driving and we went to my home while I got an auto robe and a pair of boots. Without any delay we drove to the Harvard School. After circling the block several times we spotted Robert Franks playing at the corner. We decided then that we would kill him and demand ten thousand dollars ransom from his father."

"I was sitting in the back and Loeb was in the front driving. Loeb knew Robert best and called him over to our car."

"What did Loeb say?" was the question put by Assistant State's Attorney Sharboro.

"He just said: 'Hey, Bobbie, come here,'" was Leopold's reply. "Then he asked Robert if he wanted to play some tennis. Robert said he did and we invited him into the car. While we were starting away I was getting the chisel out of the pocket in the door of the car and my handkerchief out of my coat pocket. Robert saw the chisel and asked what it was for. Loeb then took his attention away from what I was doing by drawing him into conversation. We had gone about two blocks and then I decided to go ahead. I brought up the chisel and struck Robert on the head. It stunned him and he began to struggle and scream. I seized him around the neck and clapped the handkerchief over his nose and mouth and hit him harder with the chisel. Then he went limp. I pulled him over the back of the seat onto the floor and covered his body with the auto robe."

"We drove around for about two hours waiting for it to get dark, meanwhile driving always in the direction of the culvert at One Hundred and Twenty Second Street."

"We arrived at the culvert at about eight-thirty and parked the car alongside the main road. Then we stripped the body of clothes and poured the hydrochloric acid over the face. I put on my boots and we both carried the body to the culvert. I stood in the water and placed the body close up against the culvert's support and when I was sure it would not float away in the water we went back to the car. It was at this time, I think, that my glasses dropped out of my coat pocket."

THE deed finished, the two murderers proceeded back to the city, stopping en route to bury the boy's clothes in a large prairie. Arriving home, they parked the machine in Leopold's yard. Then with a calm air the pair retired to the dining room of the Leopold home and played several rounds of casino. Later Loeb bade his friend good night and went home to bed. Leopold followed his example shortly afterward. In the interim he had stepped out to a drug store and telephoned the Franks home, in-

forming Mrs. Franks in creditable English of the kidnapping of her son.

On surveying the car early the next morning, Leopold discovered bloodstains on the back of the seat, the car's floor and the running board. He also found blood on the auto robe. Some of the spots he managed to obliterate. Failing in his efforts to clean the robe, Leopold took it to the nearest lake beach and burned it. On his way back, he returned the rented car and paid the charges.

It was Loeb, he said, who called the Franks home the following day and announced that the ransom letter with its instructions was *en route*. In addition, Loeb called from the Ross drug store, notifying Mr. Ettelson that a cab would come to pick up Mr. Franks.

Shortly afterward, both heard of the finding of the boy's body and promptly forgot the ransom negotiations with Mr. Franks, though they had already been discouraged in this with the failure of the father to appear at the drug store. Both then went home to bask in the secretive glory of murderers who are never caught.

Such was the tenor of the confession. So read the document that was passed among the congregation of reporters in the old Criminal Court Building. It was a reading of achievement for Mulroy and Goldstein. With weary steps they made their way out of the building towards home, there to regain dire needed sleep and there to invoke the blessing of Providence on their efforts the next day to pass a \$135 cab bill on a city editor.

So thoroughly were the master murderers incriminated that it was conceded at once that no lawyer in the State of Illinois, however brilliant or cunning, could be even remotely instrumental in sparing their necks from the deadly embrace of the hangman's hemp. Swiftly were the two conducted through the mill of criminal procedure so that on being brought to actual justice they would not have had neither the mood nor the time to think of escape from the consequences of their act.

A month gone in a flash and Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold stood before Judge John R. Caverly in the Criminal Court, answering to the people of the State for the murder of one of its youths. To Clarence Darrow, the apostle of humanity, the champion of the underdog, was given the title of Chief of Counsel for the Defense, something, in the opinion of the press and the public, that

existed in no sense at the present time for Loeb and Leopold.

The defense offered by Clarence Darrow is famous literature today. Daring in its application to the case at hand, utterly radical in its sense of justice, the Darrow defense on top of all its concession to the charges of the State—and nothing was denied—nevertheless withstood the terrific hammerings of the prosecution with facts, facts, facts.

Someone has said that Darrow did no more than sing the "intellectual blues" for his clients who read the super-philosophy of Nietzsche and the grotesque comedies of Rabelais at one sitting. Whatever he did, the effect brought a so thoroughly aroused public indignation on the head of Judge Caverly that that worthy man was almost forced to flee the city to escape torment at the hands of friends as well as enemies.

That something of Clarence Darrow's sufficed, at any rate, for Loeb and Leopold and for their grieving relatives. Judge Caverly, by it, was moved to run counter to a fierce sentiment and he saved the defendants from the gallows by sentencing them to prison. For the murder they got life imprisonment and for the kidnapping, ninety-nine years, the sentences to run concurrently, oddly enough.

For weeks afterward Judge Caverly was the target of editorial writers, priests, rabbis, ministers and toastmasters, not a few remarks being publicly passed by some of his intimate friends, too.

Obviously money—the money that was able to purchase great legal talent—prevented two heirs from taking what certainly would have otherwise been the death march. A large but perhaps negligible part of the public misconstrued application of the term money to the success of the defense. To them it meant that the judge "got plenty," but nothing is more unreasonable and out of the question.

Today Leopold is a trusty, acting as clerk and assistant to the prison chaplain at Joliet Penitentiary, while Loeb labors in the rattan factory. But very little news of them ever leaks out. They get an annual holiday when they are permitted to see one relative for a few hours. Very little is heard about them any more. The Crime of the Century is being quietly expiated.

NOTE—We deeply regret error in caption on page 33, too late to change in Rotogravure section. Mrs. Jacob Franks referred to, is still living.

Boys—If You Want to Glide and Fly—Read This!

DO you know how Lindy learned to fly? Do you know how Captain Byrd learned to drive his great planes across the poles so surely and successfully?

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Strange Rupture Discovery Ends Truss Torture!



Ohio Scientist Whose Discovery Often Ends Truss Torture Overnight

Thousands of ruptured people are now learning how to end truss torture quickly. John G. Homan, the Ohio scientist, has invented this newest method, weighing only 4 ounces, as soft as flesh, that often offers glorious new comfort and relief, and often gives nature a chance to actually heal. Mr. Homan also offers to send a Free Sample of Airtex material to ruptured people who write him now.



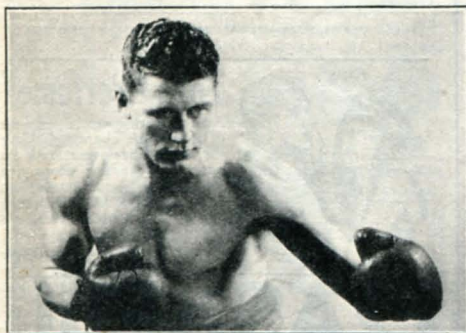
Physicians Praise System

Among the many physicians who highly endorse Mr. Homan's invention is Dr. J. B. Walkinshaw, of Wellsburg, W. Virginia. He said: "It is a remarkable invention. I have never seen anything before that so sets the stage to help nature heal a reducible rupture."



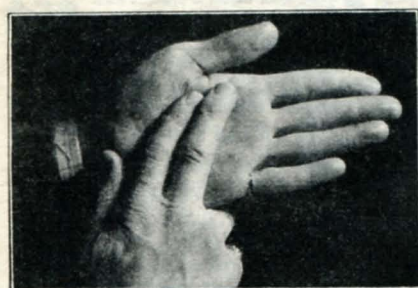
"Breathes Air"

Mr. Homan's new system is really a twin invention. Almost as wonderful as Magic Dot is Airtex, the flesh-soft padlet that fits over the rupture and actually "breathes" air. The photograph above shows the bubbles coming from Airtex, submerged in water, demonstrating that it virtually "breathes" with the movements of the body, and also how it is washable and sanitary. It might be called "air cooled."



Ruptured Boxer Throws Away Old Trusses

T. B. Cannon, of San Bernardino, Calif., is a splendid example that typifies the success with which Mr. Homan's wonderful invention has met among ruptured people who test it under the most severe conditions. He tried various types of trusses before he heard of Magic Dot. He teaches boxing and wrestling.



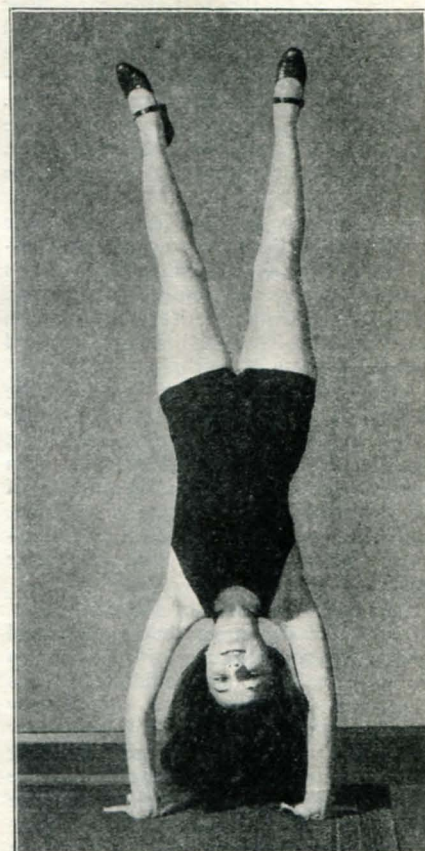
Amazingly Tiny

Although the Homan invention makes possible to securely and safely retain large and severe hernias by this new system, Magic Dot, its most important part, is so tiny it can be concealed by two fingers. It weighs less than 1/25 of an ounce.



For Old and Young

One man, 80 years old, who has been ruptured 32 years, reports relief at last from cruel trusses. He says: "I have been trimming the lawn, working on my knees. Magic Dot and Airtex were right in place."



Now Support Can't Slip

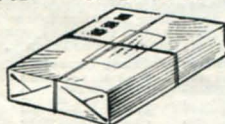
Dancers, stage people swimmers, athletes, people who engage in strenuous exercise praise this new way to help retain and heal rupture. Many report they exercise freely and their ruptures never come out.

Ruptured Man Rows Across Mississippi

A ruptured St. Louis man tells how he has found relief at last after eighteen years. To prove his freedom from any cruelty, he rowed a skiff across the Mississippi, two miles upstream against wind and choppy water. But he is only one of thousands reporting relief from rupture-torture.



THIS COUPON WORTH MONEY TO RUPTURED



FREE SAMPLE

Just mail this convenient coupon for a FREE SAMPLE of Airtex. Find out without cost or risk what real comfort, safety and sanitation this marvelous new method of rupture relief offers you. In addition, Mr. Homan will also send you a Free copy of his new scientific book on Rupture—a man-to-man scientific study, containing vital facts every victim of rupture should know—a Free book worth many dollars to every rupture sufferer. Send no money—just rush coupon.

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So that every ruptured person may learn exactly what this amazing method is, Mr. Homan offers to send a Free Sample of Airtex to ruptured people. We have provided this coupon for your convenience. Mail it at once. He will also send, free, a remarkable book on rupture relief, and letters from people who found new comfort and freedom through this method. Also full details of his 10-day trial offer on Efficiency Model.

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EA 9 . . . \$2450
The "Princess Pat"—14K Solid White Gold engraved case, guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Engraved genuine "Wristacrat" flexible bracelet to match. \$2.25 a month



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E. A. 38 . . . Famous Bulova Miss Liberty. Fully guaranteed 15 Jewel Bulova Movement. Exquisitely engraved. Set with (6) six Sapphires or (6) six Emeralds. Pierced flexible link bracelet set with Sapphires or Emeralds to match. Fitted with patented "dust-tite" protector. \$3.55 a month.

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brought within your easy reach*



EA 7 . . . \$50
Gentlemen's massive ring of 14K solid green gold with latest style 18K solid white gold top; fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. \$4.80 a month.



EA 37 . . . \$75
New "Link o' Love" solitaire; hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold ring set with dazzling genuine blue-white diamond in center; 2 smaller diamonds on sides. \$7.30 a month.



EA 34 . . . \$25
Richly hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold solitaire mounting; fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. \$2.30 a month.



EA 18 . . . \$2575
Wedding ring of beautifully hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold; set with 7 expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; \$2.38 a month.



IT'S AN ELGIN

\$2750

EA 31 . . . Nationally advertised and guaranteed Elgin or Waltham movement; hand engraved white or green gold filled 20 year case. Latest style, flexible, mesh wrist band. \$2.55 a month.



EA 35 . . . \$50
Latest style, 18K Solid White Gold ring set in the center with large size, flashing genuine blue-white diamond and 2 smaller diamonds on sides. \$4.80 a month.



\$3750

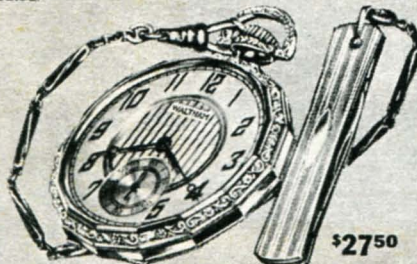
EA 8 . . . Diamond wrist watch. 14K Solid White gold engraved case; 2 genuine diamonds and 8 emeralds or sapphires. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Pierced flexible "Wristacrat" bracelet with sapphires or emeralds to match. \$3.55 a month.

EA 6 . . . \$2750
Gentlemen's hand engraved massive ring of 14K solid white gold. Imported black onyx set with a genuine diamond and any carved initial or emblem desired. \$2.55 a month.



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EA 19 . . . Nationally advertised tested and regulated 15-jewel Waltham movement; 20-year warranted engraved White Gold filled, 12 size, thin model, deacon case. White gold filled knife and fine Waldemar chain. All complete in handsome gift case. \$2.55 a month.



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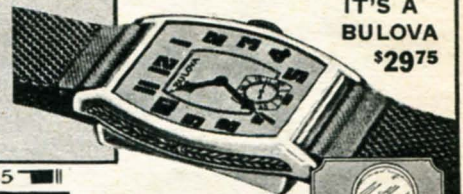
**Gorgeous
Dinner Ring**

EA 10 . . . Latest lace design mounting of exquisitely hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold. Set with 3 fiery, genuine blue-white diamonds and 2 French-blue sapphires. \$4.05 a month.



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Just give me a chance to tell you about the unlimited opportunity that awaits you. Let me send you this big book free, containing over 150 photographs and listing and telling you how you can qualify for the kind of jobs that lead to \$75 to \$200 a week. If you really want more money and a wonderful future, send for this book now! No obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

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